

~~Manu in Hindi al-Farsi (Hindi al-Farsi) al-Farsi~~
Firdausi
K.

T H E

P O E M S

O F

F E R D O S I.

T R A N S L A T E D B Y
J O S E P H C H A M P I O N, Esq.

MIHI SIT, ORO, NON INUTILIS TOGA,
NEC INDISERTA LINGUA, NEC TURPIS MANUS.

SIR W. JONES.

V O L U M E I.

C A L C U T T A:
P R I N T E D B Y J O H N H A Y.

MDCCLXXXV.

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W I T H E V E R Y M A R K O F R E S P E C T,
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Sir William Jones.

IN this attempt *Ferdosi's* wond'rous pow'rs,
Seen like the sun obscur'd by vernal show'rs,
Struggle thro' various mists that justly claim,
The critic's candor on the poet's fame.
Shou'd *Titian's* tints or *Rubens'* manly grace,
Some future painter on his canvass place,
Those lights and shades, that energy divine,
That wake each passion in their bold design,
Faint in the copy sketch th' unequall'd art,
Which charms the eye, and seizes on the heart.
No lofty notes have tun'd my humble lyre;
No spicy odors raise the fragrant fire;
No swelling songsters warble o'er my flow'rs;
No verdant foliage shades the tuneful bow'rs;
Pleas'd if the imitative line shou'd give,
In *British* verse *Ferdosi's* song to live,

Dip in the torrent of his rapid streams,
Or draw a shadow from his radiant beams.
'Tis rich imagination, force sublime,
That leads the poet in the hand of time:
'Tis gay invention drest in nervous thought,
With melody of verse by nature taught,
That stamps the bard: and yet thy beamy rays,
May give my thoughts a transitory blaze.
Thus when the zephyrs waft the morning breeze,
And *Phæbus* richly gilds the vernal trees,
The vivid light rejoices all the throng,
And wakes to harmony the tuneful song.
Thy glowing tints the bright'ning canvass shows,
Thy breathing line with living beauty glows.
Did *Poesy* sweet maid! employ thy hours;
(Still courting thee with her alluring pow'rs)
Our happy nation, favor'd by the skies!
Had seen in thee another *Maro* rise.
The eagle bore our *Persian* bard along,
Enchanting *Asia* with his magic song.
His energy of thought, his boundless mind,
Drew ev'ry scene as splendid as refin'd.
Whether thro' history's delightful page,
He leads the muse, or wakes her into rage,
Whether attractive fable fills the strain,
Winds thro' the mazes in poetic vein,

Whether

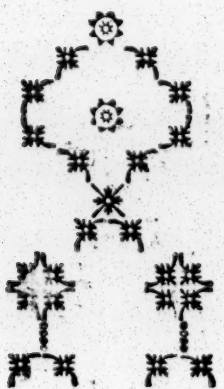
Whether 'tis fancy, or description warms,
Or genius varying in a thousand forms,
He reigns unequall'd on the muses throne,
And bounds o'er nature into worlds unknown.
The lofty columns of immortal fame,
Rise o'er his tomb, and dignify his name.
When godlike deeds demand exalted strains,
When heroes triumph on the well-fought plains,
When eminence requires the nervous rhyme,
Who like *Ferdosi*, reach'd the great sublime?
He tow'r'd on wings beyond our mortal flight,
And brought each muse from her celestial height.
Strengthen my feeble pinions from thy throne!
To bear thy wonders to the frigid zone.
To lead thee to a world that knows thy name,
Tho' still unconscious of thy soaring fame.
Tho' *Mahmoud* frown'd, high seated on a throne,
Thy fame will reach where *Mahmoud* is unknown.
Mark well, ye great, while wafted on the tide
Of a smooth summer's stream with bubbling pride,
The innate dignity, the conscious fires,
That genius kindles, and that worth inspires.
Mark well, ye proud, *Ferdosi*'s closing hour!
A king, a victor in the height of pow'r,
Oppress'd the bard; who eminently rose,
Greatly triumphant o'er his scepter'd foes.

Unblemish'd

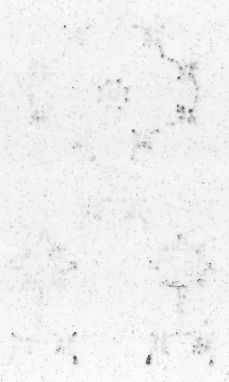
Unblemish'd manners fill'd his ev'ry hour,
Above the keenest blast of ruffian pow'r.
Injur'd he wou'd not supplicate a crown,
But scorn'd the terrors of a monarch's frown.
Let despots, with their minions circled round,
Delighted hear the flatt'rer's soothing sound.
Ages unborn, and wisdom's sacred train,
Will damn the tyrant as they read the strain.
Many a *Troy*, and many *Hectors* fall,
And many a monarch rules the spacious ball.
What crowds of monarchs, from remotest time,
Have pass'd like meteors thro' each earthly clime!
For *Homer* only did the epic muse,
Weave the bright wreath, impearl'd in orient dew.
For our *Ferdosi* did the fates design,
The Poet's crown, and fancy's richest mine.
Does *Hector* or *Achilles* rage in fight?
A *Rustem* equals with undaunted might!
Do envious gods the fierce contention raise?
Abermen rises, and the dæmons blaze!
Does filial piety *Eneas* warm,
Thro' seas immense, and thro' the hostile storm:
Read in great *Munochere*'s illustrious reign,
The same bright moral, and exalted strain.
Inspir'd by genius, who assum'd his name,
By science tutor'd, and impell'd by fame,

See

See how *Ferdosi*, on his eagle wings,
Leaves time and nature gazing as he sings,
As when thro' chaos burst the beaming day,
And gave to fight the wond'rous heav'nly way,
So the rich language of the *Persic* plain,
Amaz'd and dazzled in *Ferdosi*'s strain.
Proud *Mahmoud* dar'd the bard, whose mighty pow'rs,
Taught kings to tremble in their lofty tow'rs.
Thus when the lofty oak the storm defies,
And the fierce tempest in the low'ring skies;
Struck by the light'ning, by the tempest blown,
Prostrate it lays. A tyrant's fallen throne!



See how he was on his way
To the great hall of the king
As when that chief of the host
And gave to light the way
So the light of the day
Aman it and the day
From the world of the day
Tough the king to the day
Thus when the light of the day
And the light of the day
Struck by the light of the day
Prostrate it lay



Handwritten: The Poems of Ferdos

T H E

P O E M S

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F E R D O S I.

THE

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OF

E S S A Y

O N T H E

L I F E and W R I T I N G S

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F E R D O S I.

A BUL CASSEM MUNSURIL FERDOSI, was descended from *Ahmed 'ul Ferdosi*, one of the principal inhabitants of the town of *Sar*, in the province of *Tus*, in the kingdom of *Khorasan*. At the period of his birth, his father saw the infant in a dream standing with his face to the west, and elevating his voice, the echo of which reverberated from every quarter. When *Ahmed* arose, he applied to *Rudgebuddein*, a famous interpreter, for the solution of his vision+++The interpreter gave the following exposition: “ That the fame of his son, and his poetical talents

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This Circumstance, which is related of Ferdosi bears a strong resemblance to the reply of the Oracle of Apollo to Minisarchus the father of Euripides on the Birth of his Son. "Happy Minisarchus! "Heaven designs a Son. "The listening world shall witness his renown, "And with glad shouts bestow the Sacred crown."

would be the theme of the universe." The translation of the dream was natural+++Poetry at that æra was the principal road to preferment, and the praise of tuneful versification was the general theme. *Ferdosi* received the early rudiments of his education under the best masters of the place of his nativity+++His memory when a boy, was extensive+++His application, ardent+++The first dawning of that blaze which subsequently burst forth with such unrivalled lustre, was perceived by the poet *Affadi*, who animated his pupil, and encouraged his vehement inclination to penetrate the most remote period of history.

So fine an all Nations of giving Some wonderful Passage to illustrious Characters.

The Court of *Mahmoud*, sultan of *Ghezny*, was the seat of the muses+++Fame has pictured him as one of the most accomplished sovereigns that ever sat on the *Persian* throne+++His own taste led him to an extensive patronage of men of literature+++Poetry and history were his favorite pursuits. His library was furnished with the most authentic annals of the *Persian* Empire; and a complete history, collected in the reign of *Yezdegerd*, by the most judicious historians in *Persia*+++A list of every narrative, and every production which bore any relation to this subject was formed by order of *Yezdegerd*, and from them was composed the annals of the kingdom. When *Saad-vekky* the general of *Omar*, plundered the palace of the *Persian* monarch, he found this valuable manuscript

script, and presented it to *Omar*+++the caliph ordered a translation+++The translator selected such passages as he deemed excellent, and laid them at the feet of *Omar*+++who reprobated part of the book, for treating of such worldly affairs, as are forbidden by the prophet+++The book was thrown among the plunder, where it fell to the lot of an *Abyssinian*, who carried it as a present to his prince+++The history was translated into the *Abyssinian* language by order of the king+++Thus were the antient annals of *Persia* preserved from the mandate of *Omar*, which destroyed the public library, fearful of the amusing and romantic tales which characterized these *Asiatic* writings+++Hence were lost the origin, and tenets of the worship of the sun, and the adoration of fire.

THE history thus preserved soon found its way into *Hindostan*+++Its fame reached the kingdom of *Khorasan*. *Yakcoob Laïs*, (of the antient family of the kings of that country) sent an envoy to transcribe the manuscript, and bring it to *Khorasan*; when it arrived, the translation of it (for it was written chiefly in the *Peihloui* language) was intrusted to *Abu Munsur*---*Abu Munsur* at a considerable expence, assembled four of the principal historians, (*Munfur* of *Umro*, *Shashpoor* of *Seistan*, *Mahoo* of *Neshapour*, and *Sulman* of *Tus*) who added to, and embellished, this invaluable work+++To each of these he assigned their differ-

different part+++The origin of the empire+++The mode of government, their military skill, their civil and religious institutions+++The poet *Dukeki* was ordered to form this history into heroic poems, but after writing two thousand verses, was stabbed by a slave+++The researches of the sultan, and his magnificence continued to throw more light into the antient history+++*Hoorferose* descended from *Nousherwan*, was compelled to fly his native country, and on presenting the sultan *Mahmoud* with a history of *Persia*, was magnificently treated+++The chief of *Kernan*, as the greatest gift he could send to the court of *Ghezny*, transmitted many particulars of the antient royal families, written by *Arzub-Zerrin*, a writer celebrated for his attention to the events of past ages+++*Serozabad*, lineally descended from *Sâm Nuriman*, the father of the celebrated *Rustem*, had received from his parents many oral traditions of *Sâm*, *Rustem*, and *Zal*, which had been invariably handed from father to son, in the same manner as the songs of the *Tartars*, was employed by the sultan to transcribe them. To seven of the poetical courtiers with their principal *Unfuri*, *Mahmoud* gave seven parts to be formed into heroic poems. To *Ferdosi* we now return++.

When *Mahmoud* had perused the work presented to him by *Hoorferose*, his desire of having the annals of *Persia*, and the achievements of the heroes in a series

series of heroic poems, was encreased+++It consequently became the general topic of conversation. The design of composing the imperial annals suggested itself to the mind of *Ferdosi*. To *Mahommed Leskery*, who was at *Tus*, and with whom he was connected, he communicated his intentions, described the consciousness he felt of being equal to the arduous undertaking, and regreted the want of materials and books to proceed in the attempt+++His friend, enamoured of the design, assured him of immortality, and declared how readily he would supply him with such manuscripts as might be essential to the completion of his poems. He revealed his intentions to *Sheych Mahommed Mashook*, the high priest of *Tus*, and required his benediction+++His request was granted; and he assured the young poet, that fame and honor would attend him. Thus animated, he composed the wars of *Ferdoon* and *Zohak*+++Fame told the story to all the neighbouring provinces, and crowds of people thronged to the residence of our poet, to hear him repeat his verses. *Abu Munsur Asagien*, the chief of *Tus*, could not long be unacquainted with the eminence of *Ferdosi*. He requested his attendance, and charmed by the specimen of his genius, encouraged him to proceed, promising that he would introduce him to the royal presence, and declared that to the extent of his ability, he should be re-

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warded ; but only the sovereigns of *Asia* could give those honors which were due to his talents. *Ferdosi* with undeviating industry persevered+++When his patron died, (and the poet has elegantly sung his praises) *Arsalan Haris* was appointed the successor of *Abu Munser Afsagien*, in the government of *Tus*, and received the orders of the sultan to direct the attendance of *Ferdosi* at *Ghezny*+++The sultan impatient to see the man, of whom he had heard such unbounded praise, repeated his injunctions in a letter to the chief of *Tus*, ordering him to send *Ferdosi* on the receipt of it.

In a dream, the imagination of *Ferdosi* had pictured to him a young monarch, seated on a throne illuminating the universe ; and particularly smiling on himself : To a friend he communicated the vision, who solved it by the supposition of its being the sultan *Mahmoud*+++*Arsalan Haris*, in obedience to his orders, acquainted *Ferdosi* with the inclination of the prince+++Our poet intimidated, was fearful of going alone to *Ghezny*+++He perceived the umbrage it would give to the poetical courtiers ; but recollecting his dream, and regarding it as a favorable omen, he quitted *Tus*, not without anxiety.

Report, on his arrival, had given such a portrait of his genius, and poetical ability, that *Unfuri*, *Ferrokee*, and *Asjudy*, formed a combination against him to prevent

vent his introduction. *Buddeuddun*, an attendant on the court, blew the embers of this jealousy, and plainly told them, that the appearance of *Ferdosi* would eclipse their merit in the opinion of the prince, and that their services would meet with no future reward+++*Ferdosi* had a friend in the service of the sultan, whose name was *Mabik*; to him he imparted his arrival, and the cause of it+++With *Mabik* he every evening consulted on the mode that ought to be adopted to frustrate the machinations of *Unfuri* and his cabal. A few days after his arrival, the sultan, as was his custom, listened to the productions of the poets+++*Unfuri* repeated the victory of *Rustem* over *Sobrab*, which the prince highly approved of+++On this *Ferdosi* composed the actions of *Rustem* and *Isfendar*.

Pleased with his own work, he gave them to his friend, and anticipated the praise he should receive on the comparison with those of *Unfuri*. *Mabik* presented them to the sultan; the delighted prince called for the author+++*Mabik* informed him that they were written by *Ferdosi*, who was anxious to be presented to the sultan+++In obedience^e to the orders of *Mahmoud*, *Ferdosi* was introduced by his friend, and sung his praises in the following lines :

So

~~So~~ ^{Such are} great the blessings of the sultan's reign,
 The king of *Turky* and the *Indian* plain,
 That lambs with tygers, fearless of a fray,
 Sport in the stream, or near the riv'let play.
 From great *Kanouge* to *Sind*'s imperial stream,
 Thro' *Iran*, *Turan*, does the monarch beam;
 From *Cashimere* to *China*'s distant bounds,
 Obey'd his mandates, and his fame resounds+++
 E'en kings obedient bow to his desires,
 The name of *Mahmoud* mark'd his infant fires+++!
 Just is his word; intrepid in the fight+++;
 Fierce as the terror-+Striking dragon's might+++,
 In strength an elephant, the warrior shines,
 Yet mild as *Gabriel*'s, flow his just designs+++.
 In acts beneficent, as when the rain,
 Of fertile *Behmen* cultivates the plain+++.
 His mighty soul, all boundless as the *Nile*,
 Pants for renown, thro' fame's illustrious toil.

The king ordered *Unfuri* to execute his plan, but he,
 conscious of his inability pretended that his constant
 attendance on the sultan would not admit of the
 leisure requisite for so extensive an undertaking; and
 taking hold of the hands of *Ferdosi*, spoke of him as
 the only man of genius capable of accomplishing the
 wishes of his master+++ The sultan, turning to *Ferdosi*,
 said " 'Tis you that have thrown a lustre on the
 court

court of *Ghezny*.” From this period our poet was treated with every mark of confidence by the sultan. The effusions of each day, *Ferdosi* read every evening to *Mahmoud*. It was a common expression of *Mahmoud*’s, that whenever he was unwell, or chagrined, the verses of *Ferdosi* alone could alleviate. He ordered a thousand dinars (each dinar is nearly eight shillings and sixpence) to be paid to *Ferdosi* for a thousand lines, but he postponed the acceptance, that he might receive in one payment the promised amount of his labours, ~~***~~ a dinar for every line. It was his intention to beautify the place of his nativity, and fix his daughter there in an elevated station. All the poets of *Ghezny* emulated each other in their panegyric on the author of the *Shâ Namê*. The vizier of *Mahmoud*, *Khaja Hussin Meymundy* was secretly inimical to *Ferdosi*, who refused to court, and could never be prevailed on to write any eulogium upon him. The difference of sect increased the mutual animosity; (*Meymundy* being a *Sunni*, and *Ferdosi* of the followers of *Ali*) he would often in exultation say, “why should I submit to pay any adulation to the vizier; I am conscious that I alone can complete the poems, and I expect no reward from *Mahmoud* above the specified adjustment for my labours.”

The courtiers envious of the poets situation, soon whispered these sentiments to the vizier, who exerted every means in his power to irritate the sultan against him; but the attempt proved ineffectual. *Ferdosi* continued to enjoy the patronage of *Mahmoud*. The intrigues of the vizier continued. The Poems as they were written by *Ferdosi*, were occasionally copied, and admired in every city of the empire. The heroes of *Persia* were pictured in the most brilliant colors+++Inferior characters were delineated; the vizier was incensed that no part of the *Shâ Namê* had introduced him in that light which it was his ambition to be placed in: presents were offered from the princes of the neighbouring countries to *Ferdosi*: these he constantly declined; the compact with *Mahmoud* for his poems, he esteemed an adequate reward.

Rustem (the son of *Faker ud Dowla Dilemy*) presented five hundred dinars of gold to the man who brought him a copy of the actions of *Rustem* and *Isfendiar*, and transmitted a thousand dinars of gold to our poet, inviting him in the strongest terms to pass some time at his capital. "All the nobles and distinguished personages of this country," said the prince "shall attend you to the palace,+++more honours it is not in my ability to show." This invitation was soon publickly known at *Ghezny*. To *Mahmoud*, the vizier intimated the news, and insinuated that as
Rustem

Rustem and the chiefs who had courted the attention of *Ferdosi* were the enemies of his Majesty, and of the same sect as the poet, these presents were an intended insult to him. The poetical courtiers found every other calumny ineffectual; they urged, that *Ferdosi*, being of the sect of *Æli*, had reprobated every other, and as his majesty was of the *Charyary*, it was highly indecent. The *Moslems* consider the *suunit rusool*, the law of the prophet as nearly of equal authority with the alcoran, but it is rejected by the sect of *Æli*, and they quoted the following lines in support of their opinion:

WHEN God the sea created, and the skies,
And taught the waves, and boisterous winds to rise++,
He seventy vessels made, full swell'd the sails,
They plough'd the surgy main, with fav'ring gales.
One vessel far more splendid than the rest,
Bright as the eye by brilliant scenes imprest,
In honor of the altar he ordains;
In it, the prophet plough'd the liquid plains.
With *Æli*, his associate divine,
And all their kindred, their illustrious line.
Say, do thy hopes in future life ascend,
To *Æli*, and *Mahommed*'s doctrines bend?
~~Yet shou'd thy rites to evil ever lead,~~
~~Mine be the error should they not succeed.~~

This

*Yet shoud to future Ills thy Tenets lead
Mine be the blame by mahommed*

This my religion-++taught in early youth,
 In this I die, all conscious of its truth;
 My future life to this alone I give.
 In its eulogium ever will I live.

The seventy vessels are the seventy sects of the *Mahommedan* religion. The intrigues of his rivals still had not the desired effect. The friends and enemies of *Ferdosi* now formed themselves into cabals, and whenever they met in any mixed society, the merit of our poet was generally the subject of their conversation, and often the cause of high altercation; even the presence of the sultan could not curb their animadversions. *Mahmoud*, in the height of a discussion, ordered *Ferdosi* to attend with his lines which he had composed that day, that his merit might be decided by his own production. The part was the story of *Rustem* and *Uskaboos*; the substance of which is as follows: When *Kamcos* sent *Uskaboos* to *Iran*, *Roban*, the general of *Tees*, met him on the plain++. A battle ensued++. On the conclusion of the day, *Roban* fled to the mountains. *Tees* indignant at the intelligence, prepared to march against *Uskaboos* in person, to whom *Rustem* said, “why should the
 “chief himself in this instance dare the front of war+++?
 “That is my duty; while you remain at the capital
 “with your martial followers,++I will soon close the
 “period

period of his existence; *Rustem* alighting from his horse, assumed the disguise of a servant, and immediately departed to the incampment of *Uskaboos*. On his arrival he drew his bow, at sight of the combatant: the arrow did not strike him, but piercing his horse, the general of *Kaumus* fell, and darted an arrow at *Rustem*; it had no effect; *Rustem* seized a lance, and approaching his antagonist, struck him to the heart.

When *Ferdosi* had repeated the poem on this subject, it was followed by a general acclamation. The sultan as a recompense, ordered him the amount of whatever was received by *Rustem* from the provinces of *Kabul* and *Zab^ul*. It was *Rustem*, say the fables of *Persia*, who, in a dream, appeared to our poet, and advised him on that day to prepare a poem on this subject; and that the shade of *Rustem*, pleased with the elegance and melody of the verses, which had pictured his own achievements in such sublime colours, again visited *Ferdosi* in the armor he wore, on the day of his combat with *Uskaboos*. He told *Ferdosi*, in a place at *Bicknabad* ^{that} ~~which~~ he had marked with an arrow, he had buried the ornaments taken in battle from his enemies, which he now bestowed on *Ferdosi*. Our poet fearful of the consequence, related his vision to no person, but *Ayâze*, the

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favorite slave of *Mahmoud*. Some days after this event, *Mahmoud* ordered a feat to be built at *Bicknabad*, and in cutting the foundation, the ornaments were found. *Ayâze* immediately related the vision to the sultan, who ordered them to be delivered to *Ferdosi*, who divided them among the poets of *Ghezny*, and retained none for his own portion. It is a common custom to bury jewels, &c. in *Asia*. These ornaments were probably found, and *Ayâze* anxious to serve his friend, took this occasion of doing it.

Ferdosi at the age of seventy, on the 25th day of *Inspendarmus*, the last month of the *Persian* year, (*February*) in the 374th year of the *hêjra*, concluded the heroic poems, which consisted of one hundred thousand lines, and presenting them to the sultan, demanded his reward; *Mahmoud* ordered the stipulated amount to be paid, and charged the vizier to attend to his commands++*Highly*, said the sultan, "does *Ferdosi* merit every recompense++*So sublime a* "poet, Fame has never given to the world; and such "polished versification I never read; his industry too "has been equally great." The sultan then expressed himself in this manner:

The tuneful lines, that elevate to fame,
Are as the soul that animates the frame.

Who

Who but *Ferdosi* cou'd such thoughts inspire,
 To Heav'n they rise, and with celestial fire,
 Sublime, and eminent he soars along,
 And sweetest odors breathe around his song.
 Fair Melody still courts his flowing lays;
 And rival bards all ~~wither~~ in his rays.
 High as the elephant, on Wisdom's plain,
 He tow'rs aloft, and decorates the strain.
 The pearls of eloquence, *Ferdosi* brought+++
 I never knew such eminence of thought.
 I will reward him, with a monarch's hand,
 And raise the leader of the tuneful band.

Hussein Memundee, the vizier, in lieu of sending the sixty thousand gold dinars by one of the sultan's slaves, gave him in sealed baggs as many silver ones. *Ferdosi* happened to be bathing at the period of his arrival. When he opened the bags, his high spirit felt all the indignity which he imagined the sultan intended to load him with. He gave immediately twenty thousand to the keeper of the bath; twenty thousand to a fruiterer who attended, and twenty thousand to the slave who delivered him the money. The poet consoled himself with the lawrels of immortality, and he has beautifully described his hope of paradise from the consciousness of a life well spent. I wrote for fame, said *Ferdosi*, to the slave, not for the attainment

tainment of riches!" The slave repeated to the sultan the whole story+++he was irritated at the insolence of the vizier, and reprov'd his conduct; this action, "exclaimed the sultan, will not only irritate the poet, "but mankind will reprobate a sordid parsimony "injurious to my fame; I ordered the golden dinar "to be sent, and you have basely changed it into silver." To which the minister replied, whatever is given by your majesty, imprints an honor on the man to whom it is bestowed++it was insolent in *Ferdosi* to treat any "donation of the sultan with contempt---the most tri- "vial present from his hands is a trophy that should be "received with pride---his conduct exhibits a dispositi- "on devoid of that respect which is so eminently due "to your majesty." These and various insinuations respecting the difference of sect, from which the minister pretended to fathom the motive of *Ferdosi's* behaviour, provoked the monarch of *Ghezny*. "The foot "of the elephant" said the irritated prince, "shall "teach the refractory a lesson of obedience." *Ferdosi* received immediate intelligence of the sultan's indignation; and on the succeeding morning, watched his entrance into the garden, where, being alarmed for the consequences he had so much reason to apprehend, he threw himself at the feet of *Mahmoud*, exclaiming in the most affecting manner, "Pardon me "illustri-

“ illustrious sovereign! For I am not culpable; the
 “ representations of my enemies are a violation of e-
 “ very truth, and are fabricated to exasperate your
 “ majesty against me. I am not guilty of disobedience.
 “ I received your gracious donation with the greatest
 “ humility, and esteemed it as a distinguish’d honour.
 “ I distributed the gift among those, who had claims
 “ upon me; Many are the disobedient in this monar-
 “ chy, but I am not of the number; I am but an
 “ humble individual; the sentence of your majesty I
 “ have heard---yet what glory can arise to the mo-
 “ narch in depriving a poor man of his existence---
 “ Let me implore a reversion of the decree, and let
 “ me be restored to life.”

The sultan, moved by this affecting address, revok-
 ed the sentence. *Ferdosi* returned to his apartment,
 where he destroyed some fine poems which he had in-
 tended to present to the sultan, on the completion of
 the *Shâ Namê*; they probably were in praise of *Mah-*
moud, he threw them with indignation in the flames.

Ferdosi, anxious to quit a scene where every object
 that presented itself, recalled the mortifications he had
 endured, wrote a note, and deliver’d it to *Ayez*, re-
 questing him to present it twenty days after his depar-
 ture to the sultan, whenever he should be in a festive
 mood. *Ayez* received the note, and in compliance
 with the wishes of *Ferdosi*, whom he revered as a parent,

F

gave

gave it to the sultan; It was the celebrated satire of
Ferdosi, which I have imitated from the *Muktoob-ul-unstuh-ul*
Shâ Namê. *ah-ah*

Think not, O! King, thy sceptre or thy pow'r,
 One moment can arrest the destin'd hour;
 Know, 'tis thy charge pre-eminently thine,
 To act with justice, moral and divine.
 The ant has life, that culls the bearded grain,
 Thou shalt not dare to sorrow it with pain.
 Didst thou not tremble, conscious that the muse,
 Wou'd eminent scorn thy fordid views?
 Didst thou not fear the man, whose heav'nly strain,
 Bounding o'er time, made monarchs rule again+++
 Had worth or judgement glimmer'd in your soul, *Breast*
~~You had not basely all my honor stole~~
 Had royal blood flow'd in your veins,
 A monarch's lawrel's had adorn'd my strains..
 Or were your mother not ignobly base,
 The slave of lust+++thou first of all thy race+++!
 A poet's merit had inspir'd thy mind,
 By science tutor'd, and by worth refin'd+++
 Such as thou art, the vileness of thy birth,
 Precludes each generous sentiment of worth+++
 Nor Kingly origin, nor noble race,
 Warms thy low heart, the offspring of disgrace+++!
 Thy life poor wretch! 'twas *Isfahân* that gave,
 Thy fire a blacksmith, and thy dam a slave..

In peace the old Man would have sunk to rest. *This*

This lesson, let each moralist indite,
 Ne'er strive to make an *Ethiopian* white+++
 Nor vainly think the bastard of a slave,
 Can emulate the feelings of the brave+++.
 Can the base prostitute with virtue glow,
 Or worth can her polluted lineage know+++.
 For thee, will nature from her order stray,
 And give to night the sun's meridian ray+++?
 In smoothest streams my numbers richly flow,
 Now glide along, and now with rapture glow.
 Lives there a poet in whose tuneful veins,
 Flow loftier thoughts in more poetic strains.
 Tho' poor, tho' humble, still the voice of fame,
 Shall eternise *Ferdosi's* laurell'd name+++.
 Heroes have blaz'd, the meteor of an hour,
 Oblivion menac'd to entomb their pow'r+++.
 Till snatch'd from silence, from devouring time,
 They reign for ever, in the verse sublime+++.
 For thirty years I woe'd, the tuneful nine,
 And Persia lives in my immortal line+++.
 But when alas! I clos'd the grand design,
 (The royal word was pledg'd, that word divine+++
 To monarch's sacred) vainly did I ^{claim} deem,
~~That honor and rewards wou'd grace my theme~~
 So base a gift thou meanly dar'd to send,
 (Stamp'd for thy falsehood, wither'd be thy end)!
 Thy gift, I gave it to my menial slave,
 (Him it might suit, from poverty might save)

Had

That Wealth & Honor which exalts to Fame.

Had clear reflection e're illum'd thy mind,
 The bard had never damn'd thee to mankind+++.
 No low'ring clouds had hover'd o'er my day;
 Serene and mild had pass'd my evening ray+++.
 Had not thy birth, polluted as thy soul,
 Strove, tho' in vain, my genius to controul.
 Mortals attend!+++no low-born tyrant trust,
 The truly great are to the muses just+++!
 The tree, whose native juices are defil'd,
 No foliage shades, for ever rank and wild+++.
 Tho' richest essence spreads its sweets around,
 Tho' nurs'd and water'd on elysian ground+++.
 For ever wou'd its wither'd blossoms die,
 And art in vain her utmost efforts try+++.
 Expect not, honor'd bards! tho' sweet your strain,
 Plaudits, or trophies from the loose profane.
 From tainted springs no lucid waters flow,
 From the rank weed no roseate blossoms grow.
 The slave of envy damns your tuneful lays,
 Droops at your pow'rs, and sickens at your praise+++!

The exalted sentiments of the poet, were not to be daunted by the power of the sultan. Conscious of having deserved the highest honors that monarch cou'd bestow, and irritated at finding the labour of a life thus rewarded, it is not wonderful his indignation burst into the keenest satire. The gate of fortune for thirty years was presented to the view of *Ferdosi*, which
 when

It has been said of Homer that Liberal as he was of the Praises of others his modesty prevented him from any acornium on himself. Ferdosi this satire tells his own Power, but then on the Provocation of his only resource lay conscious of sinners, the liberation of his on Labors, as they tend to lower the Character against which his satire is called, is not only excusable, but essential to the Subject.

when the disgraceful intrigues of a court closed, the temple of fame open'd her doors for the poet. His disappointment, encreas'd his desire by the fondness ^{was} which he had for an only daughter,++to place her in an elevated situation was a constant stimulus to his genius. *Ferdosi*, says the *Mudjemoonovader*, wrote by inspiration,++read his works, and all the productions of other writers sink in the imagination++*Ferdosi* wings on a generous steed, while other poets scarcely rise above the surface of the earth. To the end of time, says the elegant *James*ⁱ, will ignominy wait on the name of *Mahmoud*, and he breaks out in the following beautiful apostrophe:

Blest is the man whom love of fame inspires,
 Who knows the poet, his immortal fires+++
 When hostile time the adverse arrow wings,
 The poet stamps the future fate of King's+++
Mahmoud is dead-++his splendor beams no more,
 Lost in oblivion's solitary shore+++
 Disgrace alone attends upon his name,
 Blind to *Ferdosi's* merit and his fame++.

Ferdosi on the day he delivered the note to *Ayaz*, fled on foot from *Ghezny*. His friends were told that he had no means of support, and were desirous of transmitting him money; but the apprehension of *Mahmoud's* anger prevented the execution of their wishes. The

faithful *Ayez* risked the consequences, and secretly provided *Ferdosi*, with what was requisite for the continuation of his journey. The intelligence spread thro' *Asia*+++. The nobles, and the learned reprobated the conduct of the sultan. As *Ferdosi* approach'd *Kabistan*, the chief of that division, *Nazer Mullick Motashem*, a dependent of *Mahmoud's*, and a favorite of that prince, sent for the poet, which alarm'd him; but he was received with honour. The chief of *Kabistan* being inform'd that the poet intended to transmit to posterity a satirical narrative of the sultan's conduct, and was proceeding to *Dilemy*, told *Ferdosi*, how unbecoming it was to reprehend *Mahmoud*, and how unworthy of his superior genius to revile his prince; I am willing to serve you and will to the extent of my ability. He then ordered *Ferdosi* several thousand rupees, and requested him to bury his indignation in oblivion and to destroy the satire.

From *Mahmoud* the unjust on *Ghezny's* plains,
 Pale sorrow flow'd thro' all my bleeding veins.
 Lost are my toils, my God will this attest,
 And the whole labour of a life suppress'd.
 Loud shall the piercing satire tell mankind
 The sordid tale, and *Mahmoud's* lib'ral mind;
 In the deep stream of woe he plung'd my age:
 Fair truth shall animate the pointed page.

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry region shall his race be known+++
 I fear no monarch, tremble at no throne++/
 To heav'n I solely bend with fearful awe/
 Shall I then shudder at a tyrants law?
 From his first origin I trace his rise,
 And mark the monarch with such fable dies,
 Not all the art of man, not lucid streams,
 Shall change the tinge, obliterate the themes.
 Who knows not friendship from the artful foe,
 Shall feel the arrow of the poet's bow.
 To please *Motashem*, shall the rest remain,
 Wrapt in oblivion+++naught I will detain++;
 But send to thee whate'er the poets rage,
 Had sketch'd indignant, on the piercing page+++.
 There shou'd a line be found not strictly true,
 To flames consign them-++to the public view.
 The sight of *Mahmoud* now can please no more,
 I seek a refuge on a foreign shore.
 I crave no pardon+++The Almighty pow'r
 Will still protect me in the adverse hour.
 And when the day of judgement shall appear,
 Then let the mighty Lord of *Gheeny* fear.

Motashem treated the poet with distinction, gave him an apartment in his palace, and wrote in the following manner to *Mahmoud*: “ *Ferdosi* is an old attendant on your majesty, who has faithfully served
 “ for thirty years; when you dismissed him, he received.

“ ceived no reward adequate to his labours, and those
 “ labours were in obedience to your Majesty’s orders.
 “ Surely this does not reflect honor on the imperial
 “ dignity.” This letter was received the day that his
 majesty went to the mosque, where *Ferdosi* had writ-
 ten the following lines on the wall, opposite to the
 royal seat:

Bright is the residence of *Mahmoud*’s pow’r,
 Yet like the ocean in unbounded view+++.
 ’Twas there I sounded, yet no pearl I found,
 ’Tis not the ocean, but the fates I blame+++.

Alarmed at the Idea of being pourtrayed to poste-
 rity in disgraceful colours, *Mahmoud* began to feel se-
 verely for the passion he had imbibed by the insinua-
 tions of his minister. The friends of the poet catch-
 ing the favourable moment as they perceived the turn
 of the sultan’s mind, sounded the worth and high abi-
 lities of the fugitive; they worked on the fears of the
 prince by asserting, “ That the treatment *Ferdosi* had
 received from the Vizier, would, by posterity, be im-
 puted to the sultan+++ That it would stand as a memo-
 rial to all people and to all nations+++ What is, said
 they, the trivial consideration of sixty thousand dinars,
 or what value is a treasury, where dishonour attends
 on the prince.” The satire was public in *Ghezny*, and
 spread

spread to every surrounding country. The Vizier now severely felt the effect of his duplicity.

To *Mazinderan*, *Ferdosi* precipitated his journey, apprehensive of the sultan, and the machinations of his minister. He here corrected the *Shâ Namê*, and wrote a panegyric on *Hassum ul Moulla Kaboos*, the chief of the country, who was himself a poet, and had written an heroic poem, in his own language.

When the chief of *Mazinderan* was informed of the arrival of *Ferdosi*, who had been employed by *Mahmoud*, he recollected that he was the poet who had absconded from the court of *Ghezny*, for the account had spread over *Asia*, and declared how difficult it would be for him to remain in that country, where the authority of the sultan extended; he however desired a perusal of the poems, and our immortal bard sent them to him. The chief of *Mazinderan* was enchanted with the work, but apprehensive of the sultan's indignation, and fearful of being displaced, he sent the poet a considerable present, with an injunction to seek an asylum in a different country, and to be cautious in revealing the place of his intended retreat. *Ferdosi* hastened his departure for *Bagdad*, where on his arrival, the reflection of his misfortunes, and the necessity he was under of flying from his native country, in an advanced stage of life, embitter'd all his moments; for some time he was melancholy. Here he had no friend to administer consolation to his declining spirits. He

H

passed

passed his hours alone, and in apprehension of the sultan's indignation, when fortunately he met a merchant at *Bagdad*, who recollected him, and *Ferdosi* was joyfully recognized by ^{him} ~~the merchant~~; he open'd his doors to the poet, whose health was impaired by fatigue. In a short time he recovered his usual strength and spirits. The merchant assured *Ferdosi*, that on the publication of his poems, he wou'd receive every mark of distinction. Be not uneasy, said the generous merchant, I will inform the vizier of your worth, your abilities, and your misfortune.+++ Attach'd himself to the muses, he will interest the caliph in your favour. *Ferdosi*, whose knowledge of the *Arabic* was extensive, wrote a panegyric on the vizier in that language, and had the honour of presenting it. The noblemen of *Bagdad*, charmed with the specimen of ability, and the energy of indignation in so old a man, declared their sentiments warmly in his favour. An apartment in the palace of the vizier was allotted to him,+++and he was assured, that the first occasion, he would be introduced to the caliph+++your reputation, said the vizier, can, no more, than the rays of the sun, be concealed.

When *Ferdosi* was introduced to the caliph, he laid a thousand verses at his feet. The caliph ordered sixty thousand dinars (being the sum promised him by *Mahmoud*,) to be paid the poet. *Ferdosi*, he exclaimed to the vizier, is the poetical wonder of *Asia*; his talents exceed whatever was known in this world.

Sultan

Sultan *Mahmoud*, after a long period, in which the wars, and high avocations of that prince had employed him, recollected *Ferdosi*, and directed an enquiry to be made. The attendants of the court informed him, that the poet was at *Bagdad*, honoured by the patronage of the caliph, and affluent in his fortunes. The sultan ordered *Ferdosi* to be apprehended, and wrote to the prince of *Bagdad* to send him immediately to *Gbezny*, threatening that ⁱⁿ the event of his disobedience to the mandate, the foot of the elephant ~~shall~~ tread down ~~your~~ ^{should—his} royalty, ^{the Sultan} *Khadim Abasi*, unable to oppose ~~him~~ in the field, and resolv'd at the same time not to deliver up the poet, who had sought his protection, an action which wou'd at that period in *Persia* have cover'd him with ignominy, assembled his peers, and after many consultations, he replied to the sultan, “ That *Ferdosi* had presented himself at *Bagdad*, where he had received him with those marks of honour and respect to which a man of such eminence was entitled. I was so charm'd, says he, with the harmony of his numbers, and his universal knowledge, that it is not in the scale of my ability to describe the elegance of his poetry. However anxious I was, that the court of *Bagdad* shou'd be honoured with the presence of so illustrious a guest, yet he departed from me, and is gone to *Yemen*.” (*Arabia Felix*.) No sooner had *Khadim Abasi*, by the united council of his nobility, resolv'd on this expedient, than he sent to

Ferdosi

Ferdosi and conjuring him to drop all idea of his indignation to *Mahmoud*, advised him to go to *Yemen*, whose princes were worthy of his friendship, and attentive to eminence of merit. *Ferdosi*, well inform'd of the motives which caused the advice of *Khadim Abasi* acceded to the proposal; the prince gave him 500 dinars for the expence of his journey.

Ferdosi, at parting from the generous *Khadim*, thus addressed him,++altho' his sorrow almost denied an utterance to his speech:

I go from *Bagdad*---yet it's prince will share,
Each thought, each honour, and each future care.
By heaven's high favour, by our God sublime,
Thou art the Lord of this imperial clime.
Live with each glory that a mortal knows,
Just in each thought, victorious o'er thy foes.

The generous prince sensibly felt the loss, and replied in these words :

I cannot picture in exalted strain,
Thy general knowledge, thy poetic vein ;
Yet to my soul thy name shall mem'ry give,
While life remains, there shall *Ferdosi* live.
To draw my knowledge from thy lucid spring,
To rise to fame on thy superior wing,
Fair hope had pictur'd-##but relentless fate,
Leads thee away from *Bagdad*'s pensive state.

Khadim

Khadim Abasi, with infinite reluctance beheld the venerable man quit his presence.

To *Tus*, and not to *Arabia* did *Ferdosi* proceed, when the anger of *Mahmoud*, was either soften'd into pity, or he was anxious to avert the future indignation of *Ferdosi*. The sultan order'd the sixty thousand dinars to be carried to *Tus*. One day, while the antient venerable poet was walking in the market place of the city, as a boy was repeating a verse to him, he fainted, and was carried to his house, where he expired without uttering a single word. As the people were carrying him to his grave, the present from the sultan arrived at *Tus*; ~~They were~~ presented to the daughter of *Ferdosi*, who contrary to the counsel of her aunt, declined acceptance, and gave the following memorable answer: "That as her father in his life time, had not received the present, it would ill become her to take what her father had declined." The daughter of our poet built a famous stone stair-case on the banks of the river, which was to be seen a few years since at *Tus*. This was in honour of her father, who had in the early period of life formed the idea for the convenience of his fellow citizens.

Nasir Khisroe, a celebrated physician, records that in the 438th year of the hejra, when he was at *Tus*, he observed a magnificent public edifice, and on enquiry, was informed, that it had been built by order

of the sultan *Mahmoud*, in honour of *Ferdosi*'s memory, with the sixty thousand dinars his daughter had refused. Near this building was the garden where the *Homer of Persia* was entombed.

The enthusiastic admirers of *Ferdosi* dwell with rapture on the following story, which gained astonishing belief: *Abul Cassim*, the priest of *Tus*, refused to read the usual prayers over the grave of *Ferdosi*, assigning as a reason, that poets were the inventors of fables, and sacrificed truth to the embellishments of verse. In a dream *Abul Cassim* thought that he saw in paradise a sumptuous chair decorated with precious stones, and on enquiring for whom the magnificent seat was prepared, was informed, that *Ferdosi* had written a couplet, so pleasing to omnipotence, that this eminence was awarded to him. When *Abul Cassim* arose, with the vision imprinted on his mind, he repaired to the tomb of the poet, and performed that duty to his remains, which he previously declined.

The elegant poet of *Beleck*, *Tahir Wahid*, has given us, in the following lines, the general idea of the *Persians* relating to the genius of *Ferdosi*.

If e're the glow that animates the strain,
Of the great bard, a mortal cou'd attain+++,
I were an infidel---all beauteous came,
From th' empyrean heav'n, first born of fame!

Bright

Bright Eloquence, descending from the skies,
Ferdosi in his arms receiv'd the prize,
 And seated her triumphant on the throne,
 Sacred by time, and genius all his own.

Invention, that parent of poetical genius, never exhibited such unbounded powers, as are discover'd in the imperial annals of *Ferdosi*; the whole circumference of oriental knowledge is display'd; the fictions of the east embellish'd; the manners of past-ages justly delineated; and the force of human passion highly pictur'd. The *Persians* attributed seven qualities to the poems of *Ferdosi*, the basis of knowledge, the spring of excellence, a model of history, the true portrait of religion, that the sources of joy and sorrow are pointed out, that every species of intelligence is admirably marked. I have in vain search'd for a commentary of his works, the ostentation of men of eminence in the east, does not lead them to exhibit their learning in various lections, or in the amplifications of meanings, form'd on their own conjectures. The beauties, or errors of the poet must rise, or fall by their own merit. *The commentaries on the Mahommedan law are an exception*

The habits of education, and the veneration imbibed in the early period of life for the writings of the *Greeks* and *Romans* have led us to put less value on the oriental manuscripts than they deserve. If ever the

to the preceding observation. There are above sixty Volumes explanatory, tho' indeed men they are rather verbal criticisms

which the negligence of copiers afford so ample a field for.

men of genius in *Europe* turn their thoughts to the poetry of the east; it will appear like the radiance of the sun breaking thro' a cloud; and I hope, the specimens, tho' few, which some men of genius have lately given us, will lead to the cultivation of so important a branch of polite literature. The poetry of *Jami* is as harmonious as the most polish'd, and musical versification of the *Latins*.

To softest music, beauteous *Jami* sung,
And the bee's sweetness on his numbers hung. ANON.

The families of *Ferdosi* are *plenissima neclaris*; his invention lively, and vigorous. When we consider the astonishing length of the production, and the constant flame that animates the whole, preserving an equal blaze, leaves the mind of a common reader in astonishment, and leads the poetical genius thro' unknown regions of the imagination. If *Ferdosi* is too luxuriant, he is carried on by the rapidity of his powers, and displays such extensive fertility, that the critic, incapable of reaching the sublimity of his conceptions may judge of him by the coldness of his own feelings. The labours of *Rustem* are the standard of *Ferdosi*'s genius. The influence of supernatural beings over his birth, prepare the mind for grand and extraordinary actions. We read of the birth of *Minerva*
and

and of *Bacchus*, born in an extra-natural manner. If we admit of the *Grecian* fable, surely we may subscribe to the *Persian*, and not turn rigid *Roman Catholics* in poetry, damning all sects but one.

The reflections of *Ferdosi* are animated and moral; the versification, smooth, and polished; a quality tho' possess'd in general by the *Persian* poets, is heightened by the *poesis divina vis*, and gives that beauty to the range of enchantment which at once seizes on the avenues of the heart: nor can the judgement, in its coolest moment censure the exuberance. The annals of the *Persian* kings and heroes, would have been cold and insipid, and only would have been perused, as they might have related to historical facts. *Ferdosi* piercing thro' the bounds of nature, created new worlds, and making them subservient to his plan, regulated his own sphere with such superior ability, and fanciful system, that the conduct of his poems appears in the natural order of that imaginary creation dignified by himself; they may not bear the touchstone of truth, but the fables of the east admitted them. There are no fatiguing digressions; every succeeding poet has copied *Homer*. *Ferdosi* followed, or imitated none, his genius was above all translation, the invention was his own. The story, a recital of actions that happened in a certain degree embellished by fable, *Asiatic* splendor favoured the magnificent descriptions.

The Shâ Namê was no sooner known, than every man of consequence and letters was ambitious of having a copy, and considered his library as incomplete without it. The princes of the eastern world had it decorated with pictures, representative of the principal actions in the poems. The fondness for quotations, which peculiarly marks the *Asiatics*, made the Shâ Namê universally read. Many of the succeeding princes, tho' lost in indolence, and luxurious sloth, still continued to imitate their predecessors in the elegance of their libraries, and this ostentatious display has preserved some of the poems of *Ferdosi* correct and beautifully decorated.

No action is performed, no council held, without the approbation, and advice of the wise men who were esteem'd as under inspiration. The gay foliage caught the eye of the people, and they deemed events as determined on their opinions. They were in the sunshine of royal favour, which could not fail of giving new vigor to government. In a soil where it was a political principle to patronize men of genius, it is no wonder that science rose to early eminence. When monarchs are the companions of ability it is not strange that they exert their powers in exhibiting to futurity splendid pictures of their martial achievements. Hence those encomiums bestowed on the *Persian* princes, hence those romantic qualities, which the luxuri-
ance

ance of oriental imagination ascribes to their patrons and their predecessors.

Divest the picture of its ornaments and the natural image remains. A poet may embellish his subject, may illustrate it with all the beauties of imagery, yet he would never subject himself to the contempt of his co-temporaries, as well as posterity, by narratives of actions, the fallacy of which are publicly attested; nor would the *Persian* nation, ever attentive to their records, which omitted not the most trifling circumstances, wherein their princes were concerned, have esteemed the annals of *Ferdosi* as authentic had they militated against the publick records.

The poetry of this wonderful composition must be particularly pleasing to a *European* ear; the heathen Gods and Goddeses have sported for so many ages in the regions of heroism, that new fiction, new imagery, new manners, and new warriors must yield the highest intellectual amusement. The fancy of *Ferdosi* was luxuriant, his delineation of successive characters in such variegated colours, is so happily diversified, that the whole range of human imagination seems exhausted. A celebrated poet has thus characterised the writings of *Ferdosi*.

No bard e'er found in natures richest mines,
Th'inspiring ardor of *Ferdosi's* lines.

If

If other poets in mellifluent strains,
 Have sung of heroes, or of verdant plains,
 Not with such equal beauty have they strung
 Our orient pearl, or with his genius sung.
 Fir'd by his thoughts, the mighty monarch glows,
 And the bee's sweetness, o'er his numbers flows;
 Thro' ev'ry line he soars on equal wing,
 And the whole world his wond'rous merits sing.
 The brilliant in his strain preserves it's ray,
 For ever beaming with meridian day.
 The diamond, ruby, or the costly ore,
 No longer dazzle, and enchant no more.
 Lost in the brighter lustre of his lines,
 There the gem sparkles, there the diamond shines.
 There all essentials breathe in ev'ry rhyme,
 And kings and warriors fill the verse sublime.
 Propriety is thron'd:+++the lofty style,
 Flows, like the surges of the boundless Nile.

In the selection of characters, *Ferdosi* has been peculiarly judicious; there are no mean personages, no low imagery, to take off the mind from the dignity of his heroes, or to yield any satisfaction varying from that which must ever arise from sublimity of thought, and a just concatenation of events. The *Speciosa Miracula* are ever introduced in conformity with the opinions of that nation for whom he wrote; that there are
many

many errors in the *Shâ Namê* cannot be denied, but in a production, which from its astonishing length precluded accurate revision, it is wonderful that they are so few. We see our poet persecuted from the period of its conclusion, to the close of his existence; and tho' the conscious eminence of his mind was not to be intimidated by power, and that power at command of a despotic prince, yet the perfect serenity of mind which is essential in the correction of such a work could not be expected in a man stung with disappointment. The fine copy of *Arabic* verses which he composed at *Mazinderan*, at the advanced age he was then at, evince the fertility of his genius, as well as the circumference of his knowledge, unimpaired by time or misfortune.

By order of sultan *Æly Adibim Eefvy*, of the family of the *Acoubites*, the *Shâ Namê* was translated into *Arabic* by *Kyamedeen Fittbè Abou Ali Il Hendi*.

It will be here necessary to subjoin a few remarks on the commencement of the *Shâ Namê*.

V E R S E IV.

“ ’Twas *Kiumers*.” *Taber Mâbommed*, in his general history of *Asia*, as well as all the *Persian* historians agree, that *Kiumers* was the first chief who began
 L the

the *Persian* empire; some represent him as six, and some three descents from *Noah*. The *Magi* assert, that he was the inhabitant of the globe. The four ^{first} dynasties or great families who sat on the *Persian* throne where the ^{Pish}*Dadians*, the *Kiumers*, the *Asbkanians*, and the *Sassanians*. The ^{Pish}*Dadians* reigned from *Kiumers* to the death of *Gerskasp*. The *Keianians* from *Keykobod* of the family of *Munochere*, to the death of *Iskender Roumi*. (*Alexander the Great*), the *Askanians* from *Askes*, The *Arsacides* of the *Greeks* to *Ardshir*, the son of *Terfy*. The *Sassanians* to the death of *Yesdegerd*, who lost his life and kingdom in a battle against the khaliph *Omar*. The fables of the East are lost in a variety of conjecture respecting the birth of *Kiumers*. The *Magi* in proof of their position, maintain that the appellation of *Zilshab* was given him in consequence of his having been the first king. They eagerly inculcated this belief to give the greater solemnity to their tenets, by making the worship of fire ^{or} ~~co~~eval with mankind, and asserting that *Kiumers* was the origin of their religion. The *Tawareech* ~~Webri~~ makes him the son of *Keyan* in six descents from *Noah*. *Keyan* left several children, with whom *Kiumers* being at variance, he quitted the hills *Dushakend*, (the place of his nativity) near *Rey*, the capital of *Persian Irak*, where from the protection he gave

gave the people against the dæmons, they voluntarily made him their leader.

V E R S E XXXVII.

“*Rehmen* alone,” *Rehmen* or *Aberman*, (the principle of evil) the ^{chief} of the dæmons, who were with the *p^{re}ets*, or fairies, inhabitants of the earth long previous to the creation, and governed by *Jan bin Jan* the imaginary monarch of these fabulous beings. Their refractory spirit provoked the indignation of omnipotence, and *Eblis* the angel, was ordered to punish them. Elevated with ~~the~~ success, he refused obedience to the mandates of heaven, and was in consequence plunged into hell. *Kherman* and the dæmons were driven to the mountains, and the *p^{re}ets* or fairies were banished to *Jennistan*. By their repentance and the protection they afforded to mankind, they were received into the favour of heaven. *Aberman* from his mountains ordered his subjects to many parts of the world, where they spread desolation, and were at variance with the fairies, who watched over the actions of the dæmons. The residence of these beings on the earth, before the creation of man, is fabled at nine thousand years.

The superiority in war of *Kiumers* is thus accounted for: Previous to his settlement of the new people, he made a journey to *Serendeb*, the island of *Ceylon*, and there discovered some of the armor of *Jan bin Jan*,
the

the anteadamite king, who had presented them to our first parent.

V E R S E L.

“ *Kiumers* shall reign.” The ambiguous oracle of the aerial spirits is well calculated to inspire the king and his army with confidence. The assurance of safety against the supernatural arts of the dæmons, by supposing a superior counteracting power frees the mind from apprehension, and puts the two armies in the day of battle, more on an equality--As much of futurity as is conducive to the animation of the new people is announced+++The discovery of the fall of *Seamuck* would have destroyed the effect.

V E R S E LXX.

“ Rouse each warlike.” The power of the dæmons, the loss of his son, and the superior knowledge of his enemies, would naturally make an impression on the mind of *Kiumers*. The poet properly introduces a heavenly agent, informing him of the divine decree, and elevating his thoughts by making him the agent of the divine orders. The religion of the *Persians*, admitted not of the machinery of deities presiding over different qualities and natures, but they believed in predestination, and *Kiumers* must have been confident of success acting in obedience to the decree of heaven.

II d

IId BOOK, -## V E R S E.

“Bend every knee.” In this account of the origin of the worship of fire, as *Ferdosi* varies from many of the *Perſian* historians, I ſhall give the reader another relation from the *Kholasitul Achbar*, taken from the *Mazer ul Muluk*; and as the worship of idols precedes that of fire, it may not be unentertaining to trace it to its ſource.

The prophet *Idrees*, or *Enoch*, was united by all the ties of friendſhip to a man whoſe name is not recorded. On the death of *Enoch*, his friend was inconſolable; *Eblis*, in a human form, preſented himſelf to him, and under the ſemblance of participating his grief, adviſed him to make a ſtatue in the likenefs of the prophet. The inſtigation of *Eblis* had the deſired effect; a ſtatue was formed, and the friend of *Enoch* died ſoon after. The people finding the ſimilitude, and urged by the exalted opinion they entertained of *Enoch*, worſhiped the ſtatue, and the vanity of princes led them to aſſume divine honours. *Nimrod*, at *Babel*, ordered his image to be adored. *Azur*, the father of *Abraham*, was a celebrated ſtatuary, and employed on this occaſion by *Nimrod*. An aſtrologer, whoſe reputation for ſculpture was great, prognotiſticated, that in this year a man would be born, who would expel idolatry from *Babel*; *Nimrod* immediately ordered all the infants unborn to be ſlain as

M
ſoon

soon as they saw the light. One hundred thousand, says *Casseey*, perished by this execrable decree. All the men in *Babel* were compelled to quit the city. *Azur* alone, in whom the king had implicit confidence, remained. The wife of *Azur* proved with child; but the circumstance was carefully concealed even from *Azur*. In nine months, she brought forth *Abraham*, who was placed in a cave, where he remained fifteen years, and then visited his father's house. On a day, when on account of some publick religious ceremony, *Azur* and his family were attending the festival, *Abraham* cut all the idols in various places. On the return of his father, he informed him, that the idols had been battling together: That cannot be, replied *Azur*. Why, said *Abraham*, if they are incapable of action, and of thought, do you pay divine honours to a piece of wood alone? *Nimrod* received immediate intelligence of this event, and directed *Abraham* to attend; *Abraham* waited on the king, who observed him neglectful of the usual homage, demanded the cause of his insolence; you are no God, said the undaunted *Abraham*; to him, who has the power of life and death, I alone bow with reverential awe. *Nimrod* directed two malefactors to attend, and judged life to one, and instant death to the other; behold, said *Nimrod*, the description you have given of a deity. This is not, replied he, the action of a God, the God that I adore, directs
the

the motions of the sun from the eastern to the western world; reverse this order of nature, and you have a just claim to adoration. *Nimrod* made no reply, and *Abraham* departed. He began his publick exhortations; when the astrologer, who had predicted the event, informed the king, that *Abraham* was the man, whom he foretold would expel idolatry. *Abraham* by order of *Nimrod*, was thrown into a furnace, from which he uttered the *find* and *pazind*; he remained unhurt amidst the flames, and to the astonishment of the wondering spectators, the fire was extinguished, and the red rose alone visible. An angel attended *Abraham* in a human form. No one dared to repeat the story to *Nimrod*, who, a few days subsequent to this event, perceived *Abraham* with the attendant angel in a garden. Whence is this, exclaimed the irritated *Nimrod*? These, said *Abraham*, are the actions of the God whom I adore; after this, can you arrogate the honours of a deity. If you will, replied *Nimrod*, worship my idols, I will sacrifice to thy god, my own deification I cannot surrender. Sacrifice is of no avail, said *Abraham*, if you continue your own idolatry. *Nimrod* vowed revenge on *Abraham* and his kindred, and assembled his forces; the prophet met them fearless and alone; a croud of insects infested the men of *Nimrod*, and the insects piercing to his own brain, soon closed the period of his existence.

The

The country which formerly was named *Pars*, received that appellation from *Pars*, the son of *Peylu*, *ihlon* who was the cheif of *Iran*, and all the cities and countries of that kingdom were antiently named *Pars*. From the river *Iihon*, to *Forat* (the *Euphrates*) it extended; in breath, from *Babul Abwab* on the *Caspian* sea, to the ocean. The several kingdoms which constituted the original empire were subsequently divided. *Khorasan* was included in the division *Mushrek Istachur*, and from thence it was named *Khorasan*. *Ispahan* at the period of Mahometism, was partitioned into *Erak Arib*, and at present is in *Erak Ajem*.

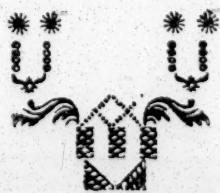
- Sheick *Bin Hajur Ascalani*, a man celebrated for the greatness of his erudition, records that the western part of the empire took its name from, the twelve sons of *Edram* (the grand son of *Noah*) who were famed for their skill in horsemanship, and were called *Faris*, which word in *Arabic* implies a cavalier. *Faris* from this became the name of this western empire. They were of the religion of the *Magi*, and represented as men equally famous in the field, and council.

The *Persian* language was divided into seven dialects, four of which the *Suky*, *Haroxy*, *Sazi*, and *Sewali*, are obsolete, and were never considered as deserving of attention. The *Parfi*, the *Dery*, and the *Riblovi*, were the remaining three. The *Parfi* celebrated

lebrated from its softness, and principally spoken in the division of *Istakhar*, built by *Kiumers*.

The *Deri* is formed on the antient *Parfi*, famous for its courtly and elegant style. *Beleck Muroe*, *Shazan*, and *Bochara*, are the principal cities in which it is spoken. Some authors add the city of *Babdackshan*, and those writers who are the natives of these countries, fond of tracing to a distant period the origin of their language, assert that the *Keianian* princes always used this dialect. The prophet *Mahommed* attached as he was to the *Arabic*, frequently declared, that the Supreme Being, in every decree of particular benevolence declared himself in the *Deri*.

The *Reihlovi* is named from *Reihlo*, the father of *Pars*, spoken chiefly at *Rey*, (*Bastriania*) *Ispahan*, and *Dinon*. *Reihlo* emphatically signifies a city.



CHRONOLOGY OF THE FOUR DYNASTIES,

According to the PERSIAN ACCOUNT.

The PEISDADIANS reigned 2441 years.

	Y.	M.
Kiumers, - - - - -	30	
Hofhung, - - - - -	40	
Tahmuras, - - - - -	30	
Gemsheid, - - - - -	700	
Zohak, - - - - -	1000	
Feridoun, - - - - -	500	
Munochere, - - - - -	120	
Nooder, - - - - -	7	
Zou Tehmasp, - - - - -	5	
Gerhasp, - - - - -	9	
	Years	2441

The KIANIANS reigned 684 years, 4 months.

Kaikubad, - - - - -	100	
Kai Kaous, - - - - -	150	
Kai Khofro, - - - - -	60	
Zohrasp, - - - - -	120	
Gehasp, - - - - -	120	
Behmen, - - - - -	60	
Homar, - - - - -	32	
Darab, the elder, - - - - -	14	4
Darab, the younger, - - - - -	14	
Skender, Alexander the great, - - - - -	14	
	Years	684 4

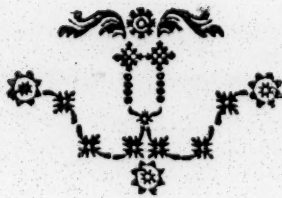
The ASKANIANs reigned 217 years.

	Y.	M.
Askan,	30	
Shapour,	60	
Ashk,	20	
Godurz,	11	
Terfy,	12	
Godurz, the younger,	11	
Avour Mezd,	20	
Arduan,	7	
Khosro,	7	
Akush,	9	
Arduan, the great,	30	
	—	
	Years	217

The SASSANIANs reigned 484 years 6 months.

Arudsheir Babegan,	32	1
Shapour,	32	
Avour Mezd,	1	9
Behram,	9	3
Behram, the younger,	19	
Behremian,	0	4
Terfy,	9	
Bourmurd Terfy,	9	9
Shapour Zul Akwaf,	70	
Arudsheir Necko Car,	10	4
Shapour, the younger,	5	
Behram,	15	
Yefdigerd,	22	
Behram Gour,	60	
Yeftigerd,	18	

				Y. M.
Hourmurd,	-	-	-	12
Hourmeize,	-	-	-	9
Parvis,	-	-	-	11
Kobad,	-	-	-	40
Nourshirvan,	-	-	-	48
Khofro,	-	-	-	38
Sherouya,	-	-	-	0 7
Arudsheir,	-	-	-	1 6
Poorandockt,	-	-	-	0 6
Ferocktzerd,	-	-	-	0 1
Arufmdoet,	-	-	-	0 4
Yesdyud Sheiryar,	-	-	-	20
Years				484 6



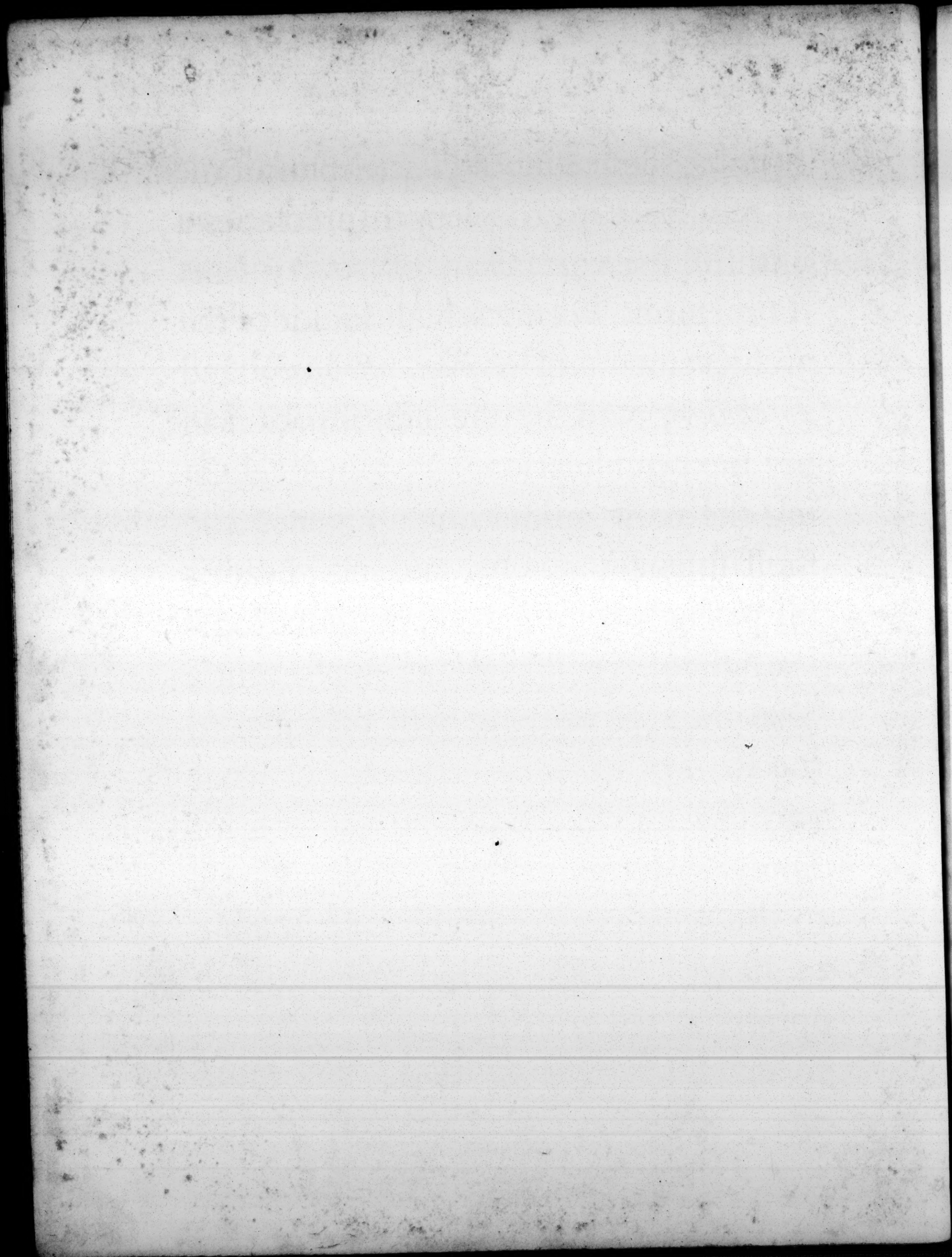
To the Subscribers.

WHOEVER adverts to the difficulty of rendering the spirit of an Author, whose language and the manners of whose heroes are so dissimilar not only to our own, but to those of the ancients, whom we are taught from our early infancy to reverence, will excuse the inaccuracies of this attempt to give the *Persian* Poet an *English* dress. Idioms so various as those of *Europe* and *Asia*, must require considerable discernment to preserve them in any tolerable degree. Errors may easily be distinguished. If the intention is preserved, and the similitude retained, the colouring must be that of
o the

the translator. Particular passages may be open to the eye of criticism, but to retain the beauty of the original, and make the beauty accord with the intelligence of our native language, will appear chiefly difficult to those who have made the experiment: That part of the *Shah Nameh*, which is now offered to the publick, is the least interesting of the whole production. The genius of *Ferdosi* expands, as the brilliancy of the exploits of his heroes demands a superior animation of style, and an exertion of the highest powers of imagination to describe actions, which require almost unbounded abilities.

The Subscribers have a claim upon me to be informed, in what manner I propose to continue my translation of
the

the Sha Name; should health permit me h—h
to re-assume it, the length precludes a
faithful interpretation of every line.
The Heroic Poem, which includes the
atchievements of *Rustem*, *Sohrab*, and
Isfendiar, will be the continuation of
my next publication. I propose select-
ing the most animating allusions, the
most splendid actions, and most beauti-
ful passages from *Ferdosi*, without looſ-
ing sight of the concatenation of events.
The number of lines will be equal to
the Iliad of *Homer*. This forms what
may be called the second division of
Ferdosi's Heroic poems. With respect
to the remaining part, it is impossible
to hazard at this period any decisive
opinion.



THE ARGUMENT.

THE elevation of Kiumers, and the attack of the dæmons—Kiumers the first monarch who reigned in Persia, and his son Seamuck are attacked by the dæmons, jealous of their increasing power—Seamuck is killed in a single combat with a young dæmon, which closes the first action—The intelligence carried to Kiumers causes the highest lamentations: he determines on revenge and assembling his army, places Hoshung the son of Seamuck at the head of his troops—His advice to him—The dæmons meet them in the field where the old king gains a complete victory—The dæmon, by whose prowess Seamuck had fallen, is killed by Hoshung—Kiumers dies—The authors reflections on the instability of life.

شانه

عزیز بلبل

BOOK I.

کتاب اول

فردین الیا زمین خدمت

GREAT deeds I sing! my guide recording time!
 Imperial annals fill the song sublime+++
 What chief invented first, the royal throne?
 The rich Tiara, and the splendid zone+++?
 'Twas *Kiumers*! at whose auspicious birth,
 A smile expanded o'er the genial earth!
 'Twas when yon sun was moving on his way,
 From aries to the lamb with brilliant ray.
 On him fair worth, and spotless honours beam,
 Pure and un sullied as the limpid stream.
 Tho' born midst hills, he felt an innate flame,
 An humble chief, as then unknown to fame!
 But when enthron'd, ^{exalted high in} ~~emerging into~~ pow'r,
 A grateful world confess'd the fav'ring hour!
 For thirty years, the royal vest he wore,
 He cloath'd the naked and he fed the poor!
 As yon bright orb, its borrow'd beam displays,
 So ~~glim'd~~ the chief, with heav'n reflected rays+++

beamed

His

His form erect a manly lustre spread,
As the tall cypress rears its lofty head.
E'en at his sight the brute became serene,
And bow'd before his throne with placid mien.
So thinking mortals in some dome divine
Obedient bend before the awful shrine+++.
One son he had, pre-eminent in worth,
Like his fond Sire, a fav'rite of the earth!
Seamuck was his name; alone the boy,
Each thought employ'd, and center'd ev'ry joy.
As the young vines new life and vigour bring,
In him wou'd renovate the parent-king.
A moment's absence wak'd the tender sigh,
And the fond tear stood trembling in his eye.
Fair peace attended, and a fav'ring gale
Thro' life auspicious, fill'd the swelling sail.
Rebmen alone, a dæmon damn'd to fame,
Breath'd hostile fury, and infernal flame.
Dire *Rebmen's* soul teem'd with malignant rage,
To crush the monarch, and the rising age.
His daring son shook all a trembling world,
Fierce as the wolf, he wide destruction hurl'd.
Without reserve he every plan confest,
No fear he knew, no honour mov'd his breast.
The king intrepid dar'd the high alarm,
And, fatal courage! scorn'd the dæmon's arm.

Th' alarum spread, when in a vision'd dream,
A spirit arial sung this mystic theme.

(Sweet ^{was his} ~~as the~~ voice, melodious as the lyre,
Resembling fairies whom the gods inspire.)

" Each artifice the dæmon tries in vain,

" Vain his ambition, *Kiūmers* shall reign"!

On this *Seāmuck*, full of martial fire,

Call'd all his force, and brav'd the dæmon's ire.

A tyger's skin his manly limbs o'er spread,

No armor known, no helmets grac'd the head.

The hostile legions mov'd in firm array,

Front of the lines *Seamuck* dares the fray.

The dæmon fought the youth, at fatal hour, /

Both onward rush, yet such his mighty power,

Soon the brave youth lay weltring in his gore,

While the black fiend his beauteous body tore.

His dire associates, full of impious joy,

Of club and vest despoil the lovely boy.

The grief struck army mourn'd-~~##~~with rapid wing,

Fame spread the story to the anguish'd king.

Long sorrow fate on ev'ry feeling breast,

Till heav'n by angels, thus its will exprest:

" Tears are of no avail! dispel thy grief,

" Arm all your legions, rouse each warlike chief:

" 'Tis my decree, attack the fiend-like foe,

" And bravely combat, blow revenge by blow."

To

To heav'n the good old hero rais'd his eyes,
And grateful! blest the goodness of the skies‡.
Revenge alone, now fill'd the *Persian's* breast,
Or day, or night, he knew no balmy rest.
On lov'd *Seamuck's* son his thoughts incline,
To teach in council, as in arms to shine.
Hosbung his name, the king the youth address'd,
And thus declar'd the secrets of his breast:
“ E're long in arms my marshall'd legions beam,
“ And hostile blood o'er yonder plain shall stream.
“ Thou must attend, a few short minutes o'er,
“ These aged limbs will seek another shore.
“ On me the ^aerial spirits gladly wait,
“ And e'en the brute creation guard my state.”
He spoke; in bright array his troops appear,
But feeble grown with age, he sought the rear.
High in the midst of the embattl'd host,
Young *Hosbung* stood, the royal *Persian's* boast.
On-ward each army rush'd with martial glow,
Revenge and empire dwell upon the blow.
Immortal vigor fir'd the *Persian* train,
And clouds of dust o'ershadow'd all the plain.
Proud and audacious! dauntful in the fight,
The dæmon rov'd, too confident of might.
His strokes on all re-echo, all engage,
As when the roaring lion hurls his rage..

The old king trembled, as he view'd the force,
Of the dire dæmons mow their dreadful course;
'Twas then brave *Hofbung* with undaunted might,
Saught the young dæmon thro' the thickest fight.
They met, they fought, the hero's patriot glow,
Gave force and vigour o'er the treach'rous foe.
Long was the combat, when the prince's arm,
Struck the pale dæmon, trembling with alarm.
Then hurl'd him from his courser, as he fled,
And as he fell, he lopp'd his impious head.
With conquest in his arms the good old king,
(The assassin of his son having felt the sting
Of death and of remorse,) resign'd to fate,
The splendid trappings of his earthly state.
A name alone remains, the greatest pow'r,
Secures no mortal from the fatal hour.
Yet tho' his life in each exertion past,
Th' effect he knew not, when he breath'd his last.
Brave *Kiūmers* with patriotic sway,
First taught th' untutor'd nations to obey.
A few short moments close this troubled scene,
And life's at best a nugatory dream!
How fruitless grief! how vain the plaintive sigh!
To stop pale death, or raise the dying eye!

THE ARGUMENT.

BOOK II.

THE introduction of agriculture—The discovery of mines—The rise of the religion of the Magi.

The character of Hoshung—He forms various implements—Attention to cultivation—To mining—To policy—The worship of fire instituted—The loom first in use. Ferdosi concludes his reign with moral reflections.

HOSH-

 B O O K II.

HOSHUNG, on whom unblemish'd lawrels shone,
 Adorn'd for forty years, th' imperial throne.
 Just as a judge, the legislator reigns,
 And seven proud kingdoms were his blest domains.
 Wide spread the virtues of his nations o'er,
 And cities smil'd where deserts frown'd before.
 Fame told the story to the wond'ring earth,
 And nations blest the hour that gave him birth.
 He from the quarry brought the iron ore,
 And taught the smith its ever useful lore.
 Within the mine the sparkling gems conceal'd,
 To gazing eyes by *Hoshung* were reveal'd,
 He form'd and gave the workman various tools;
 And taught the architect to build by rules+++
 To ev'ry valued art his thoughts incline,
 To plough the waste-land, or improve the mine.

Thro'

Thro' the scorch'd lands he bade cannals to flow,
That corn might flourish, and the pasture grow.
Thro' ev'ry town he conduits pass'd along,
Supplying water to the inland throng.
Canals were taught to flow thro' ev'ry place,
And commerce rear'd aloft her smiling face.
Bridges were form'd, where streams obstruct the way,
Op'ning new intercourse from day to day.
He taught to sow the seed, to reap the grain,
The arts of tillage were his constant strain.
Fruits were the food of man till this blest time,
And leaves of trees, sole shelter from the clime.
Rules for society the chief creates,
And law and order grac'd his rising states.
Now policy, with eye extended, rose,
And bade the mountain-hind forget his woes.
Now tranquil pleasures form their rural life,
And scenes far varying from their former strife.
Bright-ey'd religion rear'd her cherub face,
For piety adorn'd the hero's race.
As once attended by a gallant few,
He sought the high-lands, with a patriot view;
An object from afar appear'd to rise,
Of form immense, and of prodigious size,
Sanguine its face, its eyes were ghastly blue,
Its body glaring shock'd the distant view;

R

Thro'

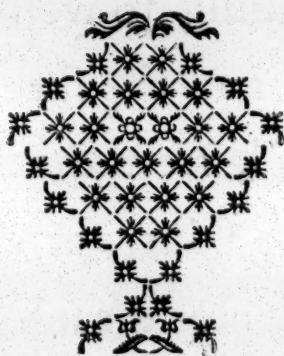
Thro' the whole air its dire obnoxious breath,
 Darknefs diffus'd, and ſtench like putrid death :
Hofbung with dauntleſs ſteps approach'd the ſprite,
 And ſeiz'd a pond'rous ſtone with nervous might :
 The ſerpent rear'd its creſt; on *Hofbung* came,
 And fearleſs threw the ſtone with dext'rous aim :
 The ſerpent bent beneath the weighty blow,
 And groaning, as he fled, life ſeem'd to flow;
 The ſhatter'd ſtones in num'rous pieces ſtart,
 And ſparks of fire emit from ev'ry part.
 Amazement ſeiz'd the chief. The view, unknown,
 Of fire emitting from repulſive ſtone,
 Firſt gave the pious thought "Bend ev'ry knee,"
 The chief exclaims, "'tis heav'n's ſupreme decree!
 "To fire celeftial, let us altars raiſe,
 "For God himſelf his attribute diſplays."
 As the high prieſt of *Mahomet* divine,
 Bends towards *Mecca*, to the ſacred ſhrine††.
 To the new *Magi*, as their prince inſpires,
 Bow with devotion to the golden fires.
 Conqueſt to kings have giv'n exalted fame,
 And chiefs have reach'd a celebrated name.
 Yet by this deed, the hero of his age,
 Stands high recorded in th' historic page.
 To raiſe new faith, to *Hofbung* it was giv'n,
 Who deem'd it the benevolence of heav'n.

This

This night the goblet crown'd the festive board,
This night was blessed styl'd, and all ador'd;
Hofbung's new altars charm the gazing trains,
And oft inspir'd them all with fervent strains.
Each village blest him, each increasing town,
With heartfelt raptures hail'd their king's renown.
From age to age his praises will be sung,
Eternal goodness on his actions hung.
He chas'd the wild ass, at the early dawn,
The kingly lion and the rapid fawn.
He tam'd the lordly bull, to well cloath'd meads,
The gentle lambkin, and the sheep he leads.
From the grey squirrel, from the rapid fawn,
From the sly fox were skins, for cloathing, drawn.
He spun the wool, explor'd each varied art,
And things of use were form'd from ev'ry part.
Here the scene closes, for the gallant mind,
That labor'd for the good of human kind,
Paid nature's debt--the grateful world confess,
His glorious actions, and his patriot breast.
The muse historic crown'd his honor'd days,
And knowledge woo'd him to eternal praise.
His kingdom flourish'd by his mild domain,
And nature smil'd thro' all his happy reign.

Ah

Ah soon! too soon! the fates controul his pow'r,
Nor could his goodness stop the fatal hour.
Grief fortune often gives, and oft renown!
Her smile inconstant, as her wav'ring frown.
A day must come, when hope herself desists,
It only leaves impenetrable mists.



TAH.

THE ARGUMENT.

BOOK III.

TAHMURAZ, the enchainer of dæmons assembles the learned—The Magi address them on the subject of his future government—He improves on the plan of Hoshung—The character of the vizier—He seizes on the leader of the dæmons, whose followers assemble, chuse a leader, and conduct their forces against Tahmuraz—Are routed—Their offers of submission—Different arts introduced thro' their medium—The death of Tahmuraz—The reflections incidental to his death.

S

THE

 B O O K III.

THE conqueror of dæmons, *Hofbung*'s heir,
 Brave *Tabmurax* then fill'd the regal chair;
 Soon he conven'd the magic priests of fire,
 His actions mark'd him worthy of his fire.
 In converse sage they pass'd th' instructive time,
 And taught the monarch how to rule sublime;
 Them he addrest—"instruct me how to reign,
 " And what the ^uduties of my state ordain.
 " Teach me proud vice far from my throne to chase,
 " And drive these dæmons headlong to disgrace.
 " Whatever may advance my nations good,
 " Polish their manners, and improve their food."
 Their precious wool the sheep and lambkins yield,
 And all the fleecy tribe that rove the field;
 The beauteous songsters, that late flew on high,
 And sung melodious thro' the azure sky;

Allur'd,

Allur'd, in averies, charm'd the wond'ring throng,
Pleas'd with the plumage, and the warbling song.
The hawk and falcon by the hunters taught,
Birds thro' the air in artful windings fought.
The kings vizier, pre-eminent in fame,
Folly in terror fled where'er he came.
All day religious thoughts his soul purfu'd,
Reflection crown'd him, and he took no food
Till sunset, when he waited on the king,
And told the road to glory's heav'nly spring.
His fame for piety to earth's extreme,
Had rais'd him high, and was the patriot's theme.
How vice to shun, impiety explode,
How point to excellence the fairest road,
His constant care, and by his counsel sage,
The king appear'd the hero of his age.
One day the chief as mounted on his steed,
Seiz'd the first dæmon, e'er he cou'd proceed
In magic safety: swift the nations flew,
And for their king, the honest sabre drew.
The race of dæmons, with indignant strains,
Beheld their leader in inglorious chains.
They all conven'd, and vengeance swore aloud;
Dire imprecations fill the horrid crowd.
On royal *Tabmurax* his girdle bound,
And struck his ax tremendous on the ground.

All the magicians, necromancers all
In mystic pray'rs their kindred dæmons call;
And chose a leader-*** black as deadliest night,
With eye of horror, rose th' infernal sprite;
Such noise and tumult, such tremendous cries,
The dæmons howl, as eccho to the skies;
Dark was the face of heav'n! and earth no more,
Its chearful tints and pleasing verdure wore;
Nor light nor object struck the blinded eye,
Opaque was all beneath the solar sky;
But still the king, impatient for the fight,
Commenc'd the battle in the shades of night;
He clasp'd his girdle, and with rapid speed,
Charg'd the fierce dæmon on his fiery steed.
In monstrous forms, in shapes of livid fire,
Arrang'd the dæmons wait the royal ire.
Firm they receiv'd him; and with desperate blows,
Menac'd the bravest of their *Persian* foes.
But *Tabmurax*, intrepid in the fight,
Quick hurl'd them headlong to the realms of night.
Some by the ax were levell'd to the ground,
And some in chains of iron strongly bound.
All stood appall'd-***for mercy they implore,
And mercy! mercy! was their general roar.
Then thus***“ Oh spare us, monarch of the world,
“ On us no longer be thy thunders hurl'd.

“ Arts,

“ Arts, that are ours, we will to thee impart,
 “ And own allegiance with submissive heart.”
 The king consents; impatient for to know,
 Arts, tho’ instructed by a barbarous foe.
 The dæmons freed, fair characters impart,
 And writing now illumin’d ev’ry heart.
 From age to age, ideas may be trac’d,
 And royal actions by the muses grac’d.
 The *Roman*, *Persian*, the *Arabian* style,
 The *Phelevi*, *Chinese*, and *Sadi* smile,
 With many more. The king for thirty years,
 Spread wide this novel art to all his peers.
 Such a vizier, and such a chief alone
 Cou’d give high lustre to an earthly throne.
 His name will live to time’s remotest end,
 His labor’s prov’d him to mankind, a friend.
 Yet tho’ his name had reach’d th’ etherial plain,
 Low lay his ashes, silent is his strain.



THE ARGUMENT.

BOOK IV.

AN angel addresses Gemsheid; rebukes him for not being active in the expulsion of the dæmoniac customs—Prognosticates the favour of heaven—Thus inspired, he confines the dæmons—He forms various instruments and armor for the use of his army—He assembles the different sects, and according to their knowledge, he assigns their different departments—He builds a magnificent palace entrenched round by the information and instruction of a dæmon—He first introduces the art of building—The people esteem him more than mortal—Pride takes possession of his senses—His fortune and eminence alter his former piety—His boasting expressions to the Magi—His glory begins to fade—The indignation of heav'n—The king of Arabia, Merdaz, whose son Zohak infligated by Ebles—The infernal, lays a snare for his father, in which he perishes,—The artifices of Ebles—He leaves Zohak, and assuming a different form, returns—Introduces luxury—And in embracing Zohak, which is requested as a token of friendship, two serpents sprung from the shoulders of that prince—He vanishes, and again appears in the semblance of a physician—Advise the daily application of the brains of two men as the cure, and alleviation to the pain caus'd by the serpents—His advice is adopted—The nobility of Iran desert their monarch, and crowd to the standard of Zohak—Gemsheid with his army meet him in the field—The flight of his army—Zohak marches to Iran—Gemsheid flies—Is seiz'd—Ferdosi's reflections—The description of Gemsheid's sisters who are debauched by Zohak—Two men are sacrificed each day—The consultation of Arnel and Germail—They are order'd for execution—The goaler releases one, and supplies his place with the brains of a lamb, and afterwards pursues the same conduct—Zohak in a dream sees three warriors, who tell him his future fate—He convenes the sages, and demands an exposition of his dreams—The prognostic of the sages—The birth of Feredoun—His concealment by his parents—Nurtur'd by a cow—The researches and indignation of Zohak—Feredoun escapes from the pursuit of Zohak, with his mother Feranuk, to the hill of Elburs—The tyrant destroys the place where Feredoun had been conceal'd—The arrival of the fugitives at Elburs—The priest receives them—The exhortation of Feranuk—The house of Feredoun level'd by Zohak—He quits Elburs, and demands an account of his birth from Feranuk—The tale is related to him—He determines on revenge—The apprehensions of Zohak—He orders his nobles, and the sages to sign a paper attesting the goodness and excellence of his administration—The complaint of Gao, respecting the seizure of his son—The usurper orders him to sign the attestation—He refuses, and addresses the people—Flies to Feredoun—Is graciously received—The ban of Gao from this period the standard of the Persian empire—Feredoun takes leave of Feranuk—Marches to Arabia—A priest instructs him the page of futurity—The attempt of his brothers, jealous of his eminence, to destroy him—He is informed of it in a dream—Prevents it—Marches to Bagdad and Jerusalem—Seizes the fort by surprize—Is seated on the throne of Zohak—Destroys the magicians—Is informed by the sisters of Gemsheid, that Zohak had marched to Indostan, to invoke the magicians to destroy him—Khundroo, a servant of Zohak flies to his master with the intelligence, who affects to disbelieve it—The return of Zohak, who is taken and enchain'd in Dumavend—The reflections of Ferdosi.

BOOK IV.

THEN *Gemsheid* reign'd ~~+++~~. The ^{Virtues} wisdom of his fire,
 Fill his young mind, and all his acts inspire.
 The rich tiara grac'd his youthful head,
 And all the wonted royalties were spread.
 The grateful nations deem their prince a God;
 And all th' aërials bend before his nod.
 An angel's voice, attun'd to heav'nly strains,
 Address'd the monarch of the *Persian* plains:
 "Why thus inactive, in inglorious ease,
 "Does *Gemsheid* slumber o'er divine decrees?"
 "Exalt to eminence thy high domains,
 "Expel the dæmon customs from thy plains;
 "By land, by water, let your labors rise,
 "Fear not the dæmons, favor'd by the skies!"
 No more was heard ~~+++~~. The king inspir'd by heav'n,
 His foes the dæmons were to dungeons driv'n.

Such

*The heav'n taught Monarch glows,
 And chain'd in Dungeons his demoniac Foes.*

Such were his actions free from ev'ry crime,
~~Bright was his road to paradise sublime.~~
 The king, the priest of *Magi*, stood confest,
 Equal in each! a friend to the distrest.
 The man of vice soon felt the awful rod;
 The good illumin'd bow'd before their God.
 First various hostile implements he made,
 Till his brave *Persians* were in arms array'd.
 The iron he mallow'd, and the helmet forms,
 And coats of mail defy impending storms.
 Girths for the horse were form'd of felt alone,
 The cuirass, armour now defend his throne.
 Habits of war that glitter in the field,
 The missile weapon, and the showy shield,
 Were form'd by *Gemsheid*, linen cloth, for cloaths,
 And the rich tissue from his labours rose.
 To wash, to sow, to weave, his people learn,
 Yet not content while more he cou'd discern.
 Well pleas'd was heav'n! and each with wonder view'd,
 The various ways, he excellence pursu'd.
 One bright example from each sect he chose,
 And fifty years the just selection close.
 The *Aluzeban*, ardent in their pray'rs,
 In caves the monarch plac'd exempt from cares.
 Not e'en the hero claim'd superior place,
 The first in honour are the first in grace.

The

That Paradise threw wide the gate sublime.

The *Nafireans* next in order shone,
 As lions brave, the pillars of his throne;
 While fame to valiant deeds shall glory give,
 Their names, their martial eminence shall live.
 Another sect was *Osterush* by name,
 The loom their labours, ~~the~~ culture all their aim;
 Free is their spirit, ~~the~~ all the world admires,
 Their constant duties, and their steady fires.
~~No duties were requir'd~~ then next arise, *These they alone pursued*
 The *Artukushy*, valiant, gen'rous, wise;
 Artists in peace, and soldiers on the plain,
 Thought and reflection follow'd in their train.
 These *Gemsbeid* honor'd, and their worth displays
 In gifts that show'd him, conscious of their praise.
 To each his duty did the chief assign,
 That all might follow the appointed line.
 A dæmon thus address'd th' imperial throne,
 From clay and water from the harden'd stone;
^{Form thou}
~~From these~~ a model of a finish'd wall,
 High let the building be o'erlooking all.
 This soon was rais'd in geometric line,
 And stone with mortar finish'd the design.
 A court with baths was built, ~~the~~ tow'rs rear'd their head,
 A lofty palace rose, ~~the~~ and terror fled.
 From the rough stone, by aid of magic found,
 The ruby, and the silver ore were found.

The variegated coral, saphire blue,
 And many a gem appear'd to mortal view.
 Musk, amber, scented wood, each flow'ring bloom,
 With fragrant roses yield their rich perfume.
 He built a vessel, launch'd it in the stream,
 The artists copied, and admire the scheme.
 Friend to desert, inimical to ill,
 His open doors the poor and hungry fill.
 Full fifty years in labours such as these,
 The monarch pass'd regardless of his ease;
 But now, alas, he thought his labours o'er,
 That art or nature cou'd supply no more.
 He deem'd himself of more than mortal birth,
 Ally'd to heav'n, ~~***~~ pre-eminent on earth.
 A throne resplendent now his foul designs,
 A blaze of gems on ev'ry pillar shines ~~***~~.
 On this enthron'd, the dæmons ~~rise~~ ^{raise} the chair,
 On this he tow'ring rode a-loft in air.
 Gazing spectators crowd from all the earth,
 And deem their prince of more than mortal birth.
 The road with gems were strow'd, ~~***~~ his splendid day,
 In festivals shall future times display.
 Pleas'd were the nobles, wine, and flowing bowls
 With vocal music charm their raptur'd souls.
 So brilliant were his ev'ry act, that fame
 Will ever wait upon his lawrel'd name.

Three hundred years health smil'd upon his plains,
 And death indignant fled his blest domains.
 No indolence appear'd, no vagrants rose,
 No sickness wither'd, no corroding woes.
 But now his former splendor sets in night,
 Its glory fades, and all his vaunted might.
 The muses droop the impious strain to tell,
 When *Gemshaid* thus began, inspir'd by hell:
 " Behold in me the monarch of the world,
 " By me all nature speaks, by me the thunders hurl'd.
 " For me the dæmons all their magic spread,"
 (So vain ~~the~~^{his} soul he knew not what he said.)
 His subjects too, forgetful of their God,
 Follow his mandates, and obey his nod.
 On thrones of splendor, he, his orders gave,
 Soft music play'd, and songs unnerve the brave.
 For many an year these transient glories rise,
 Once heav'n his actions view'd with fav'ring eyes;
 But now no more before his darken'd fight
 The God appears, 'twas all a gloomy night.
 His eminence had clouded all his pow'rs,
His ~~The~~ God forsakes him, and his fortune low'rs.
 Each aged seer he ordered from the field,
 Then thus addrest, to ev'ry virtue steel'd !
 " This world is mine, no other God I know,
 " From me alone all excellence can flow.

" No

“ No chief or monarch ever reach’d my name,
 “ Tow’ring superior on the throne of fame.
 “ Whate’er deserves attention, it is mine,
 “ Sleep, rest, and food by my commands, are thine.
 “ High walls I rais’d, cloaths I bestow’d on man,
 “ Mine are the nobles, thrones, each martial clan.
 “ Lives their a man, who vent’rous, dares to name,
 “ Another king immortaliz’d by fame?
 “ Behold the dæmons tremble at my nod,
 “ And own a just allegiance to the God.”

The pious feers, unable to reply,
 Held down their mute-struck souls, and vented many a sigh.
 Heav’n would no longer bear his impious pride,
 Far spread the boast, and nations but deride.
 No longer did he feel the heav’nly guard,
 His soul to ev’ry former virtue barr’d.
 Now all his sentiments from discord spring,
 Distruction hover’d with insatiate wing.
 Hear wisdom speak, her dictates are a prize,
 Monarchs from piety superior rise.
 When the august Omnipotent of heav’n,
 From thy weak eyes and impious heart is driv’n,
 Terror and fear with discord for thy guide,
 Shall humble thee severely for thy pride.
 The day of *Gemshaid* darken’d-#and no more
 His splendor rises-##all his glory’s o’er.

Alarm’d

Alarm'd at the review, his timid mind,
 Aw'd, no relief from piety can find.
 Impiety his former honour stain'd^{###}:
 Discord usurp'd the place where glory reign'd.
 The pious *Murdas* in *Arabia* reigns,
 With num'rous herds that grace ~~the~~^{his} fruitful plains;
 His flocks unnumber'd, and his neighing steeds,
 Bound o'er the fields and crop the verdant meads.
Zobak, his son, ten thousand horse commands,
 Brave in the fields he leads his victor bands^{###}.
 In *Deri Poorasp*: for by night and day,
 Benevolence his generous acts display.
 In semblance of a sage, one morning came
 Th' infernal *Eblis*, even damn'd to fame;
 So wise and so mell^efluent was his tongue,
 Ill fated *Zobak* on his speeches hung;
 Unconscious of deceit, so deeply laid,
 All his whole soul to *Eblis* was display'd.
 When this the infernal saw, invidious joy
 Cheer'd his dark thoughts, ambitious to destroy^{###}.
 He turn'd his language to melodious strains,
 And pour'd his poison into *Zobak*'s veins.
 'Twas then he spoke. "My sciences exceed,
 " All that man knows, or all the sages read."
 The youth impatient urg'd him to impart,
 His letter'd knowledge, his superior art.

With artifice the horrid fiend reply'd,
 " By solemn oath first chuse me for your guide;
 " Swear that attentive to my great design,
 " Whate'er I say, whatever I enjoin,
 " You will obey. My knowledge I will teach,
 " And lead you far beyond all mortal reach."
 Th' unwary *Zobak* swore, deluded youth!
 To whom, unconscious! do you pledge your truth?
 He swore that silence shou'd the tale conceal!
 'Twas then that *Eblis* broke the fatal seal:
 " A son like you with ev'ry talent blest,
 " With God-like virtues, in unwarlike rest,
 " Thus doom'd, depriv'd of empire and of pow'r,
 " To wait, unactive! for an old man's hour,
 " Argues a grov'ling soul---while thy ag'd Sire,
 " Lives glimm'ring on, suppress thy active fire---
 " Long will he rule---a slave thou must remain;
 " Seize on his sceptre, and assert thy reign.
 " His throne is thine---obedient to thy guide,
 " The world will own thee, with a conscious pride."
Zobak attentive heard, ambition, pow'r,
 Rag'd in his soul, and mark'd the chosen hour.
 A spark of virtue struggled in his heart,
 " Adopt some mode, where nature will not start."
Eblis with sternness answer'd---" take his seat,
 " Or perjury is thine, shoudst thou retreat.

" For

" For perjury, will piety atone:
 " Thus, thus ejected from a splendid throne.
 " For ages will your Sire in triumph reign,
 " And thou inglorious! curse this pious strain,
 Alarm'd-##the youth assents-##no fears appall,
 " But how, or where? the king's belov'd by all!"
 " Be silent only, and the means are mine***
 " Great shall thou be, and like yon sun shall shine."
 A well was sunk, and cover'd in the night;
 A level plain it seem'd to mortal sight.
Murdax each eve within the garden roves,
 And bow'd before his God in sacred groves.
 There lay the snare, alas! design'd by hell,
 In it at eve, the pious monarch fell,
 Fearless of ill,##for lions tho' they rage,
 Submissive wait upon a parent's age.
Zobak, whose soul was in th' infernal's pow'r,
 No fear, or sorrow knew***"let the fates low'r;
 " The throne is mine"-##so antient annals tell,
 And *Eble's* smil'd to view the pow'r of hell.
 The infernal now a beauteous shape assum'd,
 And words more gracious all his thoughts illum'd.
 Each pow'r was granted him;##till then the earth,
 Yielded all food, and simple was its mirth.
 No luxury it knew, the fowl, the sheep,
 With various birds,##fish from the watery deep,

Were

Were drefs'd by *Eblis* for the wond'ring king;
 The winter, summer, autumn and the spring,
 Were ranfack'd all to catch th' inglorious mind,
 Whose fenses were to luxury refign'd.

Zobak from *Eblis* wond'ring feeks to know;
 From wh^{ence} fuch knowledge, fuch improvements flow;
 Whether of mortal, or immortal race?

" Say what rewards can fuch atchievements grace! "

To whom, "oh monarch of *Arabia's* plain!

" My fchemes, my labors, fhall not prove in vain.

" Your kindnefs warms the flave of your defire,

" One fole request I crave, ~~and~~ one only boon require?

" On thy immortal fhoulders let me place,

" My faithful head, and bow my bending face. "

Zobak, not confcious of impending ill,

Bids him his wifhes, and his boon fulfil.

Eblis, the moment feiz'd with proud delight,

Touch'd either arm, and vanifh'd from his fight.

Instant two ferpents fpring from either arm,

All gaze, all wonder, trembling with alarm;

Erect they rofe, and all around them view'd,

Their open mouths demand immediate food.

All fhould in med'cine, try their art in vain,

All herbs prove fruitlefs to relieve the pain.

Eblis, in habit of a feer, unknown,

Appear'd, and thus addrefst the royal throne:

With

With brains of men alone these serpents feed,
For this, no herb, no medecine is decreed.
This will destroy them***hell cou'd no more,
The infernal revell'd, pleas'd with human gore.
The world alarm'd at *Zobak's* horrid pow'rs,
Crowd to his standard, and fill all his tow'rs.
Fame spread the tale****Iran* to *Zobak* run,
The fate of wretched *Gemsheid* now begun.
His nobles left him with the frantic crowd,
Heav'n had forfok him---Still the monarch proud
Of his own pow'rs dar'd *Zobak* to the fight;
His army fled***his glories set in night.
Iran to *Zobak* yielded up the throne,
And *Gemsheid's* sorrows for his crimes atone.
With all the pomp of war, a splendid train,
The haughty *Zobak* reach'd *Irania's* plain.
The fall of *Gemsheid*, rais'd th' usurper high,
Just the resentment of the injur'd sky!
Gemsheid the first, in these poluted times,
Ignobly fell, the victim of his crimes.
O'er many a nation, did the monarch fly,
With fear attendant, for his hour was nigh.
As wading o'er the *Cheen*, all plung'd in woe,
The guards of *Zobak*, that usurping foe,
Seize the faint prince, and sawing thro' his frame,
Left him, inglorious spectacle of shame!

The adverse fates o'er all his fortunes low'r
 And Stars relentless doom'd the fatal hour.
 In early years, the fervency of youth,
 Points ev'ry action, dignified by truth.
 But when the mind in life's more vent'rous storm,
 By pride or by ambition we deform;
 Imperious passions roll in rapid streams,
 Alas! far varying from his morning beams.

Say ~~And~~ what avails it, that unnumber'd years,
 In fates uncertain tide above my peers,
 Shou'd pass in fervent hope, or anxious fears?
 Since death; that fatal instrument of time,
 Closes the scene, where fortune rode sublime.
 Snatch me, kind heav'n! where in celestial themes,
 No dazzling meteors, or no golden dreams,
 Mislead the senses; there the swelling soul,
 No more vain gleams of frantic pow'r controul.
 To *Zobak's* armies all the vagrants crowd,
 Splendor and pomp the vilest actions shrowd.
 Afar the wise, and virtuous sorrowing fled,
 The vile and worthless rear aloft their head.
 All excellence retir'd with rapid speed,
 For vice with *Zobak* only cou'd succeed***.
 Falsehood in triumph walk'd the usurper's court,
 Truth lay enchain'd: here truth was but a sport.

All

All the fair females were their wanton prey,
Lawless and wild, impatient of delay;
Tho' the mild lustre of each softer charm,
Might awe their hearts and e'en vice disarm.
Lovely as fairies, whose all beauteous forms,
Each attribute of blushing virtue warms.
Fair as an angel, on the lucid green,
The modest *Sheirnax* had a mind serene.
And *Arnewas*, whose charming looks disclose,
The lily's tints, and blushes of the rose.
Sisters of *Gemsheid*, ~~the~~^{she} ill fated pair!
Doom'd the sad victims to ^a dark despair,
To *Zobak* led, whose lust no virtue awes,
Whose hell-born passions were his only laws.
Their virtues were deform'd by magic arts,
Stain'd were their persons, and defil'd their hearts.
Murder was all the joy of *Zobak*'s soul,
In death, and rapine all his moments roll.
Two men each day the victims of his ire,
Nor royal birth, nor deeds of martial fire
Cou'd snatch from fate. Two youths of noble birth,
(Alike distinguish'd for peculiar worth)
On *Zobak*'s deeds revolve; for none controul
His plund'ring armies, his rapacious soul,
His dragon dæmons, whose devouring rage,
Spread desolation o'er a groaning age;

Let

" Let us, fond brother! to the gaoler go,
 " And teach fair mercy in his breast to glow;
 " For ah! too soon, we may the victims fall,
 " Let one but live to wing the vengeful ball.
 The brothers seek the dungeon of despair,
 And find the mandate for their death was there.
 Seiz'd, fetterd, and to gloomy dungeons led,
 To scenes of murder, mansions of the dead.
 And now the awe struck gaoler mourn'd within,
 The murd'rous instrument of death and sin!
 The brothers silent snatch'd the last embrace,
~~Despair and anguish~~ pictur'd in their face.
 Mute was their voice, by agony suppress'd,
 And silence spoke the feelings of the breast.
 The gaoler one releas'd, while in thy bloom,
 " From city's fly to deserts horrid gloom;
 " (He counsell'd well) where whelm'd in deepest shade,
 " No *Zobak* governs by a dæmon's aid."
 One hapless youth was sacrificed; his brain,
 Mix'd with a lamb's relieve th' usurper's pain.
 Thirty the gaoler sav'd, in distant groves,
 Far from his native soil, the wond'rer roves.
 The brain of lambs the pious fraud bestows,
 The pious fraud not e'en the serpent knows.
 The lovely *Arnewas*, in beauty's pride,
 (Her lordly tyrant flumb'ring by her side,

To

To all the lustre of her charms unjust,)
Was treated as the common slave of lust.
To his disorder'd fancy in a dream,
Three youthful warriors o'er his slumbers gleam:
Dauntless they rose, in shining armor drest;
Tow'ring aloft, one younger than the rest,
Clad, and accout'ed in the pomp of war,
Their royal presence glitter'd from a far.
He fancied that the younger forward sprung,
And struck his head, till it with horror rung;
He fancied, that while sprawling on the ground,
His writhing body was in fetters bound:
He fancied that they bound his head and hands,
To caves they dragg'd him in severest bands.
All turbulent with rage, he foaming rose,
The dream prophetic in his fancy glows.
He roar'd so loudly, with so fierce a strain,
The pillars of the palace shook again.
All the fair females, as their fears inspire,
Demand the cause of such unusual ire.
Why when repos'd the earth's great master lays,
Whom nature and th' erial world obeys.
What can alarm? for from the deep profound,
To yon celestial moon, your praises found.
To *Arnewas*, he spoke, "I will reveal,
" My secret thoughts, nor this from thee conceal;

" When you shall listen to the direful tale,
 " Thy organs, and the spring of life will fail.
 When thus the fair, ~~to me~~ the cause relate,
 " Counsel shall aid thee to arrest your fate.
 " For wise reflection in my bosom dwells; "
 To *Arnewas* his dream the tyrant tells ~~###~~.
 Who thus advises ~~###~~ first consult the sage,
 " Their just reflections shall thy cares assuage.
 " Thy throne, ~~###~~ the globe; ~~###~~ thy reign, the voice of fame;
 " Auspicious stars have crown'd thy laurell'd name.
 " By man, by dæmon, by the fairy train,
 " Thy mandates are obey'd, avow'd thy reign;
 " All in astronomy, or magic skill,
 " Convene: and order thy imperial will.
 " Demand the cause of such illusions dire,
 " By whom to be dethron'd? by whom expire?
 " By dæmons, or by fairies, or by man,
 " Fear not th' event and thence direct your plan."
The well pleas'd ~~Charm'd was the~~ tyrant, raptur'd at the strain,
 Conven'd the *Magi*, and the letter'd train.
 Now fable night had clos'd her raven wings,
 And the green grove with vocal music rings.
 The orient dawn appear'd serenely mild,
 Nature, with renovating splendor smil'd ~~###~~.
 When yon bright orb a brilliant lustre shed,
 With rubies spangle ^{ing} ev'ry mountain head.

The

The trees were purpled o'er with radiant beams,
 And the vales glisten'd with their lucid streams.
 To all the sages *Zobak* tells the tale,
 Retiring to consult, with terror pale.
 The tyrant orders that without delay,
 A quick solution chase his fears away.
 In private the arcana of our fate,
 What's good, what's vile, these *Magi*, sage relate.
 Who shall my throne, or my tiara, grace?
Zobak exclaims, "who dares usurp my place?
 " Tell, tell me all, or by th' immortal God,
 " You fall the victims to my vengeful rod."
 The sages were alarm'd, with fear impress'd,
 No voice cou'd speak the terror of the breast.
 In secret they bewail'd their mournful fate,
 " Death is our lot, shou'd we the truth relate!"
 Three days elaps'd, not one adventurous spoke,
 The fourth, the tyrant thus the silence broke:
 " If you are not resolv'd on instant death,
 " Declare the causes, or resign your breath."
 They bow'd their heads, blood gush'd into their eyes,
 Low were their hearts, they answer'd by their sighs.
 When one more bold, in sapience more renown'd,
 Thus spoke the tyrant, with prophetic sound:
 " Let no alarms disturb your soft repose,
 " That man must fall each sapient mortal knows.

“ Monarch's

" Monarchs have reign'd, and from their throne expell'd,
 " Have died, or others have their sceptres held;
 " Tho' were your frame of iron, still the fates,
 " Enforce the fix'd decrees, and destin'd states.
 " That chief, who laid you level with the earth,
 " Will fill the throne, and of illustrious birth:
 " His name is *Feredoun*, by him you bleed,
 " His stars propitiate, 'tis by heav'n decreed.
 " In youth exalted to the fav'ring skies,
 " As the tall cypress will the hero rise,
 " So the rich tree adorn'd with clust'ring fruit,
 " Yields its sweet virtues to the slender shoot.
 " Of polish'd steel his radiant sword will shine,
 " Fatal to thee, to thy usurping line.
 " A cow will mark the sword that gives the wound,
 " And far from cities will thy soul be bound."
 Then *Zobak* thus, " why shou'd he rise my foe,
 " Why bind in chains? why give the fatal blow?"
 The sage replies, " if free from vice or stain,
 " You need not dread, exempt from mortal pain.
 " His fire you murder'd, this awakes his rage,
 " A cow will nurture first his early age.
 " This cow will fall the victim of your ire;
 " Her image you will see as you expire."
 When this he heard he utter'd many a groan,
 And fainting fell from his resplendent throne,

Pallid

Pallid with fear; when life reviv'd again,
On the rich throne he sat, with anxious pain;
He watch'd with care, and sending faithful spies,
T'observe the moment *Feredoun* shou'd rise.
No gentle sleep, no food, no soft repose,
The tyrant knew, o'ercharg'd with various woes;
E're many a fearful pensive year was o'er,
He thought the gloomy prospect dawn'd once more.
Now *Feredoun* was born, the smiling train
Beheld a savior with exulting strain.
Straight as the cypress; in his face appears,
A regal lustre far above his peers.
In form, a *Gemsbeid*, like the sun he rose,
His action, with immortal splendor glows.
As earth is cultur'd, by etherial show'rs,
So wisdom polishes the mental pow'rs.
Around his head the stars propitiate play,
To him the cow *Purmaby* bends her way.
From home the boy his anxious mother bears,
And chang'd the native colour of his hairs.
Many astronomers, and magi sage,
Foretel the future glories of his age.
They praise *Purmaby* of such beauteous mould,
And sapience new to animals foretold.
Still *Zoback* searches with incessant fear,
Abteen, the fire of *Feredoun* too near,

In terror fled, tho' death his steps pursu'd,
He And in each face the tyrant's mandate view'd,
 Thus when with horror, and with dire dismay,
 The victim dreads to fall the lion's prey,

Abtun was captured One luckless hour seiz'd by the tyrant's spies,
 Bound like a timid deer, the hunter's prize.
 His wife so late embellish'd with the pride
 Of orient gems, with fortune's flowing tide,
 Pensive, disconsolate, with anxious pain,
 Seeks with her darling boy the desert plain;
Feranuck was her name, of form divine,
 Of sense superior, of illustrious line.
 She search'd the desert, there *Purmaby* found,
 And thus the shepherd spoke, with plaintive sound,
 The purple drops bedew'd her lovely eyes,
 Each word impeded with affecting sighs:

The Infant of despair "Ah take the child, ~~the fondest mother's care,~~
with all a mother's care And nourish him ~~from grief, from sad despair,~~
 " Be thou a father to my darling boy,
 " The future hope of ev'ry promis'd joy.
 " The milk of yon fair cow, will please the child,
 " And save a parent from distraction wild.
 " This, if accorded, I no more repine,
 " And my whole soul with gratitude is thine."

Be that my son ~~I will, I will~~, the gentle shepherd cries;
 She gave the infant from her longing eyes.

" Three years, she said, with milk the infant feed,
 " And let his tender age for mercy plead."
 Still *Zoback* not relaxes ; ev'ry foil,
 Each birth is scrutinized with anxious toil,
 Nor cou'd *Purmaby*'s celebrated name,
 Escape the eager search, or voice of fame.
 The fair *Feranuck* to disguise her form,
 Conscious and fearful of th' impending storm,
 With darkest tints despoils each radiant grace,
 And tinges all the roses in her face,
 She seeks the desert, where the darling boy,
~~Her anxious thoughts by night and day employ.~~
 She spoke: "no longer on this desert plain,
 " ('Tis wisdom dictates) can my child remain.
 " From this magician, *Feredoun* I bear;
 " And seek in *Indostan*, a refuge there.
 " Far from his native clime my child expel,
 " And fly to *Elburs*, where the magi dwell."
 Rapid she flew, tho' grief her bosom tore,
 The child to *Elburs*' sacred ~~mountain~~ bore ;
 There to the priest secluded from mankind,
 She spoke the feelings of a parent's mind.
 " A fugitive from *Iran*, reverend seer !
 " With sorrow torn, and ev'ry anxious fear,
 " Now bows before you.***'Tis decreed by fate;
 " This boy shall triumph in imperial state ;

Hills! she

Fills all her thoughts, & gives a gleam of Joy.

Shall

" Shall seize usurping *Zoback's* splendid throne,
 " And lay the tyrant low, with many a groan.
 " Be as a fire to him, still guard his youth,
 " Raise him to manhood dignified by truth."

Purmaby's fame had reach'd the tyrant's ear,
 Too late he found the object of his fear.

Zoback indignant foam'd with furious ire,
 Rage seiz'd his soul, and all his passions fire,
 As when fierce elephants, provok'd, in vain
 Seek the proud female, tearing up the plain.

The victim of his rage *Purmaby* fell,
 Each hind was murder'd by this fiend of hell.
 Burnt was each cottage, and the verdant green,
 Torn by the tyrant's rage no more was seen.

To *Abteen's* roof he march'd, ~~no~~ no victim found;
 Enrag'd, his house he level'd to the ground.

To manhood rising now the youth ascends;
 His steps great *Feredoun* from *Elburs* bends;
 Seeks his fond mother, clinging to her breast,
 And eager thus impatiently address'd:

" Say from what race I sprung? from whence I came?
 " Should strangers question, I should sink with shame.
 " To me the secret of my birth reveal,
 " My fire, my origin, no more conceal."

Feranuck thus replies: " From *Iran* sprung,
 " *Abteen* thy fire, wise, valiant, brave, and young.

" From

- " From *Tahmuras* he rose, of royal race;
 " No stain, no vice, thy warlike fires disgrace.
 " The fondest husband! ever flow my sighs!
 " For thee, my *Feredoun*, thy father dies,
 " And from that hour, the source of all my woes!
 " This breast alas! has never known repose.
 " *Zobak*, accurs'd magician! gave the blow,
 " Design'd for thee, I snatch'd thee from the foe.
 " Revolving years conceal'd thee from mankind,
 " Nor durst I speak the anguish of my mind
 " Two serpents rose on *Zobak*'s either arm,
 " And brains of men alone their rage disarm.
 " Depress'd by sorrow, thee, my darling child!
 " I bore to mountains, and to deserts wild;
 " There in the deep recess, devoid of fear,
 " Thy name I thought would never reach his ear.
 " Deck'd with the brightest hues, on distant ground,
 " For thee design'd a beauteous cow I found;
 " So bright her hues, in vain the painter tries
 " To imitate the variegated dyes.
 " Her keeper nurs'd thee with a parent's care,
 " *Purmaby*'s milk preserv'd me from despair.
 " In manly strength you grew, the voice of fame,
 " To the fell monster told thy infant name.
 " The cow he murder'd, when with rapid wing,
 " We fled to *Iran*, from the tyrant king.

" Far from our native soil---the tempest low'rs;
 " Thy palace falls, Thy father's boasted tow'rs."
 Now *Feredown* all glow'd with gen'rous ire,
 Now sorrow rises, and now passions fire
 He spoke: " Shou'd lions in a cavern dwell,
 " Or live in peace, who cou'd their prowess tell?
 " From martial deeds arose the hero's fame,
 " And splendid actions raise a splendid name.
 " What this magician dar'd is past, 'tis time
 " To wear the sword, and sting him for his crime.
 " Aided by heav'n I light the vengeful brand,
 " The murd'rer falls by this avenging hand."
 The tender parent, anxious for her boy,
 Replies-- " Thou art too feeble to ^{destroy} ~~destroy~~
 " A king encircled with a warlike band,
 " ~~Whose mighty pow'r 'tis folly to withstand.~~
 " Say, what allies will aid thy single arm?
 " Or who protect thee from impending harm?
 " Quit then this passion, this impetuous rage,
 " Let peace and solitude thy cares assuage.
 " Youth dictates passion wisdom will condemn,
 " The light of reason is the purest gem.
 " These wise reflections in your bosom bear;
 " View varying counsel as the passing air.

THE

High Thron'd in Pow'r and led by Fortunes Hand.

THE name of *Feredoun*, with awful fear,
 Still trembling vibrates on the tyrant's ear;
 Tho' arm'd with sceptres, yet his spies in vain,
 Search ev'ry city, wood or desert plain.
 One day when seated on his ivory throne,
 When o'er his brow the rich tiara shone,
 He called the nobles, and each martial band,
 Round the high palace, warlike legions stand.
 Each sage conven'd, whose scientific rays
 The lustre of the richest gem displays.
 Then thus, "One foe alone can dare my pow'r,
 " From him my splendor sinks, my fortunes low'r.
 " Tho' sapient, young, and of illustrious race,
 " Of polish'd manners, and of manly grace;
 " This foe the magi counsell'd to destroy,
 " To plunge in shades of night, this rival boy.
 " Not that I dread, his sapience or his hate,
 " I tremble only at the will of fate,
 " I fear that stars propitiate may design,
 " To snatch my sceptre, and erase my line.
 " More force must arm the dæmons, fairies, man,
 " Must guard incessant to avert his plan.
 " You know the motives that my soul alarm,
 " I try the dire predictions to disarm;
 " Let each describe how excellence has flow'd,
 " That truth and goodness in my actions glow'd."

Each

Each chief attests and marks it with his name,

How *Zobak* merited imperial fame.

A voice was heard among the list'ning croud,

With deep tone ~~Who spoke his~~ sorrow, with impatience loud.

Him *Zobak* call'd and seating near the peers,

The cause demanded of his flowing tears.

"What cause but thou? undaunted he reply'd;

" Justice I seek! and be it not deny'd.

" My name is *Gao*. Anguish fills my breast;

" If thou art just, my wrongs will be redrest.

" Your will has tortur'd all my bleeding soul,

" New anguish writhes me, and new sorrows roll.

" Why seize my son? oh! give him me again,

" If free from crime, mark well the parent's pain.

" When old men die, if yet their children live,

" The poor remains of life, they freely give.

" My peace is gone, faint is the old man's pow'r,

" My son is gone, farewell each chearful hour!

" Say, what pretext cou'd cause so base a deed,

" Dark is my close of life, shou'd *Armel* bleed.

" Humble I am, a blacksmith is my trade,

" A wretched parent seeks the fable shade.

" Thou art a king, for thee the serpents rise,

" Then view my humble pray'r with fav'ring eyes.

" Thy royal mandate, seven proud realms obey,

" Why spread on one so low, such dire dismay?

" Say,

" Say, will you triumph in a parents pains?"

" And to the serpent sacrifice their brains!"

With eye aghast, the tyrant trembling hears;

The just remarks appall'd his conscious ears.

He mildly answer'd***, " Shall thy sorrows close***:

" This paper sign'd, each sage, each warrior knows

" Truth to declare, do thou attest the same;

" With all these reverend men include thy name."

Gao the paper read, with fixed disdain,

He view'd the chiefs, and with indignant strain,

Thus spoke***, " Ye vile Apostates to your god,

" Why bow submissive to a Satan's nod?

" No fear shou'd tempt me to attest a lye,

" I see no terror in a tyrant's eye."

He fled the court, enraged the scroll he tore,

And with his son, he sought some happier shore.

The suppliant throng address'd th' astonish'd king,

" Long may you reign, rais'd high on fortunes wing;

" May conquest crown thee***may thy victor band

" Thy trophies spread o'er ev'ry hostile land.

" With what superior mind his rage you bore,

" How calmly did you view the writing tore***.

" Thy high pre-eminence this *Gao* scorn'd,

" Doubtless by foes, by *Feredoun* suborn'd.

" 'Tis him he seeks"*** " Quickly the tyrant spoke,

" My mind astonish'd was by fortune broke***.

Aloud the friends of *Feredoun* exclaim,

“ Behold a warrior comes, of mighty name.

“ See his strong arms a leathern standard bear,

“ It glitters like a comet in the air.***”

With richest gems, brocade, and purest gold,

The ban adorn'd by *Feredoun* behold:

Aloft he bore it, from afar its rays,

Like the full moon, a brilliant beam displays.

His standard, emblem of victorious fields,

Conquest and triumph to the victor yields.

Gold fringe, and pendant jewels raise its fame,

The ban of *Gao* was the standard's name.***

Still more adorn'd, plac'd in the royal hall,

This ban the warriors *Actur Gavean* call.

Succeeding kings, proud of the mighty prize,

Stud it jewels of the richest dies***.

Sometime by *Feredoun* conceal'd, till fate

With fav'ring smiles adorn'd his future state.

The day of *Zobak* darken'd,***the brave boy

To his fond mother ran with anxious joy;

All arm'd completely,***on his head he bore

The crown *Kianian* by his fathers wore;

And thus address'd***: “ I seek the martial plain,

“ Do thou our God address with fervent strain.

“ Pray'rs are accepted by the pow'rs divine,

“ Success attends them at the awful shrine.”

The

The parent sigh'd.***" Thy zeal I cannot blame,
 " May god preserve thee and exalt thy fame;
 " That heaven may guard thee from the hostile blow,
 " That vice may find in thee an adverse foe."
 He bow'd, and mounting his *Arabian* steed,
 Observ'd what's good and ill, the various meed;
 The actions of mankind; revolving o'er,
 Their different passions, and their changing lore***.
 Two brothers eminent, of elder birth,
 Attend his steps, distinguish'd for their worth.
Katábus one, and *Neiknham****gen'rous name!
 Excell'd in martial arts, and op'ning fame.
 To them the hero spoke***" Be ever blest,
 " Let joy and virtue dignify thy breast.
 " For me, so heav'n decrees---superior fate,
 " Attends my fortunes, big with future state.
 " Haste to the smith a sword resplendent bring."
 His order they obey with rapid wing.
 The master-smith attends them to the chief,
 He drew the model; grateful in his grief!
 The figure of a cow adorns the steel;
 Its tempered force the man of vice will feel.
 The chief approves, the gorgeous band displays,
 Like the bright orb of day, a splendid blaze!
 The smith the chief assures of future spoil,
 And many a gift rewards him for his toil,

"If *Zobak* falls, high will I raise thy fame,
Thy labors triumph in a glorious name.
" With pow'r adorn'd shall white-rob'd justice rise,
" And meek religion, fav'rite of the skies!
" Mercy with piety shall radiant smile***,
" The gen'rous monarch spurns the man of guile."
Then lifting to the sun his eager eye,
His father's fate remember'd with a sigh.
He marches on, the face of nature smiles,
And stars propitiate crown his future toils.
The well-arm'd warrior to his standard crowds,
In throngs as num'rous as the passing clouds;
With acclamations loud they rend the air,
Camels and elephants his baggage bear.
On the right wing the brave *Katâbus* stands,
And on the left, young *Neiknham* leads the bands.
As fleet as winds they march in firm array,
Each warrior glows impatient for the fray.
They reach the *Arabian* fields,***encamp the train,
There pious priests exult in heav'nly strain.
To the high priest, a chosen chief he sends,
When night o'er earth her sable mantle bends.
To him the priests a pious sage depute,
Whose heav'nly wisdom stood in high repute*** :
Black were his tresses, reaching to the earth,
His face a houri, of celestial birth:

An angel he appear'd from that blest plain,
Where happy spirits in *Elyzium* reign.
To *Feredoun* his happier lot reveals,
Nor from his mind, the destin'd ill, conceals***.
In form a fairy,***in his looks are seen,
A radiant splendor, and a mind serene.
The source of knowledge to his view display'd,
And told the secrets of the magic aid.
“ Such is the will of heav'n,”***the hero cry'd;
His heart dilating with a conscious pride.
A new born joy irradiates o'er his face,
Blooming with youth, and ev'ry manly grace,
A simple table cheers his gen'rous breast,
And sleep invites him, by fatigue o'erprest.
The heav'nly seer, remote from ev'ry eye,
Had told the mandate of the vaulted sky;
The brothers heard it, **jealous of his pow'r,
Rebellious counsels in their bosom low'r.
Tho' in soft slumbers *Feredoun* reclin'd,
By heav'n's high aid he knows their impious mind.
Far from the camp they rove in secret guise,
And seek to ruin what their fate denies.
Dark was the night, the howling tempest blows;
Near to the camp a lofty mountain rose:
They reach the height, a pond'rous craggy stone,
By them, ungen'rous! on his tents is thrown,

Wak'd

Wak'd by the rumbling noise, so heav'n ordains,
'In the midway the dreadful stone remains
By magic skill; they startled at the sight,
" 'Tis god decrees,###our fate is set in night,
" Great will our brother and the hero rise,
" Vain to oppose the mandate of the skies."
Swift to the presence, *Feredoun* sublime
Commands the chiefs, tho' silent on their crime,
Observant of their deeds with patriot care,
Their down cast eyes the conscious guilt declare.
Gao attends, of brave exalted mind;
The ban of *Gao* in the army shin'd.
With all the glow which youthful warriors fires,
When danger animates and fame inspires,
The chief to *A^{rv}xend* leads his martial train,
A^{rv}xend (the *Tygris* call'd in modern strain.)
Upon its banks fam'd *Bagdad*'s lofty tow'rs
Shine splendid, like the sun, thro' vernal showers.
Boats to collect to pass the rapid tide
The chief directs; impatient by his side
The army throngs,###strict orders were enjoin'd,
Not one of all the train should stay behind.
The timid boat-men fly, they leave the shore,
And to the other bank their vessels bore.
Enrag'd the hero ey'd, th' impetuous stream,
And daring actions in his bosom beam;

His

His belt *Kianian* on his waist he bound;
 His foaming courser, for his strength renown'd,
 Intrepid plunges in the rapid waves,
 All fear disdain, ev'ry danger braves+++
 His army glowing from so bold a deed,
 Thro' the strong current spur the furious steed.
 Led on by glory yet by toil oppress'd,
 The wond'ring army almost sink to rest.
 Black was th' ethereal sphere,***the sable night,
 Now darkness shrouds, now shows a glimm'ring light.
 They reach'd the shore,***on march his martial pow'rs,
Jerusalem displays her lofty tow'rs***.
 (In *Peblevi*, *Rai Kuttush* is its name,
 In words *Arabian*, house of pious fame.)
 Here stood a fort by impious *Zobak* built,
 A model of his greatness, and his guilt.
 When nearer he approach'd, by glory prest,
 The view of empire fir'd his ardent breast.
 Now big with fate behold th' important hour;
 Distant, a mile it seem'd, one rising tow'r!
 The planet *Saturn* not more high appears,
 It seem'd a star in the celestial spheres.
 Not *Jupiter* more brightly gilds the skies,
 Than this fam'd city, his triumphant prize***.
 Here festivals, and ebrious scenes of joy,
 The gay luxurious residents employ;

Now

Now *Feredoun* exclaims with fervent strain,
 " This is the castle, where the serpents reign;
 " This scene of splendor! this the scene of guilt!
 " And yon high fort, by impious *Zobak* built;
 " Let us, *Iranians*! level with the ground,
 " E're the usurpers guards shall hear the sound***
 " Of hostile armies***when their num'rous trains,
 " Will dare the battle, covering all the plains."
 Thus having said***The brave *Kianian* boy,
 Spurr'd on his steed, impell'd by furious joy.
 High flam'd his sword, no force can dare its rays,
 E'en dæmons shrink before its dreadful blaze.
 The sentinels with shudd'ring terror fled,
 To heav'n with gratitude he rais'd his head;
 Ent'ring the castle, now the scene of fear,
 He found a talisman aloft in air;
 Seizing the symbol, on its figur'd signs
 Were idols grav'd and dire demoniac shrines.
 Far different from the faith the hero bore,
 Or those who piously their God adore:
 Each dæmon black, and each magician dire
 Were scourg'd and sentenc'd to perpetual fire.
 The chief repofes***all his glories own;
 He sits in triumph on the tyrant's throne.
 Conquest and wisdom lead him to renown,
 And heav'n rewards him with a splendid crown,

Thro' ev'ry palace, o'er each neighb'ring plain,
 Thro' the whole fort was *Zobak* fought in vain.
 All the fair women, whom the tyrant plac'd,
 In wall'd apartments, were by nature grac'd;
 Their beauties charm'd the impious *Zobak's* court,
 Lost in lascivious ease, and wanton sport.
 In indolence they pass'd their lascive hours,
 And gay luxuriance enervates their pow'rs.
 The chief directs that first ablutions clear,
 That virtue be instill'd in ev'ry ear.
 That faith new born irradiate ev'ry mind;
 That each polluted soul shou'd be refin'd!
Gemsheid's fair sisters smile with new born grace,
 And livelier tints adorn the roseate face.
 With softest accents they the chief address,
 " Blest be thy days, and blest thy gen'rous breast!
 " Say by what stars propitiate do you shine?
 " What God protects you; what exalted line?
 " The lion's den that thus you greatly brave,
 " That thus, unhurt! you dare the hostile wave.
 " The dire magician stab'd our peaceful mind,
 " Where faith and innocence in union shin'd; *were late Combined*
 " How has our days in grief-worn sorrow flow'd,
 " Now lost in woe, and now with anger glow'd.
 " Of mortal shape appears his outward form,
 " Tho' curst *Abermen's* wiles his soul deform.

“ Such

" Such deeds as thine no mortal dar'd before; 10 "
 " Transcendent boldness, and surpassing lore; 11 "
 " To seize a throne by warriors circled round, 12 "
 " Tho' millions guard, tho' hostile realms furround; 13 "
 The chief replies, " The blind, the fickle queen, "
 " Fortune, for ever does not smile serene. 14 "
 " I came for vengeance, and in me you view, 15 "
 " The son of *Abteen*, whom the tyrant slew; 16 "
 " Him to expel I came, to seize the throne; 17 "
 " My nurse, the cow *Purmaby*, not unknown; 18 "
 " Say what dire thought the tyrant's soul employs, 19 "
 " Who without cause a speechless brute destroys; 20 "
 " These are the motives which my passions fire; 21 "
 " I came from *Iran*, as the gods inspire; 22 "
 " See on this sword *Purmaby*'s image grav'd, 23 "
 " In vain the tyrant's arms the image brav'd; 24 "
 " He dies--and mercy supplicates in vain, 25 "
 " Sinking for ever in eternal pain." 26 "
 Thus having said, *Zobak*'s prophetic dream,
 To *Arnewas* recall'd the former theme--
 " And art thou *Feredoun*? the fair rejoins; 27 "
 " Born to destroy the tyrant's curst designs; 28 "
 " Just are thy actions, thy victorious reign 29 "
 " Will level vice, and view th'usurper slain. 30 "
 " Conquest is thine, the world thy nod obeys; 31 "
 " And realms subdu'd will sound thy mighty praise. 32 "

" Of royal race, one fate has doom'd our hours,
 " Unwilling victims to a tyrant's pow'rs.
 " Wedded to him; a serpent's slave he proves,
 " With never ceasing fear the monster moves.
 " Say, could delight on such a life attend,
 " Say thou protector, guardian, brother, friend?"
 To them the chief: " The past 'tis vain to mourn,
 " The monster falls, and pleasure shall return."
 " But tell me true in what recess he lies,
 " Point out his refuge, and the tyrant dies:
 They thus reply: " In *Hindostan* he roves,
 " And seeks thy downfall in the magic groves;
 " Nor rest, nor tranquil slumbers cheer his night,
 " Thy image haunts him, ever in his sight.
 " He tries the pow'rs of magic on thy life,
 " Each day he sharpens his assassin knife.
 " All fear, and all detest his murd'ring foul,
 " With frantic passions all his moments roll.
 " He thinks each instant that you seize his state,
 " A reverend-foe inform'd him of his fate;
 " Torn by contending passions, scorning heav'n,
 " His soul, like fire, before the wind is driv'n.
 " To ease his pain, on brains the serpent feeds,
 " To ease his pain, the whole creation bleeds.
 " On *Indian* plains, to meliorate his grief,
 " In vain the fell magician seeks relief.

" Thy words will be fulfilled most reverend feer!
 " Just the prediction, and thy sapience clear!
 " Nor night, nor day, a moment's peace he knows,
 " Torn by the serpents the curs'd wand'rer goes;
 " His period of return is near,***from clime to clime
 " He roves, and strives t'obliterate his crime."***

The chief attentive heard,***to one just slave,
 Affairs of state in absence *Zobak* gave.

Kundroo his name,***to *Feredoun* he came,
 And saw the monarch, saw him crown'd by fame.
 Saw him erect, of manly martial form,
 And startled, conscious of the rising storm.
 Straight as the cypress, by his royal side
 Stood *Shernez*, *Arnewas*, his master's pride.

The city throng'd with troops, the palace gates
 Guarded impregnable to hostile states***.

To *Feredoun*, submissive to the ground
 He bow'd***; " Oh! king with glory circled round;
 " Whose word is conquest and whose look's divine,
 " These seven imperial kingdoms now are thine***.
 " See yon bright spheres thy beaming splendors blaze,
 " Oh! deign to tell me, whence such glorious rays?"

The hero calls him nearer to his throne,
 And tells him wond'ring***whence his glories shone;
 Bids him the royalties of *Zobak* bring,
 And all the treasures of the tyrant king;

Bids him bring flowing bowls to raise the strain,
 With vocal music, and the mimic train;
 Bids him bring all the ministers of joy,
 And bids him for the feast his skill employ.

"Bring too each man of merit to my fight,

"This night shall jovial teem with new delight."

Kundroo obeyed; the sumptuous table shines,

Soft music warbles, and the gen'rous wines

Enliven all. The chief approves the feast,

'Till the bright sun, arising from the east,

Closes the scene; when on an *Arab* steed

Kundroo his master seeks, with winged speed,

And reach'd his camp; the tale he thus relates:

"I fear great prince, the dark, the adverse fates,

"Have clouded all your pow'rs; a foreign clime

"Has given three warriors, martial and sublime.

"Triumphant in your tow'rs the youngest sways,

"~~Even~~ ^{And} distant nations speak his martial praise.

"In his strong arm a splendid sword he bears,

"And on his brow thy rich tiara wears.

"Thy palace enters on a beauteous horse,

"Two chiefs attend, resistless in their course.

"He mounts thy throne; thy wise magicians slays,

"Thy slaves are murder'd, in one gen'ral blaze."

"This having said, the artful king rejoins,

"'Tis well; regard not; for no foe he shines."

Kundroo replies###; "No foe! his fatal blade,

"The image of a cow engrav'd, display'd:

"Still can you deem him not an adverse foe,

"Let prudence dictate, and let caution flow,

"No foe[!]###when joyful[!] seated on thy throne;

"Thy fame expires,###thy sceptre over thrown."

Then *Zobak* thus###; "This boist'rous clamor cease,

"Some noble friend he comes; the guest of peace."

Still *Kundroo* spoke###; "I saw, I heard this friend,

"With your kind wives in gentle converse blend;

"With *Gemsheid's* sisters, gracious in each hand,

"With looks enamour'd did the warrior stand.

"On their soft necks he toys the night away,

"Sports on their beauties, with lascivious play.

"These radiant beauties with their scented hair,

"No more will animate thy tender care."

This picture mounted to the tyrant's brain,

Like the fierce wolf he roar'd, when stung with pain.

To this he cry'd###; "Were death or hell divine,

"Ye curs'd illusions! blasted be the sign."

Still raging more. "Hence *Kundroo* from my sight,

"Fly from my presence, plung'd in endless night."

Kundroo replies###; "Thy menaces I scorn,

"Soon wilt thou wander on the earth forlorn.

"Thy sceptre falls, while with disorder'd rage,

"You threaten me, what can ^{thy} ~~your~~ grief assuage?

"Why

“ Why not attentive to your own affairs?
“ Thus, thus expos’d to never ceasing cares.
“ ’Tis time for thought, thy kingdom is no more,
“ Thy foe is on thy throne, thy glory o’er.
“ Thy foe, who lifts the cow-grav’d sword on high;
“ Your wives are captives, and your followers die.”

At this fierce *Zobak* rag’d with wild alarms,
Instant his dæmons buckle on their arms.
The fiercest steeds in shining trappings beam;
Enrag’d he marches, tortur’d by the dream.
This reach’d the ear of *Feredoun*’s domain,
His soldiers crowd, and glitter on the plain.
By various windings, and by ways unknown,
He leads his army to the royal town.
Each warrior mounts his steed, in arms elate,
And waits the mandate, big with future fate.
The name of *Feredoun* each breast resounds,
His glory spreads to earth’s remotest bounds.
Zobak, the man of blood! each gen’rous mind
Glow to destroy, and thus relieve mankind.
O’er all his city frantic discord rose,
War, civil war, in ev’ry bosom glows.
The missile weapons fly on ev’ry side,
Chaos and night in sable triumph ride.
Each warrior fled, the sage with horror flies,
And seeks bright *Feredoun* with pensive sighs.

Now

Now *Feredoun* in arms resplendent shone,
To *Zobak* marches, trembling, for his throne.
Such various clamors rend the vaulted skies,
When fires unseen in rolling clouds arise.
On *Feredoun* each warlike chief attends,
Submissive waits, and to his mandate bends.
As hill on hill arising, ev'ry band,
In order marches to the *Persian* strand.
“ Shall *Zobak* rule defil'd with human gore,
“ While thousands lay unbury'd on the shore?”
They spoke, and vengeance fir'd the martial train,
While clouds of dust o'er shadow'd all the plain.
In vain the fell magician tries repose,
He seeks the palace t'avenge his woes.
In armor ev'ry limb the tyrant clad,
Conscious of guilt, and starting at his shade.
To the high palace in his hand he bore,
Arabian bows, ^{long} & steep in human gore.
The black ey'd *Arnewas* by magic art,
Perceiv'd his downfall with exulting heart.
Her cheeks the picture of the ruddy morn;
And jetty locks her lovely face adorn.
To *Zobak* now exulting she relates
His falling greatness, and impending fates.
Zobak perceiv'd, 'twas heav'n that gave the blow,
The earth in vengeance, and the Gods his foe.

Zobak indignant to the court descends,
 His brain on fire, his *Arab* bow he rends.
 Sunk was his soul, the mansion of despair!
 And fate had doom'd him to corrosive care.
 On his right hand a scimitar he wore,
 (While all his soul contending passions tore.)
 This he unsheath'd, to fix the sisters doom,
 Lovely as fairies with celestial bloom.
 But wary guile his secret purpose bends,
 When with the shining blade the fiend descends.
 On wings of winds bright *Feredoun* appears,
 And seiz'd the weapon, while appall'd with fears,
 He struck the usurper's head, the well aim'd stroke,
 Levell'd the tyrant, and his helmet broke.
 An angel's voice, who hov'ring in the air,
 Was heard in softest numbers to declare;
 " The fall of *Zobak* must suspended lay;
 " His fate is destin'd for a future day.
 " Send him in chains to mountains and to caves,
 " Where he may howl with ignominious slaves.
 " Let all access to *Zobak* be deny'd,
 " That no kind converse may uphold his pride."
 The chief obeys, and with his victor hands,
 With skins of tygers fix'd the tyrants bands.
 So strongly fetter'd, that to break the chain,
 The reas'ning elephant wou'd strive in vain.

On

On the resplendent throne of burnish'd gold,
The chief rewards the good, and daunts the bold.
When thus! "Ye gallant leaders 'tis decreed,
" *Zobak* enchain'd, as yet not doom'd to bleed;
" Carnage no more shall deluge ev'ry land,
" But peace with olive branches grace the strand.
" The tyrant fetter'd, you will bear no more
" Your brilliant arms, to steep in human gore.
" On either side let savage war decline,
" For many a warrior in his armies shine.
" The tyrant's chain'd whose desolating arms,
" Struck the pale earth with terror and alarms.
" Let the exulting soldier close his toil,
" And seek repose within his native soil."
The rich, the wise, unite in one applause,
And yield allegiance to the hero's laws.
He spoke again; his looks with ardor glow'd,
And gifts proportion'd to each rank bestow'd.
" Let heartfelt praises to my God be giv'n,
" I owe my eminence alone to heav'n;
" Who from the mountains led me to a throne,
" And sav'd mankind from many a future groan."
" To patronise each good, each just design,
" To watch the public happiness, be mine.
" By heav'n's award, with sceptres not elate,
" I grateful rose to this distinguish'd state.

Thro'

" Thro' the whole realm attentive shall I go,
" And law with justice leag'd my subjects show.
" Not in vain-glorious sloth to pass my days;
" 'Tis worth and probity, the king displays.
" 'Tis this distinguishes mankind alone,
" It marks the monarch, and adorns the throne."
The court, the warriors join in loud acclaim,
And crown the patriot with the wreath of fame.
Around his palace all the cities crowd,
And raptur'd! speak their gratitude aloud,
With *Zobak's* name, still grating on the tongue,
Each echoing roof with execration rung.
Then thus! " Oh! *Feredoun* in chains severe,
" Bind the fell tyrant, object of our fear."
Each chief to *Feredoun* submissive bow'd,
And all the warriors to his standard croud.
Zobak they bound, upon a palfrey plac'd,
And to the mountains led, a slave disgrac'd.
Such is the tyrant's fate; the meteors blaze,
And such the moral turpitude displays.
The chief commands, at *Sherkan*, in a cave
They fix the tyrant, as the meanest slave.
A guardian angel speaks, unseen in air,
" To *Dumavend* the dire magician bear.
" Where no allies, and where no kindred race,
" Can yield him aid, or soften his disgrace.

" This

" This heav'n permits!" now far from human found,
 In *Dumavend*'s lone cave the tyrant's bound.
 Many an year elaps'd, he there remains,
 In the lone cave and fix'd in iron chains.
 His senses gone, he now more wretched lies,
 Suspended in the air! his groans, his sighs,
 The only sound he hears; from his sad heart
 Large drops of blood in bitt'rest anguish start.
 In this short transient scene, let virtue guide,
 Be worth thy patron, excellence thy pride.
 Let honor lead thee, or let vice prevail,
 The hand of death will hold an equal scale.
 From goodness only happiness will rise,
 Vain all the splendor 'neath the azure skies.
 Nor ~~stately~~^{costly} palaces, nor costly state,
 Nor burnish'd gold will change the word of fate.
 Be this for ever grav'd upon your breast,
 " 'Tis excellence alone can give you rest."
 Bright *Feredoun* no angel sprung from heav'n,
 Be all thy actions thus to virtue giv'n,
 And thou art *Feredoun*. At vice he aim'd;
 Before him *Zobak* ev'ry worth disclaim'd.
 In wisdom and improvement of mankind,
 In acts benevolent, great *Gemsheid* shin'd.
Hosbung aveng'd his fire, in pious strains
 He taught the world; and fertiliz'd the plains.

Brave *Kiumers* the dæmon race expell'd,
And the whole world in just obedience held.
Oh! world what art thou? a fallacious scene,
You nourish to destroy, the source of spleen!
See *Feredoun* with ev'ry virtue glow,
As humble as the tyrant he laid low.
Five hundred years he rul'd with gentle sway,
Not all his virtues shelter from decay.
The world still flourishes, another king
Succeeds, and basks a while in life's short spring.
To the lone grave a mighty name he bore,
And left pale grief lamenting on the shore.
Such is the fate of man, the shepherd swain,
The sceptred monarch with his splendid train
By death are equal, in his glorious time,
No chief but *Feredoun* appear'd sublime.



THE ARGUMENT.

BOOK V.

FEREDOUN *seated on the Kianian throne—The uncertainty of human life described—Feranuk distributes donations to her attendants—Sends immense gifts to her son—The acclamations of the warriors—Feredoun makes progress thro' his dominions—Corrects all disorders—He deposes Jundal to visit the neighb'ring kingdom to find three virgins of birth as a match for his three sons—Jundal goes to Arabia, and demands three of the daughters of Cyrus—The fears of that monarch unwilling to be separated from his children—Cyrus assembles his nobles and states his apprehensions of the power of Feredoun—Their opinion—Cyrus seems to assent—Jundal returns to Feredoun—The three princes, after the disclosure of the intended artifices of Cyrus—Set off for Arabia—The artifices of Cyrus are unsuccessful—He attempts to destroy them by magic, in which he fails—The union of the princes with the daughters of Cyrus—Their return—Feredoun in the form of a dragon enters the camp of his three sons to sound their dispositions in that disguise—Reassumes his own shape—Pleas'd particularly with the youngest—Names his three sons Toor, Sulm, and Eritch—And the daughters of Cyrus, Arzu, Mah, and Behy—Feredoun convenes the astrologers to declare the future fate of his sons—Distributes his dominions—To Sulm he gave Greece, to Toor, Turan, to Eritch, Eran—They march to their different kingdoms.*

BOOK V.

THE throne *Kianian*, *Feredoun* prepares,
And *Iran* teems no more with anxious cares;
Bright ey'd religion elevates her head,
Serenest influence ev'ry planet shed:
Far from the throne each vice the chief expells,
There excellence, and radiant virtue dwells.
A house he builds, and calls the comic train,
Here the sage mingle with instructive strain.
From the bright cup they drink ~~the~~ inspiring wines,
Studded with gems, the cup resplendent shines.
The world reviv'd. A monarch born to fame
Joys ev'ry heart, each infant lisps his name.
So when the rising moon spreads round her light,
Each swain with rapture views the lamp of night.
Bright fires he kindles, ev'ry breast illumines;
Saffron and amber yield their rich perfumes;

Yon

Yon splendid orb he teaches to adore,
 Peace and benevolence his chosen lore.
 As the bright sun around his orbit moves,
 And the pale moon within her circle roves,
 So life goes on, then mourn not transient fate,
 Five hundred years this monarch rul'd in state,
 Yet death his glory clos'd; tho' high in pow'r,
 Tho' fortune smil'd on each propitiate hour,
 He died like thee; let not ambition fire,
 Nor the vain trappings of the world desire.
 Ah! let not grief, my son! disturb your breast,
 Short is our period, ne'er completely blest!
Feranuk cou'd not know a future king,
 A future hero, from her loins wou'd spring.
 The throne was vacant from the tyrant's crimes,
 The stars indignant fix the fated times.
 Fame spreads the triumph to *Feranuk's* ear,
 A parent's transports in her looks appear.
 First she abluv'd, and with devotion high,
 Her grateful accents bless the fav'ring sky.
 Low to the ground, she bends her aged head,
 And thanks her maker, that the tyrant's dead.
 A place to each attendant she assign'd,
 And secret presents please each grateful mind.
 Seven days to fair benevolence was giv'n,
 No more, the *Derweish* supplicates his heav'n.

Now festal pleasures reign, and purest gold,
 Enrich her friends, and animate the old.
 To celebrate her son's triumphant rise,
 Gifts she bestows, and every want supplies.
 Embroider'd cloths, and gems of brightest hue,
 With rapid steeds, spears, helmets, armour too;
 Turbans and belts, she liberally gave,
 Her mind to avarice no fordid slave;
 Camels she loaded with her choicest store;
 To her fond son, with transport flowing o'er,
 The gift she sends; her heart without disguise
 To heav'n she bends, and rais'd her aged eyes.
 With all the glories of her son inspir'd,
 She thus exclaim'd, "By bright religion fir'd;
 " Oh! king, of heav'n belov'd, thy god adore;
 " Thy thanks for his transcendent goodness pour
 " Oh! may each rising sun thy fame increase,
 " And may thy foe ne'er know the joys of peace."
 When *Feredoun* receiv'd the splendid stores,
 A thousand blessings on his mother pours.
 Soon as the gifts to his bright court were known,
 The chiefs, the warriors, crowd before his throne.
 Around the steps the royal gifts they laid,
 And thronging crowds their heartfelt joy display'd
 One general exclamation rends the air,
 " The crown for ever! and for ever wear!

" For

" For ever may thy glorious sceptre shine;
 " (They bow'd devoutly to the pow'r divine.)
 " Oh! may long life, long health, thy reign attend,
 " Peace to thy subjects; to mankind, a friend."
 The hero now inspects his blest domains,
 With patriot eye he views his fertile plains;
 Where vice appears, by salutary laws,
 He checks its progress, and explores the cause.
 Where villages deserted mould'ring lay,
 By equal rules he shelters from decay.
 On lofty mountains flow'ry shrubs are seen,
 On earth is pictur'd the *Elyzian* scene.
 From *Zabul* to *Jehmeen* the hero goes,
 (This famous city, *Tus*, the modern knows)
 Five years elaps'd, three sons the chief delight;
 Resembling *Feredoun*, divinely bright.
 The elder two, from beauteous *Sbernax* sprung,
 And one from *Annewas*, sublimely young.
 No name he gave them, with their royal fire
 On elephants they rode; his deeds inspire
 Their mind he cultur'd with each virtuous dore,
 And led their thoughts to glory's sacred shore,
 To deeds of eminence, of warlike fame;
 A chief he calls, and *Yundal* was his name.
 Fidelity and honor fill'd his breast,
 To him the hero thus his thoughts address:

" Search thro' the globe three maids of royal race,
 " Of gentle manners, and of polish'd grace.
 " Sprung from one father's and one mother's loins,
 " As fairies lovely, and whose birth combines
 " Exalted state and elegant desires;
 " Worthy my sons, and pleasing to the fires.
 " Be silent on their names, let there appear,
 " Such epithets as please a parent's ear."

Fundal obedient bow'd, his gallant breast,
 Renown'd for wisdom, excellence confess.

Much he revolves, for on his tuneful tongue
 The grace of flowing elocution hung.

His actions, truth and blooming honor guide,
 His glory virtue, equity his pride.

From *Iran* now he travers'd many a plain,
 Where royal chieftains, and where monarchs reign;

Thro' ev'ry realm where fame directs his way,
 Where royal fires with lovely daughters sway;

The character and beauty of each maid,
 In private questions, in the secret shade;

Not where small chiefs o'er feudal bands preside,
 Whose daughters are ill-suited for a bride

Of such superior birth. He reach'd the plains,
 Where *Cyrus*, o'er *Arabia Felix* reigns;

Whose three fair daughters, fame had blazon'd far,
 Renown'd for beauty, each a radiant star,

As the gay pheasant seeks the roseate bow'rs,
 He saught these maidens, these all-bloomy flow'rs.
 He waits on *Cyrus*, then submissive bow'd,
 And speaks his praises eloquently loud.

The king of *Yemen* to his speech replies,
 "Your presence charms; say, favor'd by the skies!
 "What message bear you, or what mandate bring?
 "Order'd by whom? from what imperial king?"

Jundal thus spoke: "Let peace your bosom charm,
 "I come great prince, no envoy of alarm.
 "No sumptuous trains attend my humble state,
 "I come from *Iran* to this royal gate.
 "Not the fair tulip with more softness blows,
 "Or sweeter fragrance breathes the blushing rose,
 "Than the fair message that I friendly bring
 "From *Feredoun* the just, the mighty king.
 "Your question answer'd. His benignant strains
 "Teem with high honors for your blest domains.
 "Such strains as eminence alone bestows,
 "When royal favor, on inferiors, flows.
 "Say to the king of *Yemen*. May no care,
 "Disturb his mind, may fate, serenely fair!
 "Smile on his days, may joy his hours illumine,
 "And musk breathe round him a divine perfume.
 "May conquest crown him, and the richest store,
 "Of golden mines their plenteous tribute pour.

" Mark well! O! monarch of *Arabia's* plain!
 " What stars propitiate bless thy glorious reign?
 " Say can a pleasure reach the human breast,
 " Equal to that which makes your children blest?
 " Ah! how more valued than all other ties,
 " Or the whole range of life's dependencies,
 " For his three sons, I search three beauteous maids,
 " Of royal race, within thy sacred shades.
 " When you shall view these fav'rites of the skies,
 " Bright joy will sparkle in your royal eyes.
 " By me the victor speaks, who 'till this time
 " No offer ever made; to pow'r sublime,
 " Solely the monarch speaks, the wife alone
 " Strive to conciliate subjects to the throne.
 " When kings inactive lose their martial fires,
 " Their subjects scorning brave their king's desires.
 " My royal lord adorns his fertile plains,
 " And princely treasures fill his blest domains.
 " While the pale moon her monthly circuit runs,
 " I scarce cou'd speak the praises of his sons.
 " So blest with wealth, encircled round with pow'rs;
 " Obedience, and command attend their hours.
 " Give your fair daughters to this royal race,
 " Fame told the story of their blooming grace.
 " I came to thee, fame spoke them heav'nly bright,
 " As yet secluded from the stranger's sight.

When

" When first I heard the maidens youthful charms,
 " My faithful breast sereneest pleasure warms,
 " No name the victor to his sons has giv'n,
 " I have not blaz'd their excellence from heav'n.
 " From your fair daughters, let their names be rais'd,
 " Your royal actions by the world are prais'd.
 " Let these bright jewels in connubial rites,
 " Be join'd for ever, source of gay delights!
 " These fair sequester'd, and these kingly boys,
 " Thus join'd, will animate a parent's joys.
 " Let the rich spousals with such lustre beam,
 " That eloquence may sink beneath their theme.
 " Such is the monarch's message, which I bring;
 " Say, what reply will please *Arabia's* king?
Cyrus attentive heard, within his breast,
 Various emotions rise, tho' now suppress'd.
 So the gay hues which deck the budding flow'rs,
 Are sunk and wither'd by destructive snow'rs.
 " Ah! shou'd they quit me in whose sight alone,
 " I breathe with pleasure, who illumine my throne.
 " The eve of life will clouded pass away;
 " And yet what answer must my words convey?
 " Reflection aid me; let the sage advise;
 " Such weighty business claims no prompt replies.
 " My ev'ry thought my darling daughters knew,
 " And my whole soul was open'd to their view."

To

To *Fundal* first the chief a house assigns;
 Revolving in his mind the various lines
 His conduct might pursue. He now retires;
 His court dismiss'd, the presence he requires
 Of faithful chiefs, and those whom wisdom grace;
 The first in duty, as the first in place.
 These he address'd: "With three fair daughters blest,
 " Whose fond endearment charm my parent's breast.
 " Lights of my soul, these *Feredoun* demands;
 " An envoy comes to snatch them from my hands.
 " He lays the snare, ye sage advisers, tell,
 " What just reflections in your bosoms dwell.
 " This envoy has declar'd, three royal boys,
 " Resplendent as the sun, his care employs.
 " For these three sons of *Feredoun* the great,
 " My daughters he demands in nuptial state.
 " Shou'd I assent, my heart will ne'er approve,
 " Falsehood shou'd never with a monarch move.
 " Shou'd I assent, and yield to his desires,
 " My breast will burn with a volcano's fires.
 " Shame glows within me, that he thus demands,
 " Unseen and un approv'd! my daughters hands.
 " Shou'd I refuse, restless are his pow'rs,
 " Great is the monarch, num'rous are his tow'rs.
 " 'Tis perilous to provoke such mighty state,
 " Who has not heard the tale of *Zobak*'s fate?

" These

“ These the reflections of my mind you know,
“ Let now the dictates of your judgement flow.”
The chiefs, the sages with one voice reply,
“ We see no tempest, or no peril nigh.
“ Tho’ *Feredoun* is mighty, we are thine,
“ Let him approach, thy chiefs in armour shine,
“ Devoted to thy will; in war’s alarms
“ We’ll meet the foe, and dare his conq’ring arms.
“ Dextrous to manage the impetuous horse,
“ To dart the jav’lin with unerring force,
“ To plant the dagger in the hostile foe,
“ ’Till sanguine streams tinge all the ground below:
“ To guide the fury of embattled hosts,
“ The victor’s glory, and the warrior’s boasts;
“ ’Till e’en the winds blow with such rustling sounds,
“ As reeds by tempests mov’d in marshy grounds.
“ Does such affection for thy daughters glow;
“ Send no reply, but brilliant gifts bestow.
“ Yet if thy soul to varying thought inclines,
“ And terror awes; assent to his designs.”
This answer heard, unknowing what to do,
What plan to follow, what advice pursue,
He calls the envoy, and attunes his strain
To softest eloquence. “ A king I reign,
“ Far, far inferior to thy royal lord,
“ I bow obedient, to his wish accord.

" Tell him, the greatness of his gallant sons,
 " His glory like the splendid planet runs.
 " And tell him, I assent, yet must require,
 " My daughters to agree to his desire.
 " Should he unwilling take them from my arms,
 " My throne, my sceptre lose their boasted charms.
 " Shou'd from my view my much lov'd daughters go,
 " For ever will my sighs, my sorrows flow.
 " Shou'd he command, resistance is in vain,
 " And shou'd he force them from their native plain;
 " Where shall I see his boasted sons, and where
 " The regal lustre, or the lovers care.
 " Oh! let them come, and glad a parent's fight
 " Here let them solemnize the nuptial rite.
 " This gloom will brighten when their presence charms
 " My raptur'd heart, encircled in their arms.
 " Then shall I view the lustre of their birth,
 " Their gallant actions, their distinguish'd worth.
 " Then by the institutes we here obey,
 " I give my daughters to his sons away.
 " Then shall I see their heart-felt goodness shine,
 " And feel their gen'rous arms encircling mine.
 " Not long will I thy monarch's sons detain,
 " But soon restore them to their native plain.
 Thus having said, the envoy kiss'd his throne,
 Struck with his wisdom that superior shone.

Now

Now *Jundal* hastens to his native soil,
 And tells the tale which crown'd the faithful toil.
 To *Feredoun* relates the chief's reply,
 How grac'd with goodness by the fav'ring sky.
 How much he wish'd the heros to behold,
 And all his converse with the monarch told.
 " The king of *Yemen* shines in virtuous fame,
 " Just are his thoughts, and *Cyrus* is his name.
 " Three virgin daughters, each a brilliant gem,
 " Resplendent glitter from this royal stem.
 " He has no son; these daughters are his heirs;
 " The spring of all his joys, and all his cares.
 " Shou'd your blest sons possess their heav'nly charms,
 " Think they are angels in their youthful arms.
 " For them, these maids in marriage I require,
 " I prais'd your glories, and their martial fire.
 " It only now requires your leave to go;
 " 'Tis your's my youthful lords, your skill to show.
 " 'Tis your's to show to the admiring earth,
 " Justness in thought, and excellence in worth.
 " With fix'd attention to his speech attend,
 " Sense and politeness in your answers blend.
 " Princes shou'd ever eloquently shine,
 " And act becoming of their royal line+++
 " 'Tis dignity of air, unmix'd with pride,
 " With truth and wisdom for a constant guide,

" That

" That greatness marks. Oh! listen to my strain!
 " Act as I tell, and ^{glory marks} joy ~~will stamp~~ your reign.
 " The king of *Yemen* rules with sapient sway,
 " And few such sense, or excellence display.
 " In royal wealth, his state, his subjects roll,
 " And warlike armies bow to his controul.
 " Enthron'd on high, fair wisdom marks his state;
 " Be all thy actions eminently great!
 " 'Tis this will give a lustre to your youth,
 " And show the sons of dignity and truth.
 " For you the lord of *Yemen* lays the snares,
 " To meet you on the way his court prepares.
 " The beauteous maids, the daughters of the king,
 " As a fair garden in the smiling spring
 " Breathing divine perfumes, by beauty drest,
 " With jewels splendid and embroider'd vest,
 " Will lead you to the throne. The sun's bright rays,
 " Does not with dazzling radiance higher blaze.
 " Not with more grace the cypress waves serene,
 " Each seems the same, no difference to be seen.
 " Yon splendid orb, the world's admiring theme,
 " These fair eclipse, with their transcendent beam.
 " The younger first will lead the youthful train,
 " The second next will decorate the plain.
 " The eldest near the younger son will place
 " Her blooming form, the youngest maid will grace

" The

" The elder youth; the second maid will smile
 " Near to the second youth; this artful guile
 " Well recollect; from you they will demand
 " Which is the eldest of the beauteous band:
 " And which the younger, which the second maid?
 " Remember well; let not thy glories fade."
 The gallant boys, as *Feredoun* approves,
 March eager on to view their promis'd loves.
 Fair wisdom triumph'd in their youthful breast,
 Full of the counsel *Jundal* had address'd.
 His clear instructions *Feredoun* had giv'n,
 And with them sent each sage approv'd by heav'n.
 All the bright-warriors of their father's train,
 And well arm'd troops resplendent on the plain,
 Attend his sons. This *Cyrus* heard elate,
 And sends an army with a monarch's state
 To meet the royal boys, his nearest friends,
 The statesman, and the faithful guard he sends;
 To *Yemen* now exulting on they came,
 The city all rush'd forth to view what fame
 Had blazon'd high; the richest gems were spread,
 Saffron and sweet perfumes, their odours shed.
 Before their steps the throng gay flowrets strow'd,
 And ev'ry gale with warbling music flow'd.
 The brightest colors deck the neighing steed,
 And show'rs of gold their eager steps impede.

Turkish brocades, and trays of pearl invite,
 And brilliant jewels dazzle all the sight.
 They now alight, the sun now darts his ray,
 All nature smiles to view the rising day.
 Yet *Cyrus* does not meet the royal boys,
 But sends the beaut'ous daughters of his joys.
 So lovely they approach, their sparkling sight
 Charms each beholder; thus the god of light,
 Breaking thro' darkness with his morning beams,
 Sheds his mild influence o'er the lucid streams,
 O'er ev'ry hill dispels the gloom away,
 And breaks resistless! with refulgent day.
 The fair *Kianian* maids as night serene,
 When the full moon unclouded gilds the scene.
 As *Jundal* had foretold, each beauteous maid
 By one bright youth her dazzling form display'd.
 "Say which (the elder cries) is first in years,
 "And which the second, which the last appears."
 As by their sire instructed they reply'd;
 Vain prov'd the snare, in vain the monarch try'd
 The princes to deceive, and soon he found,
 From the deceit no honor wou'd redound.
 In his false look feign'd happiness appears,
 He match'd the pairs conforming to their years.
 This point adjusted, ev'ry heart was gay;
 The maidens, lovely as the morn of May,

Conscious

Conscious of guilt, of the propos'd disgrace,
With deep suffusions paint their blooming face.
Each maid retires, with fault'ring accents slow,
Asham'd and sad their conscious blushes glow.
The king of *Yemen* bids the circling bowl
Bright joy irradiate in each jovial soul,
Bids the gay minstrel tune his liveliest note;
Soft music warbles thro' each vocal throat;
Till night the flowing cup, the sparkling wine,
Warms the gay guests, the princes still decline
The foaming bowl; they know the sparkling juice,
Nor cheerful rest, nor wisdom wou'd produce.
The king commands to sprinkle o'er the room
The roseate essence, and each sweet perfume.
Soft couches he prepares, the carpet strows
With scented flowrets, and the blushing rose;
And the young princes seek their soft repose. }
The king of *Yemen*, vers'd in magic skill,
Consults what best will execute his will.
The princes slept, when from his secret shade
Th' *Arabian* came, and tries his magic aid.
Th' incantation o'er; a furious storm,
And hostile winds the face of night deform,
That fatal it might prove; one heap of snow,
And winds with pestilential vapors blow.

So

So cold not e'en the bird of night wou'd fly;
 The youths by counter-acting magic try
 T' avert the danger of the threat'ning air,
 By courage, wisdom, and religious pray'r.
 At early dawn he visits his gay guests,
 Vainly surmising that the noxious pests
 E'er this, had tainted the fair spring of life,
 The victims sad of elemental strife.
 This hope had pictur'd, and this fate denies,
 To snatch his daughters from the nuptial ties.
 But when he view'd them on the chairs of state,
 Thrones that he made, all blooming and elate,
 He found his magic artifice was vain;
 Health smil'd upon them, and unmix'd with pain.
 In his high hall he summon'd all his peers,
 Renown'd for courage, all the reverend seers.
 His golden treasures and the diamond's blaze,
 (Long kept from mortal ken) the king displays.
 Fair came his lovely daughters, in whose eyes
 The diamond's beam with equal lustre lies;
 On whose vermilion face the blooming flow'rs
 Of paradise display their roseate pow'rs.
 Such shapes unequall'd, such surpassing lore,
 As grac'd these stars, the world ne'er knew before.
 Care was a stranger to their heav'nly breast,
 To these he sighing gave the golden chest.

Great

Great preparations for the nuptials made,
 Tho' sorrow tore his mind, by fear dismay'd.
 Pensive he takes the royal princes hands,
 And joins his daughters in connubial bands.
 But still his mind unsettled fears that fate,
 And *Feredoun* wou'd hurt his future state.
 "How keep my daughters! shou'd his fury rise,
 "His arms thro' *Yemen* snatch the valu'd prize.
 "Death then my fix'd resolve, the splendid vien
 "Of royal blood, will grace a foreign reign.
 "May peace and joy attend my daughters' breast."
 'Twas thus he ponder'd, then the court address'd.
 "Know that these beauteous mirrors of the earth,
 "These starlike maidens of illust'rous birth,
 "By my own laws to these bright youths I give,
 "Dear as the soul by whose fair spring we live.
 "For their departure now the gifts prepare,"
 His bosom torn by sorrow and despair.
 All *Yemen* shone in one resplendent blaze,
 The costly diamond beams with clearest rays.
 On the vast elephant the splendid chair,
 With gems adorn'd, high glitters in the air.
 The canopy displays the rich brocade,
 Of pendant jewels were the fringes made;
 The hardy camels bear the royal gift,
 And golden saddles ornament the swift,

The neighing steed. They quit th' *Arabian* plain;
 Love warms their heart, and animates the strain;
 To *Feredoun* the winged voice of fame,
 Proclaims their near approach, and heighten'd name.
 To view the conduct of his sons unseen,
 To mark their judgement furious or serene,
 He quits his camp, assumes a dragon's form,
 More fierce than tygers when enrag'd they storm;
 Or when the lion howls with furious ire,
 And fancy pictures globes of flaming fire.
 When *Feredoun* approach'd the mighty train,
 As numerous mountains nodding o'er the plain,
 He spurr'd impetuous on his foaming steed,
 And shouting crouds all wonder at his speed.
 The elder prince thus questions: " Brave and wise,
 " Why dragon-like appear in hostile guise?
 " Fair wisdom dictates, not with furious might
 " Thus unprovok'd, to dare the dubious fight."
 " Quick to the second youth, the hero turns,
 " He draws the bow, his breast with passion burns.
 " A lion thou, then feed on brutal prey,
 " A warrior thou, I dare thee to the fray.
 " Think not in vain, from warriors born to fly,
 " From war you must inevitably die."
 The younger prince with voice indignant brave,
 Thus speaks, as tempests howling o'er the wave:

" Hence,

“ Hence, for I deem thee warlike among men,
“ Yet dare not to approach the lion’s den,
“ If the high fame of *Feredoun* divine,
“ Has reach’d thy ear, behold his royal line.
“ Approach not as a foe, for in our breast,
“ Bright courage reigns, but if no motive preft
“ This rude encounter, and the chief you know,
“ Hence from the camp, and fear the godlike foe.”

Pleas’d with their courage now the king retires,
And soon returns, (as fondest love inspires)
In his own shape. And with his royal band,
The cow-grav’d sword, high glitt’ring in his hand.

On kingly elephants his nobles shine,
And the whole world esteem’d him as divine,
When the bright youths their king and father meet,
Quick they alight and kiss his royal feet:

He stop’d his elephant; with fond embrace,
Hung o’er his sons, and nam’d his royal race.

With pious praise to God he rais’d his eyes,
And saw the future mandate of the skies.

On chairs of state the gallant youths he plac’d,
And thus address’d+++; “ The dragon that you fac’d,

“ Was *Feredoun*; with fond affection warm,

“ To view thy actions in a varying form;

“ Convinc’d of all thy worth, and now a name

“ Shall grace thy actions equal to thy fame.

“ The

" The first he *Sulm* calls, Oh! may each deed,
 " Towing aloft, thro' future life succeed;
 " When as a dragon to your camp I came,
 " Just your reply, and worthy of your fame;
 " It charm'd my soul; to the next youth he turns,
 " Whose bosom with transcendent courage burns.
 " The brave man does not fear the lion's rage,
 " But acts with courage which no fears engage.
 " Quick as impetuous fire, he darts along,
 " And eminently shines above the throng.
 " Him, *Toor* he call'd, as lions brave and strong.
 " Whom fiercest elephants wou'd dare in vain;
 " Thy courage merits a resplendent reign;
 " The timid monarch rules a servile train.
 " Next to the youngest in whose temp'rate mind,
 " Courage by white-rob'd wisdom was refin'd.
 " Thou in whom fire, and mildness both unite,
 " Coolness in thought, and vigor in the fight,
 " In whose reply much sense and courage shone,
 " Tho' prudent young, deserving of a throne,
 " Let *Eritch* be thy name. Oh! may thy arms,
 " Triumphant rise; and shine thro' wars alarms.
 " Now let your nuptials raise the glorious strain,
 " Pleas'd as when fish along the liquid main
 " Sport in the stream, as night assumes her reign,
 " Now

" Now let these maidens ornament my theme,

" These fairy beauties, that conspicuous beam:

" The wife of *Sulm*, *Arzu* be her name,

" Of *Toor*'s; be *Mah*, and *Eritch* lovely dame

" Be *Béby* nam'd." The record of our fate

He call'd, where fam'd astronomers relate

Under what sign we're born; their future state

The father shows; to *Sulm*'s sight appears,

The planet *Jupiter*, and o'er his years

Bright *Sagittarius* rules, the sun's bright rays

O'er warlike *Toor*,^{his} fervent ^{beam} displays.

The changing moon o'er *Eritch*'s fate presides,

Marks all his hopes, and on his doom decides;

That *Eritch* wou'd in battle greatly die,

The king perceiving, utter many a sigh;

His anxious soul is pictured in his eye.

Eritch beheld his future fortunes low'r,

That stars unfav'ring mark'd his destin'd hour.

The monarch views the map, there warlike *Greece*,

Eran and *Turkistan*, his pow'rs confers;

To *Sulm* now fair *Greece* the monarch gave,

Turan to *Toor*, renown'd for hero's brave.

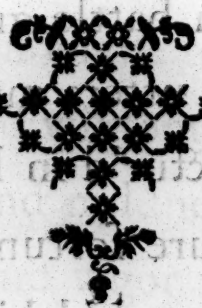
Sulm prepares the warlike chosen band,

Pleas'd with his lot, he seeks the *Grecian* strand.

The king ^{for} *Toor* commands a martial train,

Who heads his army, and begins his reign.

With salutary rules; the nobles bring
 The richest gems, his name the lion-king.
 Now *Eritch* came, *Eran* to him was giv'n,
 The noblest land beneath the vaulted heav'n.
 Fam'd for its palaces and royal seats,
 The residence of kings, and blest retreats:
 Its thrones of ebony: its sceptres shine:
 And *Eritch* nam'd it, *Eran* the divine,
 For many an year, fair peace attends their pow'r,
 Time in her womb conceals the future hour.



THE ARGUMENT.

BOOK VI.

THE machinations of Sulm to induce the concurrence of Toor in a rebellion against the king—The aversion of Toor to take arms against his father—He at last accedes on an interview with Sulm—An envoy is order'd to the court of Feredoun with reproaches—The envoy arriving is alarm'd at the magnificence of Feredoun—Relates his message—The king's reply—Eritch offers to go to Sulm and Toor to conciliate the dispute—Feredoun endeavors to dissuade—Assents to his departure—His brothers meet him under a semblance of friendship—The murder of Eritch—His head is brought to Feredoun—The lamentation of the old king—The birth of a daughter of Eritch by Mahafreed—Her marriage with Poshung, the king's nephew—The birth of Munochere—Being able to carry arms, Feredoun orders the chief of the empire, to assemble his forces—The alarms of Sulm and Toor, they send an envoy to the king, expressing their penitence—He rejects their petition—The envoy returns; describes the splendor and military array of the troops of Feredoun—Announces the vengeance of the Iranian princes—They collect an army—The forces of Feredoun march—The instruction of the king to Munochere—The armies approach—Sulm sends a taunting message to Munochere—His reply—Cyrus the Arabian chief addresses the army—At day break they engage—Description of the battle—The battle undetermined—Sulm and Toor, after a consultation resolve to attack the Iranians in the night—The spies of Munochere inform him of their design—Karun watches their motions—Sulm and Toor begin their onset—Find the enemy prepar'd—Their astonishment—Endeavor to fly—Munochere pursues—Kills Toor—Returns to his tents—Writes to Feredoun an account of the action, and sends the head of Toor—Sulm alarm'd retreats to a fort—Karun requests to lead a chosen band against him—With the ring of Toor as a passport he proposes to gain admittance into the fort—Succeeds, and places the ban of Gao in the fort in the night—Sherovy a chief in the army of Munochere on the signal marches to the gates, and takes it—Karun returning to the young prince, finds that Kakou a grandson of Zohak was approaching—The armies engage—Munochere kills Kakou in a single combat—The death of Sulm—His army submits to Munochere—Who returning to Iran is met by the old king—The coronation of Munochere—Feredoun prepares for death—His last reflections, and death—The grief of his subjects—The author's sentiments on the instability of human life.

BOOK VI.

Now *Feredoun* grows old; the silver hairs

Are oft forerunners of approaching cares!

No more the garden of the verdant spring

Smiles on the drooping winter of the king.

His eve of life beheld a painful scene,

Chang'd were his sons, no more the mind serene

Directs their acts; ambition fatal pow'r!

O'er *Sulm* see with venom'd fury low'r.

Much he revolves, "The realms my father gave

"Ill suit my birth; were *Avitch's* soul more brave,

"His mind more lofty? or his deeds more bold?"

"That he shou'd place him on his throne of gold."

Rage tore his heart, an envoy he prepares,

To tell *Turania's* king his new-born cares.

This

This message bear to *Toor*, proud *Sulm* cries,
 Long may he live, a fav'rite of the skies.
 Tell him my cause of grief, (for *Toor*'s high breast
 No thought had yet but excellence possess'd.)
 " Tell him his realms inferior kings might suit;
 " Wou'd tow'ring trees bow to the ~~l~~ender shoot?
 " And shou'd he deem his pow'r, and reign sublime,
 " Let higher thoughts, and aggrandizing time
 " Lift him superior; for whoever saw
 " Two sons of royalty, by partial law,
 " Divested of their rights; (a younger son
 " The fond affection of a parent won,
 " And snatch'd our birth-right.) Is this son more brave?
 " More wise? to whom the king our empire gave.
 " My throne I quit, the bauble I restore,
 " Resign thy sceptre, it can please no more.
 " Let us in union act, our partial fire
 " Unwisely judg'd; for me, I burn with ire.
 " To *Eritch* did he give the chosen land,
 " Immortal *Eran*, and her godlike band:
 " The *Greecian* reign bestow'd on me alone,
 " To you he only gave *Turania*'s throne.
 " Why not to us was royal *Eran* giv'n?
 " The kingdom I abhor to which I'm driv'n."
 He for his envoy chose a rapid steed,
 Who seeks *Turania*'s king with winged speed.

Arriv'd the message of his king declares,
 Which fills the mind of *Toor* with anxious cares.
 Provok'd he heard the disobedient strain,
 As when the angry lion tears the plain:
 Thus he replies***; "Such thoughts disgrace the king,
 " And dire ~~dishonor from such actions~~ spring.
 " In youth these realms we took with one accord;
 " The gen'rous gift of our imperial lord.
 " The tree he rais'd with fond paternal care;
 " How dare we plunge our father in despair?
 " ~~Dispel these thoughts, in silence let them rest,~~
 " Lest fame shou'd speak them to our father's breast."
 The envoy quick returns, now *Sulm* chose
 A diff'rent envoy in whose bosom flows
 Persuasive eloquence; and bids him try
 Delusive words, and artful flattery.
 Say thus, "Oh! monarch in whom still are join'd
 " The hero's glory, and a gen'rous mind;
 " When e'er the soul is eager for the fight,
 " No rest from labor can the bold delight.
 " Such high affairs by indolence decay,
 " And once begun admit of no delay."
Toor heard attentive, both the brothers meet,
 All knew the motive, there was no retreat.
 The artful converse, and the specious strain
 Of wily *Sulm* works thro' ev'ry vein

Of

In deep oblivion let Rebellion rest,

*Effected from such
Illusions*

Of *Toor*, and fills with agonising cares.
They chose a warrior, fam'd in state affairs,
To guide and consult. In secret shades
Much they debate, and try the various aids
That may ensure success; then *Sulm* spoke,
And as his dire intentions first he broke,
In his fierce eye appears no conscious shame;
He impious! execrates his father's name!
He spoke the envoy. " To the king repair
" To *Feredoun* on wings, as swift as air;
" Let no delay thy embassy impede,
" To his high court urge on with rapid speed.
" There from his sons the wonted homage pay,
" And thus address him in the face of day.
" Say, that in earth as well as heav'n supreme,
" The will of God shou'd be the constant theme.
" Gay hope presiding in each fervent breast,
" Paints blisful youth, and age serenely blest.
" But when the summer of our life is o'er,
" And winter chills, the spring returns no more.
" If wrong thy actions in this mortal sphere,
" In other worlds, a just resentment fear.
" This world the God of all on thee bestows,
" All the sun sees, and all that nature knows.
" Thy will a law, while heav'n's divine commands
" Pass all neglected thro' thy aged hands.

To

" To deeds of ill, thy breast attends alone;
 " Partial divider of thy splendid throne!
 " Three valiant sons were thine, the younger boy
 " Alone resplendent, source of all thy joy!
 " What eminence superior does he claim?
 " All justly equal in the list of fame.
 " Realms insignificant to one you gave,
 " To one a humble reign, tho' both were brave.
 " Your own domains, and the *Kianian* pow'r,
 " On the young boy with partial hand you show'r.
 " Ours is the birth-right and our actions shine
 " With equal lustre; and of equal line.
 " May deeds thus partial meet deserving fate,
 " And war's alarms shake all th' *Eranian* state;
 " To *Eritch* give the globe, let us be poor,
 " The humbled *Sulm*, and neglected *Toor*.
 " *Turan* and *China*, with the warlike *Greece*,
 " Will come in thunder, and by force will seize
 " The throne of *Eritch*," +++when these fierce commands,
 The envoy heard, he seeks *Irannia*'s lands.
 He mounts his rapid steed, as swift as fire
 When driv'n by winds, he sought their kingly fire.
 Arriv'd he views, amaz'd! his mighty pow'rs,
His The dome resplendent, and imperial tow'rs
 Soaring above the clouds; as mountains high,
 With stately eminence they reach the sky.

The

The splendid court with nobles circled round,
 The interior room with wisdom, sacred sound!
 And *Feredoun* were full. On one hand bound
 The kingly lion, and the tyger bold;
 And on the other elephants behold,
 Train'd for the fight; his warriors manly strains
 Equal the lion's roar; such martial trains,
 Such tow'ring palaces, the work of heav'n,
 For *Feredoun* beneficently giv'n.
 To him his warriors spoke, *Illustrious fire,*
 "An envoy comes, a chief of martial fire.
 "Let him approach! the king august replies."
 Soon as the envoy saw his piercing eyes,
 His royal figure, splendid as the light;
 Tall and erect, and venerably white.
 His silver hairs, his manners gently mild,
 (For on his face benignant greatness smild.)
 His speech mellifluous; to the earth he bows,
 And pours before the throne his artful vows.
 The chief a feat commands, with joy elate,
 Much of his warlike sons and of their state,
 The monarch questions, "By fatigue o'erprest,
 "Thy journey tedious may demand some rest."
 Thus having said, the envoy quick replies,
 (Low was his voice, and downcast were his eyes.)

" Fair life smiles on thee with perpetual spring,
 " Oh! may thy throne ne'er grace another king.
 " The globe is thine, from patriot labors thine,
Peace to thy Subjects; ~~Thy subjects bless, the glory of thy line!~~
 " Behold in me, a poor and abject slave,
 " The servant of a king, on fortune's wave
 " Thrown prostrate: for a message bold I bring;
 " Such th' indignant mandate of my king.
 " Ah! let no censure on the servant fall,
 " If you command, I will unfold it all.
 " The message, penn'd by folly I will speak;
 " Base are the sentiments, the language weak."
 The king commands, his order he relates,
 And trembling for himself, the answer waits.
 When the king heard, astonish'd and amaz'd,
 His eye to heav'n the pious monarch rais'd;
 " Fear not, he says, brave man! not thine the blame;
 " The boldness theirs, and theirs the finish'd shame.
 " Such the decree of fate, I knew before;
 " Go tell these fools to cease their impious roar.
 " Go tell these dæmons, where the furies reign,
 " Are these the thoughts, is this the gen'rous strain,
 " Their duty dictates? is their impious mind,
 " Forgetful of my gifts, to hell resign'd?
 " Has frenzy seiz'd them? will no fear of heav'n,
 " Nor shame impede them? to such actions driv'n

" Mark

“ Marks the polluted mind; my hairs are grey,
“ Tho’ once this arm cou’d dare the hostile fray.
“ Once o’er this face fair youth irradiate smil’d,
“ Tho’ now by age, and fatal time despoil’d.
“ Tho’ now elate, they will be old one day;
“ Time has not yet ordain’d my fix’d decay.
“ Youth will not pass in one perpetual bloom,
“ Fix’d is the close, and certain is our doom.
“ By heav’n’s supreme director, here I swear,
“ By yon bright sun, by earth, by heav’n, by air,
“ By the pale moon, and this resplendent throne,
“ No ill from me, these impious sons have known.
“ I gave them armies, train’d them to be great,
“ And wise astronomers well vers’d in fate.
“ Many an year had pass’d, with patriot care,
“ To each I justly gave an equal share.
“ Justice I deem’d the guide of my design,
“ No partial acts, or sentiments were mine.
“ The fear of heav’n decided ev’ry deed,
“ And truth with honor fraught each act decreed.
“ When the august omnipotent above
“ Gave me the globe; with more than patriot love
“ I taught the nations all the acts of peace,
“ Rais’d them to honors, and bad discord cease.
“ Till now obedient actions mark’d their life;
“ From me *Abermen* leads them into strife.

“ Dread

- " Dread the divine resentment, let each thought
 " Be by omnipotence, and justice taught.
 " Mark what I say, no balmy flow'r will blow,
 " From the rank feed, or fragrant fruitage grow.
 " Such sentiments as theirs, such venom'd speech,
 " Th' infernal pow'rs of hell cou'd only teach.
 " This palace where immortal splendors shine,
 " Will not ye impious! be for ever mine.
 " Ambition veils your sight, the dæmons guide;
 " The serpent rules you with relentless pride.
 " Ignobly will you fall, my day is o'er,
 " Peace my delight, contention is no more.
 " An old man speaks, did not ambition seize,
 " These youthful princes, or gay baubles please;
 " Say what are thrones, or pond'rous heaps of wealth?
 " Will they preserve ^{them} ~~you~~, or restore to health.
 " Let ev'ry pious heart submit to God,
 " Pursue his mandates, and obey his rod.
 " That when the awful day of judgement's near,
 " Just your reflections, and your conscience clear.
 " Many like you have trod this mortal plain
 " Foes to repose, and slaves to endless pain.
 " Who aims the dart against a brother's breast,
 " Is damn'd by fame, his future life distrest.
 " Their harden'd hearts let thy reflections guide,
 " Lead them to honor, and to virtuous pride;

“ Let this ambition that now rules their soul,
“ Obedient bend to wisdom’s bright controul.”
The envoy heard, submissive to the ground
He bow’d, retires; and now with rapid bound,
Vaults on his courser; swift as winds he flies,
To bear the answer to his native skies.
To *Eritch*, *Feredoun* his thoughts declares,
All that had pass’d, sad subject of his cares!
“ These warlike sons, as hostile as a foe,
“ With mad ambition, and with fury glow.
“ For thus the stars ordain, in vice alone
“ Their souls delight, ambitious of thy throne!
“ Full are their realms of warriors fierce, and brave,
“ In battle dreadful, as the roaring wave.
“ Many a brother, such as thine, appears,
“ When such a throne awakes their rival years.
“ The flow’r that once delighted ev’ry eye,
“ If torn by storms, neglected it will die.
“ Then arm thy bands, and meet the hostile foe;
“ Whose breasts with fury for the battle glow.
“ Such their designs, if life be worth thy care,
“ Display thy riches, and thy arms prepare;
“ If with the dawn thy bands not dare their arms,
“ Their eager souls will burst in loud alarms+++.
“ Thy force alone protected by the skies,
“ Without allies, will eminently rise.”

Eritch, in whom fair wisdom stood confest,
With greatful accents thus his fire addrest:
“ Behold, Oh monarch of *Irania*’s plain!
“ The labyrinth of fate, how fruitless, vain!
“ As changing winds, she whirls her fickle pow’rs,
“ Then why with pensive sorrow cloud our hours?
“ Time in one moment changes ev’ry scene,
“ The brilliant splendor, ^{and} ~~or~~ the mind serene:
“ Grief soars on high, death spreads its awful wing,
“ And the delusive hope of life’s gay spring
“ Lays mould’ring in the grave. Then tell me why
“ Shou’d we plant trees to reach the azure sky;
“ When its vile fruit, or wither’d branch may sink,
“ With blasted foliage; on th’ eternal brink
“ Each moment hangs, revolving suns have shone,
“ And blaz’d resplendent, on this royal throne.
“ Who knows the future? for thy eye has seen,
“ Warriors and monarchs gild the transient scene.
“ And more will see, the crimes of ages past,
“ However great, my brothers have surpast.
“ If you command, my father, and my king,
“ From this ungen’rous world my flight I wing+++.
“ These domes, this sceptre, and this throne of state,
“ Without regret I quit, e’en now elate,
“ Without a guard, I’ll seek the hostile train,
“ And thus the chiefs address in friendly strain:

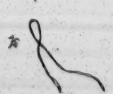
From

- “ From noble lineage, monarchs, do we spring,
“ Why dare to action our imperial king?
“ Whose thoughts for you teem with a parent’s care;
“ Why let ambition rule, as light as air?
“ Mark *Gemsheid*’s fate, his splendor is no more,
“ Vain were his jewels, and the costly store***.
“ A day will come when pungent grief shall rise;
“ Repress your rage and supplicate the skies.
“ Let gentle peace diffuse her radiant charms;
“ Ah! how more pleasing, than war’s fierce alarms.”
The royal fire replies, “ In thy wise strain,
“ The light of virtue glows, yet mark how vain.
“ Thy soft benevolence, the gentle shield
“ Of peace is your delight, while to the field
“ Your brothers dare; remember the bright blaze,
“ Of yon high orb diffuses equal rays.
“ Mild is your answer, and your words are peace
“ War is their strain, your kind intentions cease!
“ So rich a mind, in ev’ry virtuous lore,
“ Shou’d fly the wily serpents venom’d pow’r.
“ For thee the poison will these fiends prepare,
“ Mark’d is their fate, and this the stars declare.
“ If still determinate you seek their plain,
“ Chuse some brave warriors, and a faithful train.
“ A letter with my orders will I send,
“ To the false brother, to the treach’rous friend.

That

“ That I may view thy safe return once more,
“ And joyful clasp thee on thy native shore.”
On paper spotted with the leaf of gold,
Such as kings use, when they their thoughts unfold,
The monarch writes, “ To chiefs of mighty name,
“ That they may act deserving of their fame,
“ I write, to warriors of superior birth,
“ To martial kings, who rule the circling earth.
“ To him who governs on the western plain,
“ To him who *China* rules with peaceful reign+++.
“ The secrets of the world to you are known,
“ Brave and deserving an imperial throne.
“ Let night from your superior deeds display,
“ The glorious lustre of refulgent day.
“ To my commands attend, no grief is mine,
“ In all my sons, the rays of glory shine.
“ Nor gorgeous palaces, nor costly plate,
“ Nor thrones of gold, or aggrandizing state
“ Please my ambition, to behold your pow’r,
“ On just foundations eminently tow’r,
“ Centers my every wish; for you alone,
“ Much have my thoughts resolv’d, my labor’s shone.
“ The brother against whom your anger rose
“ Ne’er did you wrong, his breast with virtue glows;
“ E’en now unarm’d, he seeks your warlike land,
“ And bears the olive branches in his hand.

“ Much



“ Much does he wish his brothers to behold,
“ And quit for you his radiant throne of gold.
“ The hero’s mind’s display’d in such a deed;
“ To wait your nod he mounts his generous steed.
“ He as the younger son his duty knows,
“ To please his brothers, (surely not his foes!)
“ Is all his joy, him as a monarch treat,
“ With joy receive him in the royal seat.
“ And when some time has past in friendly strain,
“ Return him joyful to his native plain.”

Seal’d with the royal name the letter goes.

With grief the eye of *Feredoun* o’er flows,

To see his *Eritch* ready to depart;

Some faithful warriors and some men of art

Attend his journey; thus compell’d to roam,

The traveller with sorrow quits his home.

Soon he arrived, his unsuspecting mind,

Dreams of no ill, by artifice design’d.

With all the pomp of war, and wars alarms,

The artful brothers clasp him in their arms.

Some newer plan, their treach’rous breast designs+++.

Their souls were fierce, and virtue his refines.

In feign’d embraces they receiv’d the chief,

Torn their reflections, by ambitious grief.

While his fair mind with gen’rous thought o’erflows,

They reach the palace, scene of future woes.

The warlike troops on *Eritch* wond'ring gaze,
 And deem him worthy of immortal praise.
 All, all exclaim, the empire of the earth,
 Wou'd suit such greatness, such exalted worth;
 His radiant looks wou'd captivate mankind,
 His lustre dazzle, and engage the mind.
 In throngs the soldiers crowd, while high his name,
 Sounds in the air, pre-eminent in fame.
 His equal ne'er adorn'd the splendid scene;
 Of Godlike manners, and of mind serene.
 This *Sulm* saw, and rage his soul inspires:
 He left the field provok'd with jealous fires,
 And sanguinary thoughts; from ev'ry eye
Sulm and *Toor* retir'd; each method try
 To ruin *Eritch*; *Sulm* in these strains
 Addresses *Toor*. "Why, on these martial plains,
 " Beam these bright troops? you did not mark their eyes,
 " Their voice on our return; to the high skies
 " Their acclamations rose. When from this land
 " We march'd, they were submissive to command.
 " But now to *Eritch* all their wishes bend;
 " They know no other king, the army's friend!
 " *Iran*, e're this, our rage provok'd alone:
 " If the high tow'ring tree is not o'erthrown,
 " Its branches will o'er shadow all the world,
 " While our fair pow'rs are into atoms hurld."

In

In the dark night their consultations past;
They leave their closet, with revenge o'ercastr.
Glowing with rage, intent on their design,
Aw'd by no shame, or moral or divine.
Envenom'd pleasure fires their vengeful breast;
Eritch they seek, whom worth and honor blest.
When in their tent he view'd the royal pair,
With kind benevolence he meets them there.
To the high chair he leads the brother kings,
In converse gay, they speak of various things.
When *Toor* abruptly spoke. "Audacious boy!
"The younger thou! our thrones our realms enjoy!
"Was the high sceptre fit for you alone,
"The rich tiara, the *Kianian* throne?
"Turan, it seems, the desolate and poor,
"Was suited, partial prince! for humble *Toor*.
"Our elder brother justly glows with rage,
"The western realms, unworthy of his age!
"On you the younger ev'ry splendor waits,
"On you the king bestows his mighty states."
'Twas thus he spoke. *Eritch*, with mind serene,
Thus wisely answer'd; "If the gorgeous scene,
"Or thrones, Oh king! thy high ambition please
"Complete your wishes, and let future ease
"Iradiate on your mind: for me, I swear,
"No sceptres charm, or no imperial chair.

"Not

" Not *Iran*, *China*, or the farthest west,
 " Nor royal eminence allure my breast.
 " What are these gaudy fancies of the brain?
 " Tho' *Iran* once confess'd my gentle reign,
 " No more I wish it: for to you I yield
 " Its golden throne, and cultivated field.
 " Let rage subside, I am no adverse foe;
 " Ah! let not anger 'gainst a brother glow!
 " On terms like these, the empire of mankind,
 " Its stately grandeur, wou'd not please my mind.
 " Shou'd you to heav'n spread high your tow'ring state,
 " Ah! what avails it at the hour of fate?
 " 'Tis not from youth that these concessions spring,
 " Such manly sentiments adorn a king."

He spoke; but *Toor* reply'd not to the strain;
 Indignant passions in his bosom reign.

Truth anger'd more: enrag'd the tyrant rose,
 His words, his eye, with rising fury glows.
 The chair of state he raises in his hands.

At *Eritch* dash'd it, while unmov'd he stands,
 And thus addresses; " Why this storm of rage?
 " Does not the fear of heav'n thy breast engage?
 " Does not the reverence that you owe our sire
 " Awe you to shame? and check this impious ire?
 " Why then destroy? I yield my ev'ry pow'r;
 " My blood in heav'n will mark your destin'd hour.

" Act

“ Act not the assassin, what can it avail?
“ Without disguise, I speak an honest tale.
“ You live in pow’r, and eminence sublime,
“ Me; you wou’d murder! say, what cause or crime
“ Provokes to such a deed? in secret shades
“ Will pass my days; where no desire pervades
“ Of pow’r or thrones; where with an humble share
“ Of fortune’s gifts, I’ll breathe the vital air:
“ As the poor ant that picks the straggling grain,
“ And lives on little gather’d from the plain.
“ The throne is thine! the fated wish is thine!
“ War not with heav’n, with yon immortal shrine.
“ From blood, a brother’s blood! what peace can spring?
“ Why plunge in endless woe, a parent king?”
He spoke; still silent *Toor*: tho’ in his eyes
Fierce rage prevails, the same resentments rise.
Toor draws his sabre; at one fatal blow,
He laid his brother, and the hero low.
Strong were his limbs, as elephants, no more
To rise, he fell, all welt’ring in his gore.
So the tall cypress droops its lofty head;
Pale were his cheeks, their roseate blossoms fled.
Thus *Eritch* died, the gen’rous and the brave!
Thus basely plung’d in fortune’s hostile wave.
And thou, Oh fate! who rais’d him high in pow’r,
Deserted left him, in the mortal hour.

I know not fate, to whom thou art a friend,
 For to no virtue will thy fury bend.
 To age, you languor pour thro' ev'ry vein,
 As fruit in autumn when o'ercharged with rain,
 You point our lives, from thee and thee alone
 Grief marks the virtuous, and pervades the throne.
 Many an honor'd king, without a cause,
 Has sunk the victim of thy adverse laws.
 Now *Eritch's* head, Oh! early fatal doom!
 With musk, and amber, with each sweet perfume
 Was fill'd. The brothers now with one accord,
 Thus bade the servants tell their royal lord.
 " Here view your son, the darling of your breast;
 " To whom your thrones, and the *Kianian* vest
 " You gave: now let your partial heart design
 " The gorgeous sceptre, and the treasur'd mine,
 " To his pale ghost. The high, the tow'ring tree
 " Falls plung'd for ever in th' eternal sea."
 To *Turan*, *Toor*, to *Greece*, now *Sulm* goes,
 Unaw'd they triumph in a parent's woes.
 With fond anxiety the Godlike king,
 And the whole army chide the tardy wing
 Of time; when near approach'd the promis'd hour,
 (For who cou'd fathom fate's impervious pow'r)
 A gorgeous throne with jewels studded o'er,
 And all the treasures of the orient shore,

The king prepares. He quits the chair of state,
 And hastes, vain hope! to meet his son elate.
 The richest wines *Irania's* vintage yields,
 And the gay minstrels charm the martial fields.
 On elephants the drum and tabors play,
 And splendid arches such as grace the day
 Of *Persian* triumph; all prepar'd to go,
 When from a far with solemn dirge, and flow,
 'Midst clouds of dust a man of sorrow rose,
 His face, the picture of corroding woes!
 Deep were his sighs: a golden urn he bore,
 (With silk the head of *Eritch* cover'd o'er.)
 By sorrow worn his livid face appears,
 And all his cheek was dew'd with purple tears:
 To *Feredoun* he came, the urn of gold
 He groaning opens, dreadful to behold!
 From his pale visage, and his salt'ring tongue,
 The monarch fear'd some awful horror hung.
 The silk around the head a servant tears,
 The head of *Eritch* pale, and wan appears!
 From his high steed the fainting monarch falls,
 And the whole sorrowing train on *Eritch* calls.
 Sunk were his eyes! his face of livid hue!
 Far different scenes his happier fancy drew!
 Now they return; pale anguish led the way,
 Torn were the colors, and the minstrel's lay

Was

Was silent now. The universal grief
 With ebony had mark'd each woe struck chief.
 No more the drum, or flute's enliv'ning sound
 Teaches the warrior, or his steed, to bound.
 They all dismount: each soldier weeps aloud;
 As when all heav'n, by some tempestuous cloud,
 Is darken'd o'er. Their sorrowing breast they tear;
 All call on *Eritch*, with a wild despair.
 The stars, they cry, who mark'd thy fatal end,
 Will change their course, and to thy murd'ers bend.
 One truth attend, let not the meteor blaze,
 O^r this vain world and delude with dazzling rays.
 'Tis vain, 'tis idle, a delusive dream!
 Nor fancy fortune is, as she may seem.
 Shou'd foes acknowledg'd strive to wound your breast,
 Harbour no vengeance, and relieve distress:
 But if a friend assures of high esteem,
 Watch all his actions, varying from his theme.
 Sore griev'd each warrior, and with anguish tore,
 " Loudly lamenting on the sounding shore."
 The king to *Eritch*'s gardens bends his way,
 Once the gay scene, resplendent as the day!
 Where *Eritch*'s hours in pleas'd amusement flow'd,
 Where social pleasures innocently glow'd:
 His father, tott'ring with the weight of grief,
 Bears the pale head of the lov'd murder'd chief.

To

To the high throne he cast his swollen eyes,
No *Eritch* there; once favor'd by the skies!
O'er all the garden lucid fountains play'd,
And choicest trees, spread round their verdant shade.
Here gay pavilions, and here cool retreats,
Here flowing streams, and high embow'ring seats
Once pleas'd its lord. The mournful father goes,
To where the edifice of *Eritch* rose.
And in his hand the pallid head he bore;
Grief sunk his soul, and all his bosom tore.
His loud laments, and agonizing cries
Resound to saturn, to the farthest skies;
He fires the gardens, tears his aged hair,
Rends his wan cheeks; sad picture of despair!
Large drops of blood ran streaming from his eyes,
He dips his belt in sanguinary dyes.
On the lone earth he fate, and all around
The flames arise, and scorch the smoaking ground.
Hope fled for ever, oft the head he views,
And oft to God his pious pray'r renews.
" Ah! God, divine director! pow'r august!
" View his pale head now mould'ring into dust:
" Murder'd without a cause, while tygers wild
" Howl o'er the body of my darling child.
" Oh! may these impious feel the woes I know,
" May all their days, in anguish'd sorrow flow!

" Let their whole frame be pierc'd by venom'd darts!

" Let the voracious reptile tear their hearts!

" Oh! grant my prayer! Oh! let from *Eritch* spring

" A vengeful hero, who with martial wing

" Will headlong hurl them to the realms of hell,

" Revenge his fire, these murd'ring fiends expel++.

" Him let me view, triumphant, wise, and brave!

" Then sink with pleasure in the lonely grave."

'Twas thus he spoke, still groaning as he lay,

No higher sorrows nature cou'd display.

Sunk were his eyes, on the damp ground his head

Was lowly laid. " My boy, alas! is dead;

" Much do I grieve my son, for ne'er before

" Thus was a monarch steep'd in his own gore.

" Thou child of fame! just was thy ev'ry thought;

" Thy valu'd life the fiend *Abermen* fought.

" Thy winding sheet the furious tygers close,

" And thy last sigh was rapture to thy foes."

So loud he weeps, so loud proclaims his grief,

The sorrowing ærials mourn the pious chief.

All *Iran* waits, and ev'ry princely friend

Crowd to their king, and all their anguish blend.

Vain their condolence, for their looks display

Passion and sorrow, in alternate sway.

In deepest mourning all the chiefs appear;

This pensive scene, so solitary, drear,

Pafs'd

Pafs'd on for several days. Death seem'd to reign
O'er moving statues of severest pain.
Some time elaps'd; to where the females dwell
The monarch goes, his sorrow to dispel.
A maid he saw once his fond son's delight,
And *Mahafreed* her name; pleas'd with the sight,
For pregnant was the fair, his hopes arise:
Joy once again beam'd in his aged eyes.
"He comes, the avenger comes;" and when the hour
Of birth approach'd, to his enraptur'd pow'r
She gave a daughter. He exerts his care;
Blooming the infant grew, divinely fair!
In all her manners *Eritch's* soul was seen,
The same her beauty, and the same her mien.
As she increas'd in years her flowing hair
In curling tresses wanton'd in the air.
Bright as the pleiades bloom'd her roseate face;
Her lovely form irradiates many a grace.
For *Posbung Feredoun* intends her hand:
Tho' for some time he stays the nuptial band.
Posbung, the nephew of the Godlike king;
(From the same honor'd race the hero's spring)
Of soul heroic! worthy of a throne,
The royal sceptre, the *Kianian* zone.
The king now joins their hands, and bliss sublime
In nuptial harmony employs their time.

Revolving

Revolving heav'ns their blifsful hours adorn:
 Gay hope inspires, a blooming child is born!
 The nurse of *Feredoun* swift bears the boy,
 And cries exulting; "View the promis'd joy!"
Eritch, new-born will charm the future hour
 The king exclaims; (while ev'ry pleasing pow'r
 Fills his fond soul) My *Eritch* lives again,
 (He clasp'd the infant and with ^{ate} greatful strain,
 Pour'd all his gratitude to heav'n divine)
 "Blest be this day! no more will I repine.
 "This day destructive to my *Eritch*'s foes,"
 Rich gifts the nurse he gave, and transport glows
 O'er all his soul. (When he beheld the boy,
 He saw his glories, and the future joy.)
 "If heav'n my *Eritch* snatch'd from these fond arms,
 "Another son, another *Eritch* charms."
 "His parents glow with elevated worth,
 "What gen'rous fruit from such distinguish'd birth?"
 He bade the cups, and flowing bowl appear,
 And nam'd the child the warlike *Munochere*.
 The darling boy, the source of his delight,
 Ne'er was a moment absent from his sight.
 A royal train attends, each heart was gay.
 And musk and roseate flow'rs obstruct his way.
 Silken umbrellas shade him from the sun,
 And stars propitiate beam upon the young,

The

The gallant boy; with ev'ry knowledge fraught,
In war instructed, and in science taught.
Near Godlike *Feredoun*, a warlike train
(The king commands) attend him on the plain.
A splendid sword he gave, a golden throne,
A rich tiara, a *Kianian* zone.
The diadem with jewels blazing o'er,
And royal treasures, a resplendent store!
A num'rous army, tents of rich brocade,
Of tygers skins, and costly tissues made;
And *Indian* blades with purest gold inlaid. }
Arabian steeds, and bows that never fail,
Armour and helmets, warlike coats of mail,
Lances, and shields *Chinese*, the king bestows:
And in the arsenal the monarch shews
All implements of war. The rising name
Of *Munochere* deserv'd imperial fame;
His breast with honor teems. To him the keys
Of all his treasure *Feredoun* decrees.
The chiefs and warriors of *Irania's* land
The king directs to bow to his command.
All glow for vengeance, all his praises sound;
The richest emeralds they strew around
His royal chair. When now the hero rose
To years of manhood, high his courage glows.

The plan of Godlike *Feredoun* is known,
The chiefs are order'd to attend the throne.
Karun and *Karwan*, *Sherouy*, *Servan*,
(Each the bold leader of a warlike clan!)
Their troops prepare. When *Feredoun* the great
Reviews the army, in imperial state.
The voice of fame to *Toor* and *Sulm* bore
Th' important news; that the high throne once more
Refulgent shone. *Sulm* and *Toor* prepare
To meet the storm, yet full of anxious care,
Their fire and *Munochere* alarm their mind;
And stars unfav'ring future ills design'd.
Much they revolve, and o'er their darken'd day
The adverse fates diffuse the hostile ray.
They deem it best an envoy to prepare,
Confess'd their crime, to supplicate by pray'r
The heart of *Feredoun*. A man they chose
On whose wise tongue soft elocution flows.
Many persuasive strains they now address,
And open'd all the treasure of the west:
The sparkling diamond, and each gift of state,
Boxes of musk, and amber, (future fate,
And fear their souls alarm'd) rich furs, brocade,
Garments of silk, and vests of tissues made,
On elephants were plac'd, of royal size:
And gifts to each attendant they devise.

The

The envoy they instruct; and in this strain

They bid him hail the chief of *Iran's* plain.

“ Oh! may the days of *Feredoun* divine

“ With health, and with *Kianian* lustre shine!

“ May his high pow'r to heav'n supreme ascend!

“ May smiling blifs on ev'ry hour attend!

“ *Sulm* and *Toor*, with just remorse and shame,

“ Implore forgiveness of thy royal name.

“ Me they have sent thy pardon to obtain

“ They dare not hope, yet hear their penfive strain!

“ Presents and gifts have soften'd many a breast,

“ And deeds of ill been pardon'd the distrest.

“ Our grief unequall'd! for the mortal deed

“ 'Twas fate predestin'd, and his death decreed.

“ The serpent world prescribes the human doom;

“ No mortal penetrates the secret gloom.

“ Our soul the dæmon of fierce rage disguis'd,

“ Tore us from you, and impious thoughts devis'd.

“ Hope springs in you; Oh! spread thy fav'ring wing!

“ Great tho' our crimes, fair mercy in a king

“ Will deem them the effect of frantic souls;

“ Fate spread the net, and ev'ry act controuls.

“ Fate sometimes governs with propitiate sway,

“ And sometime hovers with destructive ray.

“ For when the dæmon of ambition reigns,

“ Prudence no more the frantic mind restrains.

" If anger lights the torch, Oh! let our pray'rs
 " Conciliate! and let peace expel our cares!
 " Send the young chief, with his imperial train,
 " Much do we wish to meet him on the plain
 " Of cordial love; with love shall duty blend:
 " On him, with fondest care, we will attend.
 " In that bright tree shou'd just resentment rise,
 " We'll wash with the water of our eyes.
 " Our warm affection shall our crimes atone;
 " We yield, repenting! to the youth our throne."

The envoy goes full of the fruitless strain,
 And saw their wishes and their hopes were vain.

At *Feredown's* high doors the gifts he laid,
 Who order'd the high throne to be display'd,
 Pendent with jewels, deck'd with rich brocade.

Around his throne the martial bands appear,
 Pearls round the neck, and pendants in the ear.

Like kings their rich tiaras splendid beam;
 On the king's hand, the darling of this theme,
 Stood *Munochere*; and on his head was plac'd
 A royal diadem, with splendor grac'd.

The nobles wait: the belts of rich brocade
 Glitter afar, their splendid swords inlaid.

The floors appear'd the radiance of the day:
 And here the sages sung their moral lay.

On

On the right hand the leopard, lion bold,
 And on the left the elephant behold.
 Now to the envoy, the bold *Sbarpour* bends,
 Who then alighting, to the court ascends.
 When near the presence, when he saw the throne,
 He lowly bow'd; the king of kings alone
 A feat of gold commands. His praises high,
 The envoy spoke, with artful flattery.
 "Bright as the sceptre are thy royal rays,
 "From thee the earth its scented flow'rs displays.
 "From your bright mandates fair the zephyrs blow,
 "Slave of thy nod! for thee my life shall flow."
 (Not as th' assassins order'd did he speak
 The truth conceal'd, he thought their language weak.)
 The Godlike *Feredown* induc'd to hear,
 What artful tale was form'd to catch the ear.
 The envoy spoke, "The slave of thy desires,
 "Low as the dust, alone thy wish inspires.
 "Greatly forgive! their anxious minds request
 "To view young *Munochere*, by fame carest++
 "Their thrones they yield, for him the sword to bear,
 "To shine in arms, is now their only care.
 "The splendid diadem, the rich brocade,
 "The sparkling jewel at his feet are laid.
 "With gifts resplendent pardon to implore;
 "To him they bend, they now can do no more."

The monarch heard, (some answer must I send)
 To his high domes he bids the envoy bend.
 Of various plans one pleas'd the monarch best;
 He orders that a letter be addrest
 To the bold warrior of the warlike land,
 To *Gershasp*, thron'd on high, with great command.
 Tall, manly, fortunate, the hero rose.
 Like yon high orb his bright tiara glows.
 In lustre, like a *Gemsheid*, did he shine.
 (These were the strains that grac'd the monarch's line)

" *Iran* your warriors, and your aid requires.
 " Oh! may propitiate ever bloom your fires!
 " From eastern *China*, to the farthest west,
 " Honor'd your seal, your pow'r by all confest.
 " Thy youthful warriors, and heroic train
 " All beam, like chieftains, and like monarchs reign.
 " The soldiers, who dare brave the lion's rage,
 " For you in arms, and hostile fields engage.
 " Still glow with honor, and thro' life still beam,
 " Be still, Oh! king of *Zeistan*. Fame's bright theme
 " Know then, brave warrior, that my sons prepare
 " To lance the javelin, for their only care
 " Are scenes of death; and in their dæmon eyes,
 " Blood, desolation, and ambition rise.
 " In hearts, a *Zobak*; bath'd in *Eritch's* fate,
 " To *Munochere* their dagger points elate.

" March

" March with thy warriors to *Irania's* plain, 17
 " *Eritch* avenge; my soul is full of pain!
 " ~~Oh! free the world from these remorseless kings;~~
 " ~~Guarded by you, on your triumphant wings,~~
 " ~~Will *Munothere* attend you to the field:~~
 " ~~And when you rear aloft thy mighty shield,~~
 " The world will darken o'er their impious hours.
 " *Karun* I send, to claim thy honor'd pow'rs.
 " The voice of justice calls; when this you read
 " Haste with thy army, with a warrior's speed." 17

He clos'd the letter with the royal seal,
 And *Karun* speeds his mandates to reveal.
 At *Ziestan* he arrived; with rapid wing
 Fame *Gersbasp* told an envoy from the king
 Hastes to your realms; and *Karun* is his name.
 Of worth distinguish'd! and of martial fame!
 With guards unnumber'd *Gersbasp* march'd to meet
 The monarch's envoy; to his royal seat
 To lead brave *Karun*; *Gersbasp* from afar
 Saw clouds of dust proclaim the splendid star.
 Approaching near, around the martial train,
 Soft music warbled to the songster's strain.
 When *Karun* saw the warrior, he alights; 17
 And courteous speech from *Feredoun* recites.
 He gave the letter; the meridian chief
 Submissive reads; and flies with quick relief.

To

" Oh let thy armies chase these impious Kings,
 " Bear the young Prince on thy triumphant wings.
 " For when you rear aloft thy mighty Shields,
 " And show thy grandson in the martial Field.

To *Iran*. This when the monarch knew,
 His royal army shines in bright review.
 Now near arrived, they halt; when in his fight
 The warrior came, his horsemen all alight,
 The chiefs embrace: the king of kings alone
 Seats the brave *Gerstasp* on a splendid throne.
 He orders *Sulm*'s envoy to appear,
 And bade him now the royal answer hear.
 " I mark'd your message, can you vainly deem
 " To cloud yon orient sun's conspicuous beam?
 " Clear is the purport of thy master's strain,
 " As yon refulgent light that gilds the plain.
 " Go, tell these bold, unjust, and shameful lords,
 " Vain is their message! vain their wilely words!
 " How can expression sketch their dæmon hearts?
 " And while for *Munochere* they spread their arts,
 " Where is my *Eritch*? to the brutes a prey!
 " In the cold urn his head! in open day
 " They flew my *Eritch*. Now these dæmons aim
 " To stab his son; infernals, void of shame!
 " But tell them, when they view my *Munochere*,
 " A grove of lances, and the pointed spear,
 " Shall guard his breast. They shall behold him then,
 " With armies circled round the lion's den.
 " On neighing steeds the daring horsemen shine,
 " *Karun* and *Sharpour* lead the martial line.

" *Saum,*

“ *Saum*, *Nustoor*, *Nureman*, shall fire the trains,
“ And *Cyrus*, monarch of *Arabia*’s plains!
“ With warring nations, battling by his side,
“ He breathes alarms, and checks their impious pride.
“ The lofty tree, from *Eritch*’s sacred source,
“ His blood shall expiate with resistless force.
“ For from his hour of death no pleasure flow’d,
“ Hope fled my breast, and no resentment glow’d.
“ Sad recollection all repose deny’d;
“ For sorrowing years e’en war and vengeance died,
“ But from the tree they level’d to the ground,
“ A branch has rose, wh^{ich} with a lion’s sound,
“ Shall, teeming with vindictive courage, burn
“ Their prostrate towns; and all their pow’r o’erturn.
“ The arm of *Iran*, *Gershasp*, *Gemsheid*’s line,
“ And *Saum* with nations now in armour shine.
“ Where is their boasted prowess? all thy speech
“ My anger to disarm, and mercy teach,
“ That stars predestin’d, that their hearts disguis’d,
“ Were led by dæmons, all that you devis’d,
“ And all they said still vibrates on the ear.
“ Who acts unjustly, and unaw’d by fear,
“ Can ne’er be blest; defil’d by hell-born stains;
“ Or e’er expect to view th’ *Elyzian* plains.
“ Let man act right, no future ills will rise;
“ Just let his actions please th’ immortal skies+++.

“ Black is your soul; your elocution glows,
 “ And virtuous semblance in your language flows.
 “ But in the earth, and in the future world,
 “ Clear to each eye their deeds will be unfurld.
 “ ’Tis heav’n’s decree, my *Eritch* shall not die
 “ Thus unaveng’d: this cow-grav’d sword on high
 “ Shall give the blow to vengeance; aid of heav’n!
 “ These warring elephants to me are giv’n.
 “ These, these shall expiate the flowing blood,
 “ Till their vile souls lay welt’ring in the flood.
 “ No treasure shall be spar’d: this ivory throne,
 “ These kingdoms, sceptres, and this splendid zone,
 “ Shall all be given: and my fury spread,
 “ Till they shall pay the forfeit of his head.
 “ Know! *Munochere*, the lion’s child shall rise;
 “ These aged arms will wash the bloody dyes
 “ In just revenge. This is my fix’d resolve;
 “ While life beholds the spangled stars revolve,
 “ No time wou’d shake the fix’d resentment high+ + +,
 “ I heard thy message, this my just reply+ + +.
 “ Hence from my sight!” the envoy saw his rage,
 Saw *Munochere*, the hero of the age!
 And with a down-cast eye retires, and grieves,
 As the fair flow’r despoil’d of all its leaves.
 He mounts his steed, sees mighty realms in arms,
 Sees future fate wou’d burst in high alarms;

Sees

Sees clouds on clouds in heav'n revolving roll,

Sees *Toor* and *Sulm* fall in their controul.

Swift as the wind he pushes on his steed,

Full of the answer *Feredoun* decreed.

With pensive thought he eyes the western plain,

And views a tent which he approach'd with pain;

The tent of *Sulm*, round a num'rous train.

Here *Toor* and *Sulm* dire reflections fling,

The guards announce the envoy to the king.

When seated in the tent by his command:

" Much did he question of *Irania's* land?

" Of the new king? the army, and the throne?

" What chief, what warriors, what tiaras shone?

" And much of *Feredoun*? whate'er he knew,

" What glorious scene presented to his view?

" What was predoom'd? and whom the king's vizier?

" The treasurer whom of youthful *Munochere*?

" What general, statesmen, and what chiefs attend?

" What realms he saw, for whom the fates ascend?"

The envoy answers, " In the realms of light,

" I ne'er beheld a spectacle so bright.

" Spring blows eternal thro' the blest domains,

" Gay as the spring on the *Elyzian* plains.

" The floors of amber, and the walls of gold;

" To heav'n his treasures, and his gems are roll'd.

" The

" The smile of paradise around him plays,
 " And floreate gardens ev'ry scene displays.
 " The royal palace tips the vaulted skies,
 " And near the king, lions and leopards rise.
 " Beneath his throne, the globe; the splendid chair,
 " On elephants, high glitters in the air.
 " His warriors shine in one resplendent blaze;
 " The silver tabors play; the trumpets raise
 " The soul to war: so num'rous is the train,
 " Whene'er they march upon the martial plain,
 " The earth appears to move: their loud acclaim
 " Reach to the skies, and speak their monarch's fame.
 " The king receiv'd me with engaging grace;
 " White were his hairs, still ruddy was his face.
 " The moon's mild rays around the monarch shone,
 " The bright tiara, the *Kianian* zone,
 " With rubies beam'd. War sparkled in his eye,
 " Tho' soft his language as the ev'ning sky.
 " In him are center'd all the worlds desires,
 " Their fears, their hopes, 'tis he alone inspires,
 " You wou'd have said great *Gemsheid* lives again,
 " And *Tabmuras*, who bound in iron chain.
 " The fiercest dæmons, will once more appear
 " In the bright form of youthful *Munachere*.
 " On the right hand he sate; his manly mien
 " Sketch'd his whole soul, as valiant as serene.

" *Gao* I saw, the blacksmith fam'd in arms:
 " And *Karun*, leader of war's fierce alarms.
 " *Cyrus* the king's vizier, who glorious reigns,
 " With gentle sway, o'er blest *Arabia's* plains.
 " *Gershasp*, the bravest warrior of the land, at
 " Guards the bright throne, and leads the victor band.
 " Such streams of wealth, so splendid bright a store,
 " Ne'er did I view; no tongue cou'd count them o'er.
 " *Karun*, and *Gowgan*, lions in the field!
 " *Saum* fam'd to dart the lance, the javelin wield.
 " Fierce as the tyger *Sherouy* moves along;
 " And *Sharpour*, glorious midst th' embattled throng!
 " One camp the realm. And shou'd the mighty trains
 " March to these kingdoms, all our hills and plains
 " Wou'd be o'erspread. Fierce vengeance fires each eye;
 " War is the general voice, the general cry."
 " What *Feredoun* declar'd, whate'er he knew,
 " The envoy told." Struck with the future view
 Pale fear on *Toor* and *Sulm* trembling fate,
 Alarm'd, and startling at impending fate.
 Much they consult; but wise reflection fled:
 And adverse stars their baneful influence shed.
 Thus *Toor* exclaims; " This lion-boy must die;
 " In death's lone grave his eminence shall lie.
 " He fame deserves whom *Feredoun* will praise,
 " Great will he triumph by his grandfire's rays.

" 'Tis time to draw the sword, without delay
" To brave these heroes to the warlike fray."
Thro' *Gbina*, and the western world, they call
Th' intrepid foldier; warriors, chieftains, all
Obey the mandate: num'rous was the train,
As stars in heav'n; they seek *Irania's* plain.
On waring elephants, with armour bright,
The army shone, all eager for the fight.
They reach'd the borders of *Irania's* land;
Fame told the monarch of the hostile band:
To *Munochere* he spoke; " Go, lead thy force,
" To where the *Oxus* bends her wat'ry course.
" There hostile armies lay; the man of birth
" Fears not the arm of war, when led by worth.
" The furious hunter, acting without thought,
" (Lions around him) in the snare is caught.
" Conduct will lead you to the destin'd prey:
" The worthless fall, tho' glitt'ring for a day.
" Were you not here, I'd seek the hostile train;
" And lead bright conquest to the martial plain."
Thus *Munochere* replies; " My royal sire!
" Near are thy foes, and brave thy awful ire:
" They seek destruction, mad with wild despair;
" They fall as tempests, bursting in the air,
" With their own force: and never shall these arms,
" By heav'n, I swear! e'er cease the fierce alarms,

" Till

“ Till these vile paricides shall bite the ground,
“ And the loud clamors to the skies resound.
“ Not one shall breathe to bid contention rise,
“ Or war again with the offended skies.”
Karun he orders to th’ embattled field;
Pitches his tents, and buckling on the shield,
High wav’d his cow-grav’d sword. The num’rous force,
As waves impetuous, urge their furious course;
Drive all before them, as the rolling floods;
On waving mountain’s o’er the trembling woods,
Pale was the sun, the light involv’d in shades;
Such noise and tumult the whole realm pervades,
No accent cou’d be heard; the neighing steeds
Silence the tabor, and the martial reeds.
Eight miles the army reach’d on either side;
All gallant warriors! and their monarch’s pride!
The throne of jewels blazes in the rear;
Three hundred thousand lift the pointed spear.
As many bullocks, camels, bear the weight
Of arms and baggage, to the field of fate.
Each chief in armour, and resplendent arms,
Glowing for vengeance, breathe war’s dire alarms.
High in the front the ban of *Gao* shines,
All blazing high along th’ embattled lines.
The neighing courser angry paws the ground;
All leave the city at the trumpet’s sound.

The

The warlike *Karun* leads the num'rous band;
 And *Narvend* past, a solitary strand!
 A plain appears; arrang'd the army shines;
 The chief encamps, reviews his martial lines.
 On the right wing, *Kobad* and *Saum* inspire;
 And *Gerßasp* on the left with glowing fire:
 High in the center *Cyrus*, *Munochere*,
 Bright as the moon in the imperial sphere,
 Bright as the sun when with his morning rays,
 He tips the mountains with refulgent blaze.
Saum, *Karun*, warriors of resistless force!
 Breathe war and vengeance with impetuous course.
Kobad, the son of *Nureman* the great,
 The ranks inspirits, and himself elate.
 Gay as a bride (he trains the warlike band)
 When the fond bridegroom first receives her hand.
 The silver tabors raise the glowing breast,
 And fire to war the chiefs in armour drest.
Sulm and *Toor* with mighty chiefs in arms,
 Traverse the desert, fierce with war's alarms.
 They lead their troops indignant to the plain,
 And pass'd the stream near *Elan*'s fertile reign.
 The guard advanc'd 'twas *Kobad* that commands,
 As light'ning swift *Toor* leads his fiercest bands.
 And *Kobad* thus addresses; " Swift as air,
 " Vain chief! to *Munochere* this message bear:

" Oh!

“ Oh! king, new fangled! fatherless! and mean!
“ If sprung from *Eritch*, from a royal queen,
“ Who gave this armour? from a father’s hand
“ This cow-grav’d sword? and this imperial land?”
“ I will, the chief replies, thy message bear:
“ Vain is thy speech, thy menace light as air.
“ Hast thou forgot thy various deeds of shame?
“ Has vice, and folly, seiz’d thy impious frame?
“ Fate hovers o’er, its warm resentment dread:
“ ’Twill burst in tempests o’er thy guilty head.
“ And when the beasts shall on thy body prey,
“ Say, will compassion mourn thy fallen ray?
“ From *Narvend* to remotest *China* rise
“ The well arm’d chiefs, the ban of *Gao* flies.
“ When you shall see these marshall’d legions beam,
“ Trembling you’ll wake from this illusive dream.”
Thus having said the royal tent he seeks,
And *Toor*’s vain message to the monarch speaks.
With smiling aspect *Munochere* replies;
“ Vain is the fool, and fearless of the skies.
“ The lord of heav’n! the monarch of mankind!
“ (Who sees the deep recesses of the mind)
“ Knows from imperial *Eritch* that I spring,
“ My birth attested by *Irania*’s king.
“ These boasters, in the thunder of the field,
“ Shall view my honors, and my birth reveal’d.

" By yon pale moon! by yon refulgent light!
 " This arm shall hurl them thro' the thickest fight.
 " Tho' death, and horror, all their ranks surround;
 " This arm shall lay these dæmons on the ground***.
 " Their heads I'll bear amidst the warring crowd:
 " My father's shade for vengeance calls aloud!
 " Their vaunted prowess, and their blood-stain'd throne,
 " The murder of my father shall atone."

The royal tables spread, soft music plays,
 And wine enlivens with its sparkling rays.
 Now night her sable mantle spreads around;
 And watchful sentries all the camp surround.

Karun himself examines ev'ry post;
 Bright *Cyrus*, leader of th' *Arabian* host!
 Thus spoke; " These foes are dæmons on the earth,
 " Dark are their souls, devoid of ev'ry worth!
 " The god of battle rears aloft his spear,
 " And high revenge now urges on the rear."
 Thus having said, the soldiers he address;
 " Warriors renown'd! let ev'ry gallant breast
 " Glow high with courage; on your armour bind:
 " And let your monarch's shade warm ev'ry mind.
 " On you the god of heav'n propitiate smiles;
 " For those, of honor'd fame! whom death despoils,
 " Shall paradise lay wide her blissful gate,
 " Each error pardon'd, and victorious fate

" Crown

" Crown them with laurels; and the envied train,
 " Mid fages great, shall walk th' *Elyzian* plain.
 " For those who live, triumphant o'er the foes,
 " Imperial gifts, the victor king bestows.
 " Then, when the dawn beholds the fierce alarm,
 " Commence the action, raise the vengeful arm.
 " Stand to your ranks, in order move along;
 " Ah! let no fear intimidate the throng!"
 They all reply; " Obedient to command,
 " The slaves of duty! are this num'rous band***.
 " Our life the kings; deep as the *Oxus* flows,
 " This plain shall deluge with our barb'rous foes."
 Thus having said; each to his post repairs;
 Lost in revenge were nature's other cares.
 Now with the dawn each soldier takes his shield;
 A grove of lances glitter'd in the field!
 Vengeance was pictur'd in each warrior's eye,
 As the earth's motion bodes an earthquake night***.
 Arms, troops, and horsemen, gild the martial fight;
 When all in ranks, all glowing for the fight.
 As when vast fleets o'erspread the wat'ry main,
 The earth is cover'd by the martial train.
 The silver drums, and echoing trumpets sound;
 The moving army shakes the trembling ground.
 Thus when the *Nile* o'erflows with rapid force,
 And levels all with its impetuous course.

Thus

All move in order,

Thus elephants when stung by keen desire,
Resistless! frantic! rage with furious ire.
Now at the trumpets sound the ranks mov'd flow,
And tho' their breast with high resentments glow,
Great was the order of the num'rous train,
They mov'd a mountain on the martial plain.
The battle glows; the stream of human blood
Dies all the field, a sanguinary flood!
As some vast dome, the elephants on high
Stupenduous fall, in mighty ruin lie.
All move, all glow; 'tis *Munochere* inspires;
For him the soldier burns with vengeful fires.
Pleas'd with his excellence e'en fate approves,
And with bright rays around the hero moves.
Night clos'd the scene, and changing fortune whirls;
Now joy irradiates, now the tempest hurls.
Sulm and *Toor* depress'd resolve, that night
In secret guile shou'd renovate the fight,
Far different thoughts bright *Munochere* possess,
The day to battle, and the night to rest.
Sulm and *Toor* until the midnight hour
Consult, what arts wou'd give him to their pow'r.
Awake to treach'ry now these chiefs decide,
(Tho' neither sense nor judgement were their guide)
In the dark hour to stab the youthful king,
And deluge all the plain from life's fair spring.

Now

Now o'er the world the sable mantle spread,
And beauteous light, had hid her orient head.
In arms these impious now arrange their force,
Burning to urge their sanguinary course.
The spies to *Munochere* their arts inform;
Prepar'd to guard against the rising storm.
Thus spoke the chief; "Bright *Karun* lead the host,
"Here shall I watch, here tranquil take my post."
A brave, a chosen band, the king attends;
At night the wily *Toor* his army bends
With slow and silent steps, prepar'd for war.
Karun he saw, and glitt'ring from afar
The ban of *Gao*, saw their brandish'd arms,
Inevitably saw war's fierce alarms.
He gave the signal, clouds of dust arise;
Dark horror reigns, and many a hero dies,
Thus when the heav'ns with clouds are cover'd o'er,
And darkness shades with horror all the shore,
The melting snow descending thro' the air,
Thro' ^llow'ring clouds, appears more white and fair:
So the bright swords, amidst the gloom of night,
With polish'd radiance beam reflecting light.
As various angles of the well-cut stone
Alternate play, the sparkling lances shone.
Now in the rear of *Toor* bright *Munochere*,
Leaves no retreat from shame, from death, and fear.

Astonish'd! *Toor* looks round with wild amaze;
 Spurs his fierce courser; all the warriors gaze:
 Now *Munochere* pursues, permits no rest;
 Fire in his eye, and vengeance in his breast.
 At *Toor* he threw the lance, *Toor's* trembling spear
 Falls from his hand, ~~all struck~~ with pallid fear;
 Swift as the winds, he seiz'd him as he fled,
 And on the ground he dash'd his impious head!
 Then lopp'd it off. The body as a prey
 Gave to the beasts, and now he speeds away
 To his own tents; the early dawn displays
 The scene of conquest with its orient rays.
 To *Feredoun* the action he relates,
 The smile of fortune, his propitiate fates:
 "Great, just, triumphant, ever may you shine!
 "Let gratitude, and conquest, still be mine.
 "My guide thro' life, to honor point the road,
 "Protect the worthy, and the base explode!
 "To the high lord of ev'ry earthly throne,
 "The king of kings! omnipotence his own!
 "I bend my knee; the spring of truth from thee
 "How purely flows, surpassing all degree.
 "From thee, the lord of heav'n! all splendor springs.
 "To thee I bend, immortal king of kings!
 "At *Turan* we arriv'd, the furious train,
 "Saw for three days war deluge all the plain.

At

“ At night the foe prepar’d deceitful war,
“ Each post was guarded, scarce a distant star
“ Gave us a glimm’ring light; when *Toor* I saw,
“ The dæmon *Toor*, despizing ev’ry law,
“ I push’d my courser on; he fled as air,
“ And dropt his jav’lin, aw’d by sad despair.
“ I reach’d the fiend, I struck him with my spear,
“ And pois’d him with my hand, o’erpow’r’d by fear.
“ Then dash’d the dragon prostrate on the ground,
“ Lopt his dire head, and now with rapid bound
“ To *Sulm*, on we march; compassion shews
“ No lenient hand, on such destroying foes.
“ They murder’d *Exitch*; desolation spreads
“ O’er all their race, and marks their impious heads.
“ The head of *Toor* I send,” his swiftest steed
He gave an envoy, bids him haste with speed.
The envoy aw’d by shame the message bears
To *Iran*, where the king with anxious cares
Waits th’ event; the envoy fears to shew
The king the head of *Toor*, altho’ a foe.
Tho’ children thus are vile, yet when pale death
Closes the scene, for ever stops their breath;
Parents will pay the tribute of a tear.
Great were his crimes, the foe to *Munochere*!
The envoy gave the urn. The monarch’s pray’rs
Are rais’d, to guard the darling of his cares.

Fame quickly bears to *Sulm Toor*'s defeat,
 The vanquish'd army, whether to retreat?
 A lofty fort he seeks, that in his rear
 Tow'rs aloft to the etherial sphere.
 He bends his march to try if fate again,
 And fickle time wou'd raise his mould'ring reign.

The spies to *Munochere* his views declare:

" Shall he repose? his shatter'd force repair?

" Haste, lose no time for if the fort he gains,

" (The chief exclaims) high danger still remains.

" Steep its access, in clouds its head appears,

" With rivers circled; 'tis the work of years.

" For wealth, provisions, and all hostile arms

" Lay in the fort, and dare war's loud alarms.

" When o'er the castle all his troops are spread,

" War, horrid, war! again will raise her head."

This having said; brave *Karun* thus rejoins;

" Grant me permission for to pierce his lines.

" Swift will I go, urge on the rapid horse,

" Seize on the fort, and stop his impious course.

" And shou'd he dare to meet me on the plain,

" The field shall deluge with his *Greecian* train.

" Give me the ring of *Toor*, his ban I'll bear,

" This is my counsel, swift as lightest air,

" To the high fort my foldiers will I bring,

" And place them there, borne safe on fortune's wing.

" *Gerstaff*,

“ *Gerfasp*, myself, will head the chosen band;
 “ And night shall lead us to the hostile land.
 “ Silence must seal the deed. “ Thy plan is wise;
 “ Go, ye brave warriors! favor’d by the skies!”
 (The chief exclaims) swift with the ev’ning gale
Karun prepares, while fortune fills the sail.
 To seek the river near the banks he came,
 And spoke to *Sherouy*, of intrepid fame.
 “ Disguis’d I seek the fort; auspicious fate
 “ Shall lead the army to the hostile gate.
 “ There to the chief commanding I will show,
 “ The ring and seal of *Toor*, that impious foe!
 “ And when the morn shall spread her sacred light,
 “ Bright *Gao*’s ban shall wave upon the height.
 “ Then when you hear the sudden clamour rise,
 “ Urge on thy force, and seize the mighty prize.”
 Thus having said, disguis’d the warrior goes;
 And reach’d the fort, the ring and seal he shows:
 The chief addresses. “ *Toor*’s commands I bear,
 “ His order by his mandate I declare,
 “ That each exertion shou’d your cares employ,
 “ That no repose, and soft unwarlike joy,
 “ Shou’d enervate your arms: with furious might
 “ Shou’d *Munochere* approach, ’tis yours to fight;
 “ To guard your posts; head-long the foe expel;
 “ And drive his army to the realms of hell.”

When the chief heard, and when he saw the ring,
Wide flew the gates, obedient to their king.
He saw the semblance of the truth appear,
Nor knew deceit was ambush'd in the rear.
The tongue of man may flow with specious art;
'Tis god alone can read the internal heart.
Let justice and benevolence be thine,
And let reflection o'er thy actions shine.
I sing whate'er is right, whate'er is wrong,
'Tis truth that dignifies the epic song.
When *Karun* enter'd, then the leader thought,
From mighty *Toor* the ring and seal was brought.
At dawn the ban upon the fort appears;
High tempests rise, and shake th' etherial spheres.
This *Sherouy* hearing saw the colours wave,
March'd on his troops, impetuous, fierce, and brave!
Forc'd wide the gates, now slaughter rears her hand
And levels all with her destructive wand.
On one side *Karun* urges all his pow'rs,
And death with *Sherouy* darts the missile show'rs.
The stream of blood now tinges ev'ry scene,
And stains with purple the o'erflowing green.
Then when the sun had reach'd meridian height,
No foes appear'd, or dar'd renew the fight.
The fort is hid; and clouds of rolling flame
Shade ev'ry eye, and cover all the stream.

Hot

Hot blow the winds, the captive warriors groan;
Contention ceases, and the fort's their own.
When the bright planet bends his ev'ning ray,
Dispell'd the mists, the loud winds lull'd away.
Twelve thousand fell, with blood the river steams,
And the plain flow'd in sanguinary streams.
To *Munochere* the warlike *Karun* goes,
And tells his triumph o'er the captive foes.
To whom the king; " Coeval with my name,
" May conquest wait on *Karun's* martial fame.
" Since your departure a new foe appears,
" Grandson to *Zobak*; the vile *Kakou* rears
" His hostile arm, with millions in his train:
" Many he slew, the pride of *Iran's* plain!"
Now *Sulm's* anxious to renew the fight,
Proud of his ally, his demoniac might.
" Fame speaks him fierce, intrepid in the field,
" Aw'd by no fear, to ev'ry virtue steel'd.
" Till now his name had never reach'd my ears,
" Unknown his prowess to *Irania's* peers.
" But shou'd he dare to meet me on the plain,
" The sword decides who most deserves to reign."
Karun replies; " No mortal will presume
" To brave thy arm, and meet his certain doom.
" Who is this *Kakou*? dæmon of the war!
" He ne'er will dare to meet *Irania's* star.

" Fo:

“ For shou’d the leopard brave thy mighty arm,
“ Soon wou’d he fly, o’erpowr’d with just alarm.
“ Shou’d you approve, to *Kakou* I will go,
“ And close contention with this furious foe.”
To whom the king; “ Meet not this dæmon’s rage,
“ Already have thy labours charm’d the age.
“ By skill the fort is thine, its gorgeous spoils;
“ Repose shou’d crown thee from thy various toils.”
Scarce had he spoke, the tabor sounds alarms,
The noise of horses and of clanging arms;
A cloud of dust the misty air o’erspreads,
The burnish’d sword a diamond’s lustre sheds.
Now man to man are seen, now shield to shield;
The eager armies battle for the field.
The tainted winds with human gore arise,
And snare the kergesh darting at the prize.
The earth with motion to its center shook,
To heav’n the clamour, and the tumult broke.
Upon the plain the streams in torrents pour,
The armies close, destruction hovers o’er.
E’en nature sigh’d to view the carnage spread,
And hid in clouds her venerable head.
Here *Karun* rages with a lion’s fires,
High in the center *Munochere* inspires.
Thro’ waring millions *Kakou* mows his way,
And braves the youthful monarch to the fray.

With

With boasting taunts and with dæmoniac force,
To *Munochere* he spurs his furious horse.
Now arm to arm the thund'ring strokes rebound,
So warring elephants with mighty sound
Urge on ~~the~~^{to} battle; *Kakou* strikes the blow;
Well aim'd, it shook the helmet of his foe.
Breaks thro' his armour; gallant *Munochere*
Returns the stroke, and darting fierce his spear
Pierces the helmet on the dæmons head,
And perforates the skin. By fury led
The combat lasts 'till noon; declining day
Saw the fierce battle rage with equal sway.
Now as the sun retires with lessen'd beams,
And blood o'erflows the plains, the purpled streams.
No voice cou'd speak, no language paint the fight
All trembling nature shudders at the fight.
The youthful hero breathes; his drooping pow'rs
Revive again, again the battle low'rs.
Now *Kakou* dares the combat, now again
The warriors strive, now ev'ry sinew strain.
With dext'rous arm he seiz'd fierce *Kakou's* zone,
Pierc'd his vile soul, when utt'ring many a groan,
The fainting dæmon fell. In the fierce fray
The elephant thus crushes on his prey.
With seven fierce blows the victor *Munochere*
Struck the vile body, still appall'd by fear.

Thus fell, inglorious! all the dæmon's pow'rs;
 His boasted strength; and all his vaunted tow'rs;
 Thus, by the race he scorn'd, he meets his doom:
 A fate predestin'd from his mother's womb.
 No more the battle fills proud *Sulm*'s soul,
 His ally conquer'd; to the high controul
 Of fate he yields; while grief transfix'd his mind:
 He dreads the death by *Munochere* design'd.
 Now in confusion *Sulm* swiftly flies;
 The victor follows, all retreat denies.
 How cou'd he hope to fly the num'rous train?
 To reach the fort? or view the *Greecian* plain?
 Fir'd with success, the youthful king in speed,
 Glowing with rage, spurs his *Arabian* steed.
 Soon near the fugitive the king appears,
 Still *Sulm* urges on, appall'd by fears.
 When *Munochere* exclaim'd, as near he came;
 " Affassin warrior! monarch void of shame!
 " Those impious hands steep'd in a brother's gore+++,
 " To seize his sceptre, and his costly store.
 " Where are thy glories? whither wou'd you fly?
 " My just revenge shall all retreat deny.
 " I bring the branch of that exalted tree
 " You basely levell'd, now it springs for thee.
 " Why fly, inglorious! from thy promis'd throne?
 " For the^e another, a *Kianian* zone,

" Great

" Great *Feredoun* prepares? soon will you reign,
 " With all your merits, in th' infernal plain.
 " And if the branch shou'd prove a bleeding thorn,
 " It sprung from you, and from thy crimes is born."
 Thus said, he urg'd his steed; he pierc'd his brain,
 And one fierce blow his body laid in twain.
 Upon a lance he plac'd the impious head.
 Loud acclamations all the plains o'erspread.
 Such warlike actions, such superior might,
 Mark the brave hero, dreadful in the fight!
 As wand'ring flocks without the herdsman rove,
 So *Suin*'s troops without their leader move.
 Now here, now there, o'er mountains and the plain,
 The conquer'd fly from the pursuing train.
 When thus a chief, for eloquence renown'd,
 Calls to the army, trembling at the sound.
 " Bend to the king thy steps, declare thy grief;
 " And speak like warriors to a warrior chief!"
 " The conquer'd to the victor monarch sue,
 " Who reigns o'er all the splendid planet views.
 " Many a rich, and noble chief commands,
 " War is our trade and not ignoble bands.
 " We came to battle royal *Munochere*,
 " Yet now obedient we respectful rear
 " Our ~~conquer'd~~ hands. We wish not to provoke
 " The rage of war, submissive to the yoke!

at—at

✓

Hands Subdu'd

" We

" We boast no strength, are conscious of no crime,
 " Act as you please, our king, our chief sublime!"
 Thus spoke the chief, the monarch thus replies;
 " No gifts I want, fame is my only prize.
 " Those, who dare act inimical to heav'n,
 " Or bow to dæmons, from my sight are driven.
 " Curst be the dæmons race! their arts I scorn,
 " Vile are their actions, and from *Eblis* born.
 " But if my foes have chang'd their former strain,
 " Their offer'd friendship, I shall not disdain,
 " Heav'n crown'd my arms, expel'd an impious king,
 " Justice shall reign, and tyrants feel the sting.
 " Reflect, and ground your arms! each thought of ill
 " Drive from your breast, and let fair honor fill
 " Your ev'ry act; let there be no deceit;
 " That when to *Greece* or *Turan* you retreat,
 " Peace and divine benevolence may crown
 " Your future days, and lead you to renown."
 Thus having said, the thronging crouds exclaim;
 " War is no more, high shines the hero's fame!
 " Dead is the tyrant." All the army bows
 To the brave youth, and breathe their faithful vows.
 They lay their arms before the victor king,
 Spears, axes, lances, swords, the conquer'd bring.
 A pile immense! the king with gracious ⁱⁿ ~~main~~
 Receiv'd the chiefs, and peace adorns the scene.

To

To each, according to their ranks, a place
 The conqueror gave, which charm'd the *Grecian* race.
~~He chose a warrior, Sulm's head to bear~~
~~To Feredoun the great, bright fortune's heir!~~
~~He writes obedient and the fight relates,~~
~~What plans he follow'd, and what conquer'd states.~~
 But first to heav'n he bends his fervent pray'rs ;
 Then to the king his pious mind declares :
 " From heav'n thy wisdom springs, thy victor bands,
 " Thy strains persuasive, and thy mighty lands.
 " All are obedient, all thy worth adore ;
 " Thy breast, the source of ev'ry virtuous lore!
 " Great, wise, and just! by thy o'erspreading arm
 " War is no more, and peace succeeds alarm.
 " *Turan* and *China* now submissive yield,
 " Low lays the tyrant in the well-fought field.
 " His head I send, the fetter'd world is free,
 " I haste with speed to bend my suppliant knee.
 " I write to speak the actions that have past,
 " And calm your mind by dubious fate o'ercast."
 Now to the fort he *Sherouy* commands ;
 To bring the spoils, and leave the chosen bands.
 He orders him to act, as wisdom guides ;
 Cautious and bold! for war 'tis thought decides.
 On elephants they place the spoils of war,
 And bring them safely to *Iranian's* star.

CH

2 F

The

1. *He sends the Captive's Head in martial State*
To Fortune's Heir To Feredoun the great
He writes the King; the actions past now renew'd;
What Plans he followed, & what Realms Subdu'd.

The trumpets found. To *Feredoun* the great,
The youthful victor bends in martial state.
When near *Tehméra*, the old anxious king
Glows to behold the bright, the budding spring
Of all his hopes; prepares his warlike train;
Drums, trumpets, tabors, glitter on the plain.
On a high elephant he plac'd a throne,
Where rich brocades, and pendant jewels shone.
Admiring nature views the splendid scene,
And smiles with radiance, lovely and serene!
Near to the sea which circles *Gelan's* shore,
The king arriv'd to meet his son once more.
With golden bridles, and with belts of gold,
With silver stirrups, dazzling to behold!
With blazing shields, and ev'ry costly store,
Fit for his march the royal camels bore.
Now *Feredoun* alights; th' attendant train,
As lions strong, high glitter on the plain.
Around their necks the golden necklace plays,
Their hair of musk, their mien, the chief displays.
All *Iran* crowds their monarch to attend;
The foldier's glory! and the warrior's friend!
When *Munochere* the royal standard views,
His army halts; fair spring her smile renews.
Swift from his horse he flew; (the branching shoot
Breathing gay youth will yield delicious fruit)

He

He kiss'd the ground, and bid the monarch rise
In fame eternal, to his kind'red skies.

The old king bade him mount, and closely press'd
The youthful victor to his aged breast.

Much did he bless him, many tears he shed,
And plac'd his hands with blessings on his head.

To *Iran* now th' exulting conq'rors bend,
Command that *Saum*, the warlike chiefs attend.

These Lords from *Hindostan* their armies brought,
To aid the monarch; and they bravely fought.

~~When *Saum* the king beheld, he thus express~~ *When Saum approaches the monarch*
The lab'ring secrets of his aged breast.

" Be thou a guardian to my royal boy!

" Death soon this tott'ring fabric will destroy.

" Pay strict attention, with a gen'rous aim;

" The road to honor is the road to fame.

" ('To heav'n the pious monarch rais'd his eye)

" Thou god of justice! thron'd with truth on high!

" Thou erst declar'd that *Feredoun* was just!

" And midst this scene of trouble and of dust

" Remember'd me; from thee my justice flow'd,

" From thee this throne, and all my splendor glow'd.

" You gave me mines of unexhausted store:

" Taught me with pious ardor to adore!

" Oh! lead me now from this terrestrial plain!

" Tir'd with the world, the trying scene of pain!

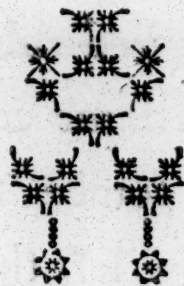
" No

“ No more my soul its earthly clay approves;
“ Far other thoughts my aged bosom moves.”
Now *Sherouy* arrives with all the spoil;
He gifts each warrior for his arduous toil.
Ten days elaps’d, the high regalia spread;
He plac’d the crown upon the victor’s head.
Bids him be seated on the royal throne,
And bids him wear the bright *Kianian* zone.
Then sage, and gen’rous counsel he imparts;
The purest dictates of the noblest arts!
The solemn scene concludes his ev’ning ray;
Clos’d are the leaves; no more can fortune play:
No more the monarch dazzles on the throne.
The heads of *Sulm*, *Eritch*, *Toor*, alone
Near *Feredoun* were plac’d. He dropt a tear,
A tear of grief o’er their untimely bier!
Some time in sorrow pass’d the monarch’s days:
When thus he spoke; “ The bright, the dazzling rays,
“ That crown’d my mingled hours of life are o’er:
“ And fate now leads me to a different shore.
“ From these three heads, my joy, my grief arose;
“ From rage, ambition, and perverseness flows
“ The ills, that waited on their poison’d youth:
“ From disobedience, and contempt of truth,
“ I lost them all.” And now, with sorrow weak,
The purple drops bedew’d his aged cheek.

Pale

Wan grief was pictur'd in his pallid face:
A few short days with sad and solemn grace,
The monarch liv'd. Tho' *Feredoun* is dead,
His name, his glories, o'er the world are spread,
Of honor'd age he dy'd! bright justice smil'd,
And truth with knowledge for his glory toil'd.
Now *Munochere* the great tiara throws
From his young brow, where genuine anguish flows.
Now deepest mourning covers all his frame;
He builds a high mausoleum ~~for~~ known to fame.
Bright azure colours decorate the tomb,
Silver, and gold, with musk, and sweet perfume
Are strow'd around. The high, the ivory throne,
The rich tiara, and *Kianian* zone,
Are plac'd within the tomb. Brave *Munochere*
Leads the procession, holds the silent bier;
So solemn rites and sacred rules require:
And *Feredoun*, whose fame cou'd soar no high'r,
He plac'd within the tomb: then clos'd the door:
For *Feredoun* in sorrow left the shore.
Seven days in grief, too poignant to describe,
The king, the city, and the martial tribe,
The sons of *Iran* mourn'd their monarch's fate;
The world fallacious; and its transient state,
Fickle as winds; the man of wisdom spurns
Its blazing meteors, its inconstant turns.

If I behold the mirror of the world,
Its wiles, its bauble playings are unfurl'd:
And does desire of life thy soul pervade,
Think that death soon will lead thee to the shade.
All the world gives, how soon she takes away!
For one short hour, she beams with transient ray.
Tho' coral form'd thy doors, of what avail?
All fall alike in death's surrounding pale.
Tho' poor, tho' humble, tho' a mighty king,
Death makes you equal, in his equal wing.
Here joy and sorrow in oblivion sleep;
Ambition glows not; grief forgets to weep.
Think not perpetual spring will crown your days,
Or fortune beam with ever smiling rays.



THE ARGUMENT.

BOOK VII.

Munochere ascends the throne of Iran; his address to the warriors—The speech of Saum—Who returns to Siefertan—The birth of Zalzer, who is exposed by his father on the mountain Elburs—The Semurgh saves and protects the infant—As he grew up, travellers observe his manly appearance, and relate the story to Saum; who in visions is upbraided with his conduct to his son—Deeply afflicted, he repairs to Elburs, where the Semurgh delivers Zalzer to his father—The guardian bird, as a proof of her affection, gives Zalzer a feather which she directs him to burn, whenever any particular misfortune attends him—The conciliation of Saum—Munochere sends his son, Nooder, to direct the attendance of Saum and Zalzer, who obey the mandate—The instructions of the king respecting the young warrior—He orders the astrologers to declare the future destiny of Zalzer.—Their declaration of his future eminence—The king distributes different kingdoms to the warriors—Saum returns to Siefertan and giving his son to the charge of the sages—Marches to Mazinderan—His charge to the guardians of Zalzer—The improvement of the young chief—Who travels to Kabul, and is met by the lord of that country, a tributary to Saum—Zalzer becomes enamour'd of Rodahver, the daughter of Mehrab—A description of Rodahver's person—Rodahver, animated by the delineation of the character of Zalzer by Mehrab, contrives an interview; in which they pledge their mutual faith—Zalzer declares his attachment to the nobles, who disapprove on account of the difference of sect, and apprehensive of the indignation of Saum—They advise him to address the king—The letter of Zalzer to Saum—Saum provoked at the intelligence, convenes the sages, who prognosticate the birth of a celebrated hero, from the union of Zalzer and Rodahver—In consequence Saum returns a favourable reply, which Zalzer sends to Rodahver—The slave detected by Scendocht, the queen of Kabul, her anger and apprehension of the indignation of Mehrab—The lord of Kabul perceiving her grief demands the cause—Who declares the attachment of Rodahver—Mehrab determines to destroy Rodahver—The intreaties of Scendocht—Mehrab relents—Is again provoked at the sight of Rodahver—The displeasure of Munochere—He directs Nooder to bring Saum to the presence—Who attends the king, and relates his wars in Mazinderan—Declares the attachment of Zalzer—The king commands him to level the cities of Mehrab—Saum marches—Zalzer provoked meets his father, upbraids him with his conduct to him in his early infancy—Saum then addresses the king, and directs his son to bear the letter—Mehrab enraged at the order of the king, menaces the fate of Rodahver, is again prevented by Scendocht, who goes to Saum, and obtains his assent—And returns to the palace of Mehrab.

B O O K VII.

SEVEN days in mourning past; now high affairs
Call the young monarch to his kingly cares:
Now seated high with the *Kianian* crown,
Each dire magician is expell'd the town.
The warriors praise the actions of the king,
And the whole world his various virtues sing;
His strength, his justice, wisdom all admire;
His high benevolence, his gen'rous fire.
When to the army, thus the king exprest,
The high ideas of his mighty breast:

“ Behold your monarch seated on the throne!

“ Shou'd justice call, its dictates are my own:

“ Shou'd war in tempest spread her ample shield,

“ Prepar'd for battle I shall dare the field:

“ Shou'd peace with white rob'd garb my cares demand,

“ Fair peace in safety walks *Iranian's* land.

“ Far

- “ Far spread my mandates, destiny my friend,
“ Kings are my subjects, to my orders bend.
“ Bright fortune favors with propitiate nod,
“ And all my royal grandeur springs from god.
“ Vice is a stranger to your monarch's breast,
“ By night I dare the battle scorning rest.
“ In me the fire of *Perzin* blazes wide;
“ The ban of *Gao* conquers by my side.
“ For me the mines their costly treasures yield:
“ Light of the throne! and fearless in the field!
“ To suppliant crowds, vast as the spreading sea,
“ To all I give, to all my gifts decree.
“ My soul in mounting flames in battle soars:
“ No ill I suffer on *Irania's* shores.
“ Thro' realms remote I march the warlike train,
“ And conquest walks triumphant on the plain.
“ Tho' thus pre-eminent, tho' greatly brave,
“ A mortal am I as the meanest slave.
“ To God my pious adoration springs,
“ To him, omnipotent! the king of kings!
“ Without his aid, low grov'ling on the earth,
“ My splendor sinks, the glories of my birth!
“ From God my triumph and my grandeur flows,
“ From him the conquest o'er my impious foes.
“ I follow *Feredoun*, divinely blest!
“ I follow all the dictates of his breast;

" Tho' he was old, and youth this bosom fires,
 " 'Tis *Feredoun* that ev'ry thought inspires:
 " He gave this throne, this rich tiara gave,
 " This martial army, and the warriors brave.
 " My future deeds my gratitude shall show;
 " And worth with honor thro' the world shall glow.
 " Thro' the seven realms those who delight in ill,
 " And leave their faith, and not their duties fill,
 " Who spurn the poor, who their dependants scorn,
 " Atheists in heart, of impious dæmons born!
 " Whom God approves not, each detested realm,
 " This arm in vengeance shall with fire o'erwhelm."
 The warriors bow; the road his grand fire chose
 Our king pursues, the victor of his foes!
 Long, long may fortune ev'ry blessing show'r,
 Thron'd high in wisdom eminence and pow'r;
 Our souls are thine, for thee our wishes flow,
 Our swords unsheathe, and all our passions glow;
Saum standing up the royal youth addrest;
 " In you, just prince! are all my hopes imprest.
 " On you our plaudits wait, the hero's pride!
 " From kings descended, and to kings ally'd;
 " From the ~~buck~~ race who wore *Irania's* crown,
 " Aided by heav'n, and guided by renown.
 " While as the lion brave you guide the horse,
 " And rule him dex'trous o'er th' embattl'd course.

" May

- “ May fate still lead triumphant in the field;
“ And heav’n thy glories, and thy person’s shield.
“ Ador’d on earth, to ev’ry mortal known,
“ The wonder bright of the *Kianian* throne!
“ High in the throng a radiant sun appear,
“ Fierce on the plain, the elephant of war!
“ May the resplendent throne be ever thine,
“ And destiny to thee her pow’rs resign.
“ In *Hindostan* no more magician, low’r;
“ But peace and pleasure crown the tranquil hour.
“ To dare the shock of hostile arms is mine;
“ Fair peace now courts thee, and repose is thine.
“ Thy army I will lead o’er hostile plains,
“ And bring to thee thy adverse foes in chains.
“ Form’d by thy grandfire to the shock of arms:
“ ’Tis thine to reign, secure from war’s alarms.”

The monarch prais’d him, royal gifts bestow’d,
Such gifts the monarch and the foldier show’d.
Saum takes his leave; a brave and martial train
The warrior follow’d to his native plain.

Gay fortune smil’d, the world appears elate;
And now from old tradition I relate
A wond’rous tale; the gen’rous *Saum* behold!
Mark the revolving world, in playful fold,
Toys o’er our lives! no son bright *Saum* possess;
The constant object of his anxious breast.

One beauteous mistress was his darling care;
Her cheek of roses, and of musk her hair.

The fair was

~~He with'd her~~ pregnant, on her beauties hung
The orient lustre of the rising sun.

Each — adorned

~~At length the with'd event appears, with joy,~~
~~With~~ budding grace, ~~arose~~ the lovely ~~boy~~ child.

The sun's bright radiance in his form appears,
The moon's mild lustre crowns his infant years.

Of snowy white his hair; seven days were o'er
E'er *Saum* was told the child his mistress bore.

All run to see the wonder, all amaz'd,

And all astonish'd startled as they gaz'd.

A nurse, with more than manly strength endu'd,

Attends on

~~To~~ *Saum* ~~appear'd~~, and thus her strain pursu'd.

"Blest be thy days! victorious o'er thy foe;

"Thy pray'r is granted, let thy joys o'erflow.

"An infant lion in thy son is born,

"Brave will he be, and all thy days adorn.

"A face of paradise, his hair of snow,

"No vice inherent, beauteous as the doe.

"This destiny commands; then be thou blest,

"And let no penfive thought disturb thy breast."

Saum seeks the private mansion of the fair,

And when he view'd the wonder, its white hair,

Its body dark, fair hope deserts his mind.

He dreaded the reproach of all mankind.

Reflecting

Gay hope array'd in future glory, smiles,

Reflecting how to act, he rais'd to heav'n
 His forrowing eye. " Is this the boy that's giv'n
 " To my fond wish? yet God can do no wrong;
 " His will be done; if midst the martial throng,
 " Worthless I am, and if demoniac deeds
 " Disgrace my life, if vice my bosom leads;
 " ~~As I deserve, Oh heav'n! reward my days:~~
 " ~~My soul with sorrow all around surveys.~~
 " Quick flows my blood, it seems *Abermen's* child;
 " White hair, ~~black~~ body, dire demoniac, wild.
 " And shou'd the warriors question on his birth,
 " What answer give? the scorn of all the earth!
 " A pyebald leopard, or of fairy race;
 " *Iran* I quit, the scene of my disgrace.
 " *Iran* delights no more. (He turn'd in ire)
 " Such is my fate: quick lead this infant dire
 " To hills remote." To *Elburs* him they bear;
 (The famous *Elburs* tow'rs aloft in air)
 There dwells the *Semurgh*, of celestial fame,
 Her fav'rite mansion, sacred by her name.
 They plac'd the infant on the harden'd stone.
 And left him there, unpitied and alone;
 Thus was the infant chief without a crime
 Left by his fire; to wither in his prime;
 Cruel to quit the infant at the breast,
 And thus desert him, leave him there distressed.

3 I

He

"Reward me as I merit, gracious Heaven!
"On seas tempestuous all my senses driven.

He did not form his frame, or frightful hair;
 Why give his life remorseless to despair?
 Then *Saum* thus spoke, " I fought with anxious pray'r }
 " A martial son, you ev'ry hope destroy,
 " In form a dæmon, bane of all my joy;"
 Away he speeds; the hungry infant's cries
 Reach'd the bright *Semurgh*; who with pitying eyes
 Beheld the child; its cradle form'd of stone,
 And earth its nurse, all naked and alone.
 No shade protects him from the solar rays,
 Crying for food disconsolate he lays.
 E'en the wild leopard nourishes its young,
 Supplies with food, and shelters from the sun.
 Heav'n to the *Semurgh* fav'ring! gave the child
 Who kindly nurs'd it in the mountain wild.
 Where beasts of prey, and various birds despair,
 She kindly foster'd with a mother's care.
 Among her young, by heav'n's protecting hand,
 Safe lay the infant in this barren land.
 She saw her brood voracious to destroy,
 And with her guardian hand protects the boy.
 As he grew up the will of fate appears;
 And travellers observ'd his growing years
 In eminence arise, and wonder more;
 A mountain crusted with the silver ore
 His body seems; no deed is e'er conceal'd,
 Act well or ill by time it is reveal'd.

Fame

Fame spreads the story to the circling states;
Saum hears the tale, and wonders at the fates.
One night as pensive *Saum* had clos'd his eyes,
In his disorder'd fancy visions rise.
He thought he saw a man with rapid course,
Urge on from *Hindustan* his *Arab* horse:
A warlike figure! who in martial praise
Spoke of his son, his great and op'ning rays.
Alarm'd he calls the sages, tells his dream,
And asks their judgement of the visioned theme.
" Your child still lives and fame reports him brave,
" Victorious still o'er fortune's adverse wave;
" (The sage reply) those who obey not heav'n
" In darkness wand'ring, are to perils driv'n.
" Stones were his cradle, earth his only nurse;
" By birds protected from a parent's curse.
" Whether in deserts, tho' a beast of prey,
" Tho' finny monsters of the wat'ry way,
" Still o'er their young they watch with guardian care.
" The bird still hovers o'er when in the air
" The unfledg'd young first tempt the dang'rous flight;
" And never lets them fly beyond the fight.
" From his white hair first sprung the infant's grief,
" Think not he's dead but seek the youthful chief++
" Where heav'n protects, nor heat nor cold avail,
" Guarded by heav'n all artifice will fail.

" Bow

“ Bow with submission, fervent to your god,
 “ All nature, justice, hangs upon his nod.”
Saum with the dawn proposes to depart,
 And seek high *Elburs* with repenting heart.
 As he repos’d, he saw a mountain rise,
 In *Hindostan* the waving standard flies;
 A youth approach’d his couch, on whom attend
 A num’rous army, and two sages bend
 On either side; when one thus *Saum* addrest,
 And thus reproach’d the feelings of his breast.
 “ Know, chief presumptuous, fearless of the skies!
 “ The *Semurgh* nurs’d thy son, and guards her prize.
 “ Tho’ white his hair thy locks will fall away;
 “ And imitate the willow in decay.
 “ Heav’n gave this boy, while impious *Saum* unjust,
 “ Laid the deserted infant in the dust.
 “ Heav’n cou’d thy hair in each revolving hour,
 “ To various colours change, with mighty pow’r.
 “ Heav’n guards that son a parent’s breast expell’d;
 “ The father spurn’d him, and the skies upheld.”
 Now *Saum* awakes; as lions in a snare
 He start’ling roar’d, and dreaded that despair
 Was mark’d by fate; and that his crime wou’d bring
 Grief and remorse; and future vengeance sting.
 He rose; and calls the warriors, and the wise;
 And seeks the mountain where the fav’ring skies

Protect

Protect his son; he sees the tow'ring height
 High as the pleiades, high as mortal fight;
 Like a bright star in the ethereal spheres:
 And high as saturn a strong mansion rears
 Its æriel head; the chief and all his train,
 With wonder struck, alight upon the plain.
 They view'd the stones, the high stupend'ous tow'r,
 The ~~dreadful~~ bird, the hanging rocks that low'r, *awful*
 And menace fate; its adamantine seat
 No storm cou'd shake, no tempest or no heat
 Of furious fire cou'd move; and now around
 The mountain he beholds the hero bound;
 Sees his resemblance sparkle in the youth;
 And bows to heav'n, and owns th' immortal truth.
 He saw the hand of heav'n with pow'rs august
 Shadow his son, omnipotent and just!
 No way appears the steep ascent to climb,
 Here only birds can wing their flight sublime.
 He tries each way to mount the advent'rous height;
 When thus he spoke "Oh! God, serenely bright!
 "Above the stars, the planetary spheres,
 "To thee I bend, to thee my bosom rears
 "Her sorrowing strain: Oh! lead with fav'ring hand,
 "Benevolence is thine! to yoⁿ high strand
 "Restore my son rejected with disgrace,
 "That son is mine, not of *Abermen's* race."

Heav'n fav'ring smil'd; the *Semurgh* saw the train,
 And knew that *Saum* search'd on this distant plain
 For his young son; that not with adverse arm
 He came to spread his terrors and alarm.

Then to the youth she speaks "my guardian toil
 " Has nurs'd thee safe on this deserted foil,
 " And nam'd thee *Dustan*, when thy martial fire
 " Abandon'd thee, sad object of his ire!
 " Now teach the world that worthy of your name,
 " Your future acts may aggrandize your fame.
 " Brave is thy fire, and 'midst the warriors great;
 " He comes to seek thee, sorrowing o'er thy fate;
 " Here he can never rise, but I will place
 " Thee near thy fire, the glory of his race!"

This when he heard soft tears his cheeks o'erflow'd,
 Man he ne'er saw, his breast with justice glow'd.

Taught by the *Semurgh* all the arts of speech;

By heav'n protected from all mortal reach;

He thus reply'd: "Thy guardian care I own;

"Thy wing my sceptre, and this rock my throne.

"Kind to my youth, to my misfortunes kind,

"'Twas you that guarded, and inform'd my mind."

The *Semurgh* answers; when you once behold

The belt *Kianian*, and the throne of gold,

"You will exclaim; the barren rock displays

"No scene deserving the *Kianian* rays.

"Survey

“ Survey mankind, I give thee to the king!
“ This parting does not from my anger spring.
“ Be ever blest; with my own young I reard
“ Thy infant life, to right thy judgement steer’d.
“ Shou’d danger hover round, this feather warm;
“ Then you will know my care; for in a storm,
“ In tow’ring clouds, I will appear in air,
“ And snatch thee safe from ev’ry human care.
“ Let not oblivion on your nurse attend,
“ And know her alw^{ays} for your faithful friend.”
She counsel’d much: then in her ærial wing
She plac’d the youth, and led him to the king.
Long flow’d his hair, with mighty strength he rose,
And beaming splendor in his manners glows.
When *Saum* beheld him, much the chief repin’d,
And to the *Semurgh* bow’d with grateful mind.
He sung her praises; “ Thou Oh! king of kings!
“ From whom all radiant truth, and grandeur springs.
“ (The chief exclaim’d) did give this martial boy,
“ And thou did nurse him with a parents joy.
“ Oh! may thy foes fall mould’ring to the tomb!
“ And ever smiling pleasure be thy doom!”
He gaz’d at *Zal*, deserving of a throne;
The lion youth, the martial warrior shone.
His face the radiance of the sun appears,
Black eyes, black eyelids, all the bloom of years

With

With ruby lips, and ev'ry beauteous grace;
 And his white hair alone deforms his face.
 Now *Saum* with fond paternal pleasure glows,
 And o'er his son now many a blessing flows.
 When thus he spoke let anger love succeed,
 " And to oblivion give the cruel deed.
 " The slave of God, I bend before his shrine;
 " Heav'n gave thee, and by heav'n thou now art mine.
 " For you my pow'r shall rise, my splendid throne,
 " And my whole soul is rapt in thee alone."
 Drefs'd as a warrior *Zal* appear'd sublime:
 They quit the mountain for their native clime.
 The drums, the tabors, martial music plays
 And the whole army speak the hero's praise.
Saum with his son now reach their native plains,
 And high rejoicings fill the warlike trains.
 Charm'd with the news which fame, with rapid wing,
 From *Zabulistan* told *Irania*'s king.
Nooder he orders his commands to bear;
 And thus his fav'ring thoughts to *Saum* declare:
 " Tell him his monarch wishes to behold,
 " The gallant *Dustan* who, as fame has told,
 " Was bred in *Elburs*, and whate'er his breast,
 " Is anxious to obtain shall be possess'd."
Nooder obeys; he reach'd *Siestania*'s plains,
 And *Saum* embracing who with eager strains,

Much

Much questions of the king; the chief relates
 The royal message, and propitiate fates.
Saum bows submissive, with his martial band
 Marches obedient to *Irania's* land.
Zalzer attends, the godlike *Munochere*
 The hero meets, and when his bans appear,
Saum from his horse descends; the king with speed
 Commands the chief to mount his *Arab* steed.
 The conqueror of worlds, and him who reigns
 O'er mighty kingdoms, and wide spreading plains,
 March to the throne. The royal carpet spread,
 The rich tiara nodding o'er the head
 Of royal *Munochere*; on either side
 Stood *Saum* and *Karun*, both their monarchs pride.
 In armour clad to *Munochere* they bring
 The warlike youth; while the astonish'd king
 Beholds the rising sun, and thus exprest
 To the fond fire the wonder of his breast:
 " Unequal'd beams thy son! whose martial form,
 " And manly beauties speak the son of *Saum*.
 " The world will say, where'er this youth appears,
 " War is no more, and clos'd are all our fears.
 " Guard the rich mine, instruct his youthful breast;
 " In the brave lion stands the king confest.
 " Teach him the arts of war, let his young mind
 " With regal speech, and knowledge be refin'd.

" Birds were his tutors, and a rock his seat,
 " Fair wisdom dwells not in the low retreat."
Saum thus reply'd; (the wond'rous tale relates
 Of the bright *Semurgh*, and the fav'ring fates.)
 " The *Semurgh* gave, benevolent! the boy;
 " To you I bring the source of all my joy."
 Now the wise sages, vers'd in heav'nly lore,
 The king commands his greatness to explore.
 " How will he rise? pre-eminently great!
 " What nations conquer? and what might state,
 " How will he rule?" th' astronomers reply;
 " Great will he shine, his fame will blaze on high."
 The king was pleas'd; and *Saum* with rapture glow'd;
 And royal gifts bright *Munochere* bestow'd.
 The decorated steed, the diamond's rays,
 The ruby streaming with a purple blaze;
 The *Indian* sword with purest gold inlaid,
 And various jewels with the rich brocade;
 Fair *Greecian* slaves in costly garments drest,
 And cups of gold with musk and amber prest;
 The sweetest fragrance of each gay perfume,
 And the bright carpets of the *Persian* loom.
 Armour and helmets, bows and lances shine.
 Each instrument of war, each martial sign;
 A diadem, a throne, a belt of gold;
 These were the royal gifts to *Zalz* the bold.

From

From *Kabul* to the river *Sind* his reign,
 The monarch fix'd, far as the *Indian* plain:
 Attested by the royal seal. Now *Saum* prepares
 To leave the court, and thus his soul declares;
 " From earth to heav'n thy equal is not known,
 " Wisdom and justice beam around thy throne.
 " The world in pleasure views each rising day,
 " The blest result of thy illustrious sway.
 " For thee the mines their treasur'd heaps resign,
 " And fame shall lead thee to her laurel'd shrine."
 He kiss'd the throne, the drums, the tabors sound,
 All *Iran* gaz'd to see the warrior bound
 On his fierce steed; when near *Seistania's* plains,
 His subjects all exult in grateful strains.
 The sparkling jewel at his feet they lay,
 And flow'rs with rich perfumes obstruct his way.
 The nobles thus their grateful thought express;
 " May *Zal* for ever live! for ever blest!"
 To *Zal* they bow submissive; now *Saum* elate
 Rich gifts presented to the wise and great.
 To *Zal* instruct, he calls the letter'd sage,
 And thus address; " Let *Zal* thy cares engage;
 " 'Tis the king's order to collect a force,
 " To far *Mazinderan* I bend my course:
 " And to *Kerkerferan* to shine in arms,
 " My eager soul delights in war's alarms.

" In

" In early life I dar'd the hostile field ;
 " And acted wrong ; for all to fate must yield :
 " My son disgrac'd, a *Semurgh* sav'd the youth ;
 " What different actions ! the bright God of truth
 " Restor'd my son : with knowledge store his mind,
 " And let his heart by science be refin'd
 " Know that my ev'ry hope, my ev'ry joy
 " Is fix'd, is center'd in this martial boy.
 " Teach him the duties worthy of his birth,
 " And let him shine, pre-eminent on earth ;
 " The king commands ; my breast with ardor glows
 " To hurl his thunders o'er the adverse foes."
 " (To *Zal* he look'd) to the wise sage attend,
 " To his instructions with submission bend.
 " Great *Zabulistan*'s thine ; to thy command
 " This kingdom bows, and all its warlike band ;
 " From thee my future bliss or grief will spring ;
 " Thine is the treasure, learn to be a king."
 The youth reply'd, "'Tis but a transient hour
 " Since fortune plac'd me in a parent's pow'r.
 " Why erst expel me ? why desert my youth ?
 " And now command me to the ways of truth.
 " Left was the infant on the harden'd stone,
 " Crying for food, unpitied and alone.
 " A den my cradle, and a bird my nurse,
 " Who kind ! protected from a father's curse.

" Fate

“ Fate smil’d auspicious, who can heav’n oppose?

“ And fortune blunts the thistles of the rose.”

Thus having said, the warlike sire replies;

“ Expel these thoughts and bless the fav’ring skies.

“ For thee shall white-rob’d peace her arms extend,

“ Thine is the throne, and destiny thy friend:

“ My precepts hear! on thee the sage shall wait,

“ Attentive listen to the wise debate.

“ All sciences explore; from wisdom springs

“ The warriors fame, and in the breast of kings

“ Shou’d eminence be thron’d.” The martial train,

Led on by *Saum*, now glitter on the plain.

With all the pomp of war, with glowing fire,

Two marches *Zal* attends upon his fire.

There *Saum* embrac’d his son, and thus address’d,

As fond affection dictates to his breast;

“ Return my son, your hours let pleasure crown,

“ Adorn’d by science, rais’d by great renown.”

Now *Zal* returns; when seated on the throne,

The rich tiara and the golden zone,

Adorn the youth; on him the sages wait,

And wise astronomers well vers’d in fate.

The warriors too attend; they teach the youth

The arts of wisdom, and immortal truth.

Science exploring was their sole delight,

By day they read, and meditate by night.

Bright as a star the rays of science beam,
'Till *Zal* exalted by the glorious theme,
Deem'd his own knowledge eminently great;
Well taught in war, excelling in debate;
Mankind was dazzled with his rising name,
And all his subjects join to blaze his fame.
Behold the wonders of revolving heav'n!
In early years to distant mountains driv'n!
Now thron'd in greatness: the repenting fire
His son confesses, full of martial fire.
No more inactive; *Zal* with chosen band
To *Kabul* marches near the *Indian* strand.
There he encamps, there music charms the soul,
And all the hours in gay luxuriance roll.
There gen'rous gifts the youthful chief bestows,
There smiling poverty no sorrow knows.
Such are the acts that grace the hero's name,
And in this transient scene exalt to fame.
Here *Mebrab* reign'd for mighty strength renown'd,
For beauty fam'd, by heav'nly wisdom crown'd;
Of *Zobak's* race: to *Saum* he tribute paid,
An yearly stipend, and a martial aid.
Soon as he heard that *Dustan* fought his plains,
He march'd to meet him with his well-arm'd trains.
Zal hasten'd on, and to his tent he leads
The chief of *Kabul*, fam'd for manly deeds!

Attendant

Attendant cities join in loud acclaim,
Eager to view the prince adorn'd by fame.
And now the servants spread the sumptuous board
With richest wines, and various viands stor'd.
Mebrab with pleasure kens the hero's face,
Admires his manly form, and martial grace.
And thus address; "May ev'ry joy be thine!
"And conquest lead to fame's resplendent shrine!"
The chiefs embrace, and part; when to his train
Mebrab thus spoke in animated strain;
"What eye e'er saw so elegant a form?
"Equal to shine in peace, or guide the storm.
"What chief will dare to meet this rising star?
"Or brave the hero in the fields of war?"
When *Mebrab* parted, in seductive strain
To *Zal* thus spoke a warrior in his train:
"This *Mebrab* has a daughter brighter far,
"And far more radiant than the orient star.
"Tall as the sabbin tree, divinely fair!
"Spotless as ivory her beauties are!
"The sweets of paradise around her blow;
"Her charms irradiate with celestial glow:
"Her jetty locks in graceful ringlets play,
"Charm ev'ry sense, and steal the soul away.
"The jetty locks her blooming beauties shade,
"Pierce thro' the heart to instant love betray'd.

"Even

" Even and white her well form'd teeth appear,
 " Not the white rose more delicately clear.
 " Her oval breast no fancy e'er cou'd paint;
 " Weak were all language, all expression faint.
 " Nor the narcissus, which the florists prize,
 " Equals the beaming lustre of her eyes.
 " The lashes of the eye, in graceful fall,
 " Still add new radiance as they shade the ball
 " Black are the eyelids curv'd with won'rous skill;
 " Seize the whole soul, and ev'ry passion fill.
 " 'Tis all elysium! how by fortune blest
 " Will be that chief who captivates her breast!"
 The heart of *Zal* beats high with glowing fires;
 Repose is banish'd, love alone inspires;
 If he beholds the sun, his waking dreams
 Delusive deem him but the fair-ones beams.
 If musk is scatter'd all around his chair,
 'Tis but the essence of the fair-ones hair.
 Thro' the long night his ardent fancy glows;
 Impassion'd sorrow o'er his bosom flows.
 Then when the rubied morn in radiant light
 Dispels the sacred stillness of the night,
 The lover rose; around the warriors stand,
 Him *Mebrab* visits with a chosen band.
 To meet the chief, *Zal* orders all his train
 And thus address in animated strain:

" Say?

“ Say? can my throne, or can my kingdom yield
“ Aught that can please the chief of *Kabul*’s field!”
Illustrious youth! the warlike chief reply’d;
“ One wish I have, and be not that deny’d.
“ Oh! grace my mansion with your royal fight,
“ My breast will glow with transport and delight.”
Thus having said, the pensive *Zal* rejoins;
“ Honor forbids to view your idol shrines.
“ Say? can no other wish thy soul employ;
“ Compliance is my first and only joy.”

Mebrab in outward show applauds the chief,
Condemns within his faith, and parts with grief.
Tho’ equal praise externally appear’d,
Their different faiths to varying judgement steer’d.
The chiefs of *Zal* view, with averted eyes,
The man they deem’d deserted by the skies,
But when they saw their monarch’s glowing flame,
All prais’d the daughter, all her charms proclaim.
This feeds the fire, fair wisdom flies his breast,
And love, almighty love! his soul possesseth.
Still he attempts to hide the fierce desires:
“ War, he exclaims, ’tis war alone inspires!
“ No luxury shall enervate my mind:
“ Or be to joys effeminate resign’d.”
Sorrow and care his soul, like cancers, tear,
How shall I gain her? by what ardent care?

"How shall I clasp this beauty in my arms?

"And free my mind from such intense alarms?"

The melting youth the fiercest fires assail,

Now warm in love, and how with anguish pale

His wife and daughter, each their warriors joy,

The anxious cares of *Mebrab's* soul employ.

On his return he lively pictures drew

Of *Zal* accomplished, lovely to the view.

Like the fair garden of perpetual spring

Where flow'rs eternal bloom, where nature's songsters sing.

Scendocht much questions of his mighty fire,

"Of *Zal's* bright form, and of his martial fire.

"And what advantage from his visit rose?

"Far far from *Mebrab* be all future woes!

"Say! does the prince in mountains-wild delight?

"Does the throne charm him? or the martial fight?

"Does fame allure him? does his nervous form

"In war impetuous dare the missile storm?"

Mebrab replies; he like the cypress rears

"His head on high, and like a God appears.

"No warrior equals his immortal beams,

"His amber crown, his scientific themes.

"When his fierce courser furious! paws the ground,

"No mortal rides him with such active bound.

"His lion soul, his elephantine frame,

"Resilient in the battle, sieze on fame.

"Not

" Not with more violence the *Nile* o'erflows,
 " And levels all that dare its course oppose.
 " His ruddy cheeks hang on the wing of youth,
 " Great is his wealth, magnanimous his truth!
 " When like a dragon in the bloody field
 " He dares the fray, the boldest warriors yield:
 " White are his hairs, which some a fault esteem;
 " Tho' long, tho' flowing, beauteous tho' they seem.
 " And all mankind delighted with his strain,
 " Are happy to attend the hero's train."

Fir'd with the picture, o'er *Rodabver*'s face
 The deep'ning blushes heighten ev'ry grace:
 With eager passion all her bosom glows;
 Love chafes far her balmy soft repose;
 The madd'ning fires urge on the panting maid,
 And various thoughts her yielding mind invade.
Mebrab shou'd ne'er in such exuberant strain,
 Have pour'd the poison thro' his daughter's vein.

A dæmon rages in the female breast;
 Description fires, and frantic till possess'd. }
 Five slaves attend her whom she thus address:

" To you, for whom my guardian care has shone,
 " I speak the secret of my ~~soul~~ ^{mind} alone.
 " Hear! and be cautious; love inflames my soul;
 " Fierce as the winds my rapid passions roll.
 " *Zal* reigns triumphant; if I close my eyes,
 " The soft illusions of his image rise.

" Sleep

" Sleep flies my couch. Say then what blest relief
 " (To you alone 'tis known) can ease my grief?"
 The slaves, astonish'd that the royal maid
 Shou'd be to such improper thoughts betray'd,
 Reply'd indignant; " Thy bright charms inspire,
 " Pride of the king! and set the world on fire.
 " From *Hindostan* to *China* thy fair frame,
 " Charms ev'ry monarch, and each chief of fame.
 " The brilliant gem that sparkles o'er these plains,
 " The star of beauty, where each lustre reigns.
 " For thee the monarchs of the west shall sigh,
 " And all *Kanouge* shall hang upon thy eye.
 " Say, does not shame and terror of thy fire
 " Repress these thoughts, and this unhallow'd fire.
 " Say does thy wishes to the son of *Saum*,
 " Without a parent's will thy bosom warm.
 " Taught by a bird, in hills alone renown'd,
 " No mother nurs'd him, by a *Semurgh* crown'd.
 " Whoe'er wou'd cherish such a strange desire?
 " For wond'rous is thy love, thy infant fire.
 " Thee whom the world admires with raptur'd strains,
 " Whose image graces all the distant plains"
Rodabver heard, and anger fires her breast;
 She turns indignant, thus her thoughts express;
 " Are these thy counsels? slaves! in early bloom
 " Wretched to breathe, the flames of love consume.
 " Those

" Those who on clay can make their rich repast,
 " Regardless view, torn by the stormy blast,
 " The shatter'd flow'r. I grant that blushing shame
 " Shou'd awe the maid, and lead her on to fame.
 " But love in triumph bears the conquer'd soul,
 " And the whole world's submits to his controul.
 " Shou'd mighty *Cæsar*, or shou'd *Fab-fœor* bring
 " The world's great empire, or *Irania*'s king
 " Bribe with his sceptre, or the farthest west,
 " The son of *Saum* alone can charm my breast.
 " How unavailing, do your censures flow!
 " *Zal* is my soul, for him my wishes glow:
 " His image fills, his praises charm, my mind,
 " The favor'd object of all human kind!
 " Speak not of *Fœor*, or *Cæsar*, or the west;
 " Enthron'd is *Zal* for ever in my breast!
 " 'Tis not his person, his external form,
 " Can charm the mind, and all the senses warm;
 " 'Tis excellence, 'tis wisdom, love of fame,
 " That caught my soul, all center'd in his name."
 The slaves perceiving ^{the} ~~all~~ remonstrance vain,
 One thus address her in obedient strain:
 " Oh! let the tale be hid in shades of night!
 " Let wisdom guide with her unvarying light.
 " The conscious blush shou'd ne'er the face o'erspread;
 " Try magic arts, and by obedience led,

" The chief I'll bring, secure from all alarms,
 " And safely place him in *Rodahver's* arms."
 A radiant smile diffus'd her beauteous face,
 And the fair slave she view'd with heighten'd grade,
 And thus address'd; " Thy counsel I approve;
 " And if success attends upon my love,
 " For thee the clustering tree each day shall shoot,
 " And yield for thee a rich luxuriant fruit."
 With *Greecian* tresses dress'd, with flowing hair,
 The slaves to *Zal's* encampment now repair.
 Near to his tent there glides a lucid stream,
 There the slaves sit, religionists they seem,
 And scatter flow'rs: while to the other shore
 By fav'ring winds the flow'rs are wafted o'er,
 Where *Zal's* bright bands upon the maidens gaze;
 The chief himself exclaims with fond amaze,
 " Who are these florists? these religious maids?
 " From *Mebrab's* palace? from the secret shades
 " Of his recess?" "a beauteous slave reply'd:"
 " With his fair daughter, nature's boasted pride!
 " These slaves reside: for thee the flow'rs they bring,
 " For thee the loveliest tribute of the spring."
 'Twas in the month of March when nature's dress
 In all her charms, propitiate to the blest,
 The heart of *Zal* beat high with anxious care,
 He glow'd to converse with these beauteous fair.

How

How unobserv'd! to cross the flowing stream,
And unattended how adopt his scheme.
With the fair slave alone he bends his way,
His bow and arrow on his shoulders lay:
He saw a partridge, and with dextrous aim
He shot him, falling on the flowing stream.
Near to the other bank he spoke the slave:
"Haste bring the bird, and instant cross the wave"
When near the bank, the maids in softest strain
Thus spoke the slave; "Say, lovely! on yon plain
"Who is that chief? of what imperial race?
"So form'd, so dext'rous, so adorn'd with grace?
"Well may his foes bow conquer'd to his will:
"We ne'er beheld such great, such finish'd skill."
"Do you not know, the beauteous slave replies,
"The son of *Saum*? his fame has reach'd the skies."
The maidens laugh: "O vaunt no more his praise;
"The sun of *Mehrab* with surpassing rays
"Eclipses ev'ry king. Her modest eye,
"Her ivory form awakes the lover's sigh.
"Round are her eye-lids, and her teeth of snow,
"Enamel'd by the hand of nature glow.
"Her even nose in due proportion freight;
"Her slumbering eye wing'd with the lover's fate;
"Her hair of musk, and flowing ringlets curl'd,
"Plays in the air, and wantons when unfurl'd.

" Vermillion pictures all her roseate face,
 " And beauty heightens with resistless grace.
 " So lovely are her lips that e'en the air
 " Dares not approach, but wishes from a far.
 " (Each paid a tribute to her beauties shrine,
 " Each stil'd her beauteous, charming, and divine.)
 " Go, tell the monarch of our queen's retreat:
 " Ah say! how blest shou'd these accomplish'd meet."

The slave reply'd, and red'ning with alarms,

" I dare not tell the monarch of her charms."
 " You must, for they alone, (the maids rejoin)
 " Deserve each other; in their persons shine
 " The glorious lustre of the orb of day,
 " The moon's serene, and all refulgent ray!
 " Can joy irradiate on the warrior's mind,
 " Whose soul's by female softness unrefin'd.
 " Nor can the beauty always dwell in shades,
 " When love and glory all the breast invades.
 " See o'er her young the female falcon sings,
 " And anxious covers with protecting wings;
 " 'Tis nature dictates, by a parent's care
 " She wing'd her youth, her progress thro' the air."

Smiling the slave departs, and seeks the plain,
 Where *Zal* much questions of the maiden train.
 And why he laugh'd? the slave relates the tale,
 And *Zal* in rapture throws aside the veil.

" Haste

“ Haste to these florists, he commands; no more
“ Let flow’rs be scatter’d on th’ opposing shore.
“ Bear the rich gem, the royal message bear,
“ But give in secret, when no spy is there.”
The slave returns, his master’s will declares.
The maids reply; “ When seven the secret shares,
“ Secret it cannot be; if only two
“ (It might be private) the concealment knew.
“ Let *Zal* himself his sentiments declare.”
They whisper, “ We have caught him in the snare!”
The slave to *Zal* imparts the artful strain,
Urg’d on by love all thrilling thro’ the vein.
He seeks the maidens, and they speak the fires,
That warm *Rodabver*’s breast with fond desires.
The chief replies; “ Shou’d this thy tale be true,
“ Sad scenes of future grief arise to view.
“ But tell me all, her figure, and her charms.
“ Shou’d you deceive, Oh! dread impending harms!”
“ Thro’ the whole earth no charms superior shine,
“ Attested be the oath by heav’n divine;
“ In beauty eminent, in virtuous pride,
“ Like thine her glory, all the maids reply’d;
“ Gay blow the roses on her blooming face,
“ And sweet perfumes encircle ev’ry grace,
“ The sun of beauty round her person beams,
“ Streight as the cypress, aromatic streams

" Of musk and amber in her tresses play,
 " Her taper fingers, and her letter'd ray
 " Charm ev'ry mind. The various gems unite
 " To grace her person, dazzling to the sight;
 " Shou'd *China's* artists view the perfect maid,
 " To the refulgent light of heav'n were paid
 " Their adoration." These melodious strains
 Pour the soft poison thro' *Zal's* thrilling veins.
 " High beats my heart, the chief exulting cry'd;
 " How shall I view her? how with fondest pride
 " Speak the warm wishes of my eager mind.
 " To her, the loveliest of the female kind?"
 " We shall return the well-pleas'd slaves rejoin,
 " And lay thy picture at *Rodabver's* shrine.
 " No guile we know, and to her virgin mind,
 " We'll sketch you glorious, gallant, and refin'd.
 " Do you at *Mebrab's* garden wait our call,
 " And fix a crook impending on the wall.
 " Thus the fair prey, the beauty that you chase
 " Shall bless you with the radiance of her face."
 The slaves return; *Zal* to his tent repairs.
 Years pass in one flow night with anxious cares;
Rodabver smil'd, the slaves present the gift;
 " How did he look? with fond impatience swift
 " *Rodabver* cry'd; how was the hero's strain?
 " How compass your design?" the female train

Relate

Relate the tale. Thro' the furrounding earth,
" No monarch rules with such distinguish'd worth.
" Each attribute of beauty round him beams,
" Splendid his form, intelligent his themes.
" Just object of desire! his eager breast
" Glows to behold you; all his soul's possess
" By you alone; intelligent and wise!
" Renown'd for strength, and fam'd for radiant eyes!
" White is his hair, yet flowing to the earth,
" An equal match for your resplendent birth.
" We will return, and your bright mandates bear
" To the young king, the object of your care!"
" My thoughts are chang'd! the fair *Radabver* cry'd;
" Is this the youth nurs'd on a mountain's side?
" Is this the old man, with his silver hair,
" Bred by a *Semurgh* in the fields of air?
" Is this the blossom that you painted low?
" To him my image, and my praises glow
" In your discription: 'tis for him that now
" You teach my maiden heart the am'rous vow."
" She laugh'd, and blush'd; 'tis well, you may repair
" To *Zal*'s encampment, and my wish declare.
" Say, he may come, and view this high prais'd form;
" And say his love is met by love as warm.
" Say, heav'n's propitiate to the lovers pray'r;
" Let judgement guide, and clos'd is ev'ry care."

Radabver

Rodabver active to the garden goes,
 A painted garden, where each flowret blows;
 Chinese brocades are seen in ev'ry room,
 The rubies sparkle, ev'ry rich perfume
 Scents the whole air, gay pictures charm the sight,
 And flowing goblets yields supreme delight.
 Festoons, and flow'rs, the lily and the rose,
 The cup of gems a radiant lustre throws.
 With the fair slaves alone she here remains;
 Each avenue is clos'd; love solely reigns.
 The slave the warrior to the garden leads;
Rodabver meets him; in his face she reads
 The heart exulting; "Warrior, hail! she cry'd;
 " May heav'n propitiate smile! may fortune glide
 " In fav'ring streams! may thy engaging breast
 " Ne'er feel a pang! for ever, ever blest!
 " Weary perhaps, on foot alone you came,
 " Guided by love, by his immortal flame."
 Astonish'd at her gracious speech, he gaz'd
 At her fine form, which like the sun high blaz'd.
 The house with jewels glitters in the shade,
 Yet still more radiant was the blooming maid.
 He thus exclaims "Oh! how those lunar beams
 " Resistless dazzle with celestial streams!
 " Eternal may your stars propitiate shine!
 " Them I have watch'd, and at the awful shrine

" For

“ For you my pray’rs have flow’d in fervent strain,

“ Thy speech enchants me, there the graces reign.

“ Say, when again I shall behold those charms,

“ And speak again a lover’s fond alarms.”

The fairy princess opes her flowing hair,

In ringlets wreathing thro’ the playful air,

As winding serpents, as the lovers snare.

Her smiling dimples heighten ev’ry grace,

And the loose tresses shade the roseate face.

Now hanging o’er the wall, she thus addrest

The wond’ring *Zal*. “ Bright youth, by fame carest!

“ Take these long tresses in thy royal arm,

“ And let them guide thee, safe from all alarm,

“ To the high terrace.” The young king amaz’d,

Loft in enchantment, at her beauties gaz’d.

Yet deem’d it strange. “ Ah! kind, and gen’rous maid!

“ Brave *Zal* reply’d! by such a fearful aid,

“ Which thee may injure, never can I rise.

“ Or nearer view thy love inspiring eyes.

“ Never, ah never! while the sun illumines

“ The circling earth, or while thy beauty blooms,

“ Wou’d I ascend.” He thought upon the scheme

The slave had told, on a projecting beam

He fix’d the hook, and active springs above:

Rodabver smild, and all the scene was love.

Gracious their clasping hands together twine,
 By love inflam'd, devoted to his shrine.
 Now they descend, and to the palace move,
 Attended by the slave who knew their love.
 The gay illuminations gild the scene;
 All was elyzium, splendid, yet serene!
Zal more amaz'd, all glowing with desire,
 Gaz'd on her eyes, which beam'd celestial fire;
 Her hair, her face, and ev'ry op'ning bloom
 Catch his fond soul, and fix the lover's doom.
 In tissue drest, the sparkling necklace glows,
 The bracelet on her hand new beauty throws.
 In her small ear the pendant jewels blaze,
 And ev'ry gem of variegated rays.
 Bright as the various garden of the spring,
 Melodious as when nature's songsters sing.
 Not even roses on *Arabian* gales,
 Thus scent the air, or fill the passing sails.
 On the same couch they sit: on *Zal's* high head
 A crown of rubies, and of gems was spread.
 With flow'rs diversified his ringlets wave,
 And his bright form confess'd the warrior brave.
Rodahver blush'd, and in her conscious eye
 Blaz'd the fierce rapture, and the am'rous sigh
 On all his charms, his eminence she gaz'd;
 Hung o'er his manly form, and much she prais'd:

She

She bids him rise; now stung with keen desires,
Their fond embraces speak th' internal fires.

Bliss smil'd enchanting, and with rapture warm
Around them love diffus'd his brightest charm,
Thus the fierce lion bounding o'er the deer,
In playful fondness chases ev'ry fear.

Zal then exclaims; "Oh! thou whose scented hair

"Fair maid with musk perfumes the ambient air,

"When *Munochere* our nuptial rites shall know,

"I fear his anger, and the future woe.

"That *Saum* indignant will declare his rage,

"That death alas! must close my early age.

"Hear, thou bright heav'n! and hear, ye pow'rs above!

"No other object shall enjoy my love."

Rodabver thus reply'd "Let heav'n attest

"The same bright purpose of my faithful breast.

"Tho' sceptred monarch^{at} my feet shou'd fall,

"Their thrones, their splendor, I wou'd scorn them all.

"My pray'rs to heav'n shall testify my soul,

"*Zal* shall my wishes, all my thoughts controul.

"My pray'rs shall soften th' illustrious fire,

"Calm ev'ry thought, and his assent inspire."

Lost was each sense, dissolv'd in soft delight,

And love encreases from the gazing sight:

Thus pass'd the fleeting hours, till the grey dawn

Beheld the sun just peeping o'er the lawn.

Till

Till from a-far the silver tabors play;
 The lovers part, their pensive sighs display
 The pang it gave: while tears o'erflow the face,
 Their love was pictur'd in the fond embrace.
 To the bright orb "Intruding light! they cry,
 "Why early spangle all the morning sky?
 "Why thus our bliss, our happier hours destroy?
 "And close with pain the raptur'd scenes of joy."
Zal now descends, and to his tent repairs,
 Incertitude no more pervades his cares.
 As when from flowing bowls retires the guest,
 Thus on the throne the lover sinks to rest.
 The martial train attend, and as they view
 Their monarch flumb'ring, from the room withdrew.
 This *Zal* perceiving their return commands,
 And thus he, gracious! speaks the gen'rous bands.
 "Be ever blest! to God our praise be giv'n!
 "To high omnipotence, the Lord of heav'n!"
 He told the sages all his secret breast,
 And thus his wishes and his thoughts exprest.
 "Heav'n rules supreme o'er my submissive mind,
 "Its fears, its hopes, are all to heav'n resign'd.
 "Each day devoted to the God supreme,
 "Obedience to his will my constant theme.
 "Oh, thou who rules the planetary world!
 "The circling globe! by whom the thunder's hurl'd!

"Lead

- “ Lead my blind judgement with unerring eye,
“ And point the road, where truth and goodness lye.
“ This throne is thine, the rulers of mankind
“ Are emanations of thy mighty mind.
“ From thy command the spring's fair blossoms shoot,
“ And autumn yields the ripe delicious fruit.
“ See the grapes cluster, and the loaded tree
“ Luxuriant hang from thy divine decree.
“ See youth elate with blooming image rise,
“ See age dejected wipe the sorrowing eyes.
“ Thy just injunctions sway this mortal ball,
“ The ant without thy order cannot crawl.
“ When first the wide creation burst in birth,
“ He fram'd th' essentials for to rule the earth.
“ Nature in pairs range o'er the new form'd state,
“ God is alone incomprehensive, great!
“ No soft affections, and no mortal fires
“ The God of nature, and of man inspires.
“ Did not mankind in well match't pairs unite,
“ Soon wou'd lost nature close in endless night.
“ Each youth in union with some equal maid,
“ In nuptial pleasures sport along the shade.
“ If royal birth adorns the blooming fair,
“ Just is the object of the lover's care!
“ Sure 'tis more glorious if my name shou'd live,
“ And *Saum* with me to future ages give

" A gallant race renown'd; secure the throne,
 " And memory with fame our trophies own.
 " These are my thoughts, the bright narcissus charms,
 " The blushing rose, I wish her in my arms.
 " 'Tis *Mebrab*'s daughter taught my heart to glow,
 " With love, with fondest love, these eyes o'erflow.
 " O speak the just recesses of your breast!
 " For much I mourn'd e'er I my soul confest.
 " In *Mebrab*'s palace beams the God of day,
 " This land, my planet! this, my starry way!
 " What will *Saum* say? and what the king of kings?
 " And yet from love alone true glory springs.
 " All faiths, all sects, in nuptial bands unite:
 " And no deception dims the lucid light.
 " Speak, sages, speak! your sentiments declare!"
 The sages silence mark'd their anxious care;
 Of *Zobak*'s race! they dread the royal ire,
 The high resentment of the angry fire!
 Not one wou'd speak, or tell the princely youth
 The clearest dictates of immortal truth.
 That thus the man of merit wou'd not wed,
 Or lead the line of *Zobak* to his bed.
 Indignant *Zal* provok'd, the silence broke,
 Adopts a different voice, and thus he spoke:
 I know your reverence for my kingly fire.
 " Your fears alone contemptuous thoughts inspire.

" Those

“ Those that are vile, however high or great,
“ Will be adjudg’d, and by the hand of fate.
“ Clear my delirium, guide me thro’ the wave,
“ Such gifts are thine as never monarch gave.”
The sages answer; “ Ev’ry blifs be thine,
“ We are the slaves of thy illustrious line.
“ From this event a just amazement springs,
“ Not such the custom of imperial kings.
“ ’Tis true that females of conspicuous birth,
“ Can ne’er degrade the rulers of the earth.
“ Yet *Mebrab*’s daughter, of the dragon race,
“ Suits not thy birth, unfit for thy embrace,
“ Altho’ he rules these plains! and yet, my lord,
“ Shou’d with thy wish the king of kings accord.
“ Then with the maiden may thy fates unite,
“ And ev’ry day increase in fond delight.
“ To *Saum* the wishes of thy breast impart,
“ Whate’er seems worthy to thy sapient heart.
“ To the high king be all thy hopes confest,
“ ’Tis his consent alone can make you blest.”
Zal calls the writer, dictates to his fire,
“ All health, all joy, whate’er you require,
“ May they be thine! to heav’n I bend my knee,
“ Submit I bow to the divine decree.
“ To whom we owe our life, our mortal breath,
“ Who guides our actions, and decrees our death.

“ To

" To martial *Saum*, whom conquest crowns with fame,
 " Swift as the wind, who thro' the battles flame
 " Triumphant rides: upon whose awful head
 " The rich tiara, and the crown is spread.
 " Whose excellence the truly great inspires,
 " Whose eminence high beams with gen'rous fires.
 " Did time e'er give thy equal in the field;
 " No future age so brave a king will yield.
 " To thee with awe I bend; with less'ning ray
 " On thee suspended all my prospects lay.
 " Er'ft you beheld me prostrate on the earth;
 " Unfav'ring fortune mark'd my early birth!
 " While peace around you spreads her radiant charms,
 " To hills the *Semurgh* bore me in her arms.
 " The beast of prey the only milk I knew,
 " And all my hopes were in the *Semurgh's* view: }
 " Sad was my heart, and yellow was the hue }
 " Of my wan cheeks: when number'd with her young,
 " 'Twas on her prey my hopes of life were hung.
 " The mountain was the only scene I saw,
 " Scorch'd by the winds, and left to nature's law.
 " The *Semurgh* told me, I was *Saum's* high heir;
 " Yet *Saum* on thrones, a stranger to my care!
 " While I in dens, far from my native clime,
 " Was doom'd to stay, unconscious of a crime.
 " In this the fates their certain will disclose,
 " The high award what mortal can oppose?

" Or

" Or who dispel the cloud our God commands?
 " E'en the fierce warrior of selected bands,
 " At whose loud voice the frighten'd lion starts,
 " Who dares the battle with unerring darts,
 " Sinks at his nod; e'en tho' as anvils strong
 " His harden'd teeth, the terror of the throng!
 " How my heart's torn, consum'd by glowing fires,
 " The tale, a secret, thy consent requires.
 " Not the fierce dragon burns with higher flame,
 " Tho' much I fear my royal father's blame:
 " For *Mebrab's* daughter all my passions glow,
 " Love fires my mind; and tears my face o'erflow.
 " Rest flies my couch, *Rodabver* fills the theme,
 " These eyes still deluge, an eternal stream!
 " So much I sorrow all the day and night,
 " Mankind in sympathy for me unite.
 " Tho' thus depress'd, thy orders I obey
 " Say thy commands, and wipe my tears away.
 " Er'ft you declar'd my wishes shoud be thine,
 " Do not thy word, thy promises resign:
 " By our own rites be fair *Rodabver* mine.
 " When quitting *Elburs* was thy honor pledg'd,
 " For non compliance be no cause alledg'd."
 Like *Arzur Gershesp* he an envoy sends
 To martial *Saum*, on whom his fate depends.
 " Make no delay" the envoy urg'd his course
 With rapid speed, upon the fleetest horse.

When near *Kergerferan* the envoy came
 The warrior saw him as he chas'd the game,
 The timid panther bounding o'er the hill,
 Flying the horseman and the hunters skill.
 A warrior from *Kabul*! the hero cries;
 His horse from *Zabul*, from the eastern skies.
 From *Zal* he bends his way, hear what he brings
 From *Zal*, from *Iran*, to the king of kings.
 The horseman nearer came, and in his hand
 The letter of his chief: from *Zabul*'s land,
 To heav'n he fervent pray'd. The letter gave,
 And spoke the mandates of the warrior brave.
Saum reads the letter, from the mountain bends,
 Angry, and silent, various passion rends
 His mind indignant; "Other thoughts, he cry'd,
 "Are worthy of a prince to king's ally'd.
 "Such deeds and such affections are preferr'd,
 "Such worthy the disciple of a bird."
 He sought his tent reflecting on the past;
 "Shou'd my denial all his wishes blast,
 "And shou'd he negativé the wise decree,
 "I pledg'd my faith, inviolable plea!
 "Shou'd I accord, what fame or honors spring
 From the fell daughter of a dæmon king
 "And him my son nurs'd by a *Semurgh*'s care."
 "The warrior sunk to rest, in sad despair.

He

He thought that heav'n in some prophetic dream,
 Would clear his thoughts, discordant to the scheme.
 When from his couch he rose, he calls the sage,
 And wise astronomers in nature's page.

" Ye sages, say! th' event of *Zal*'s demand:

" Say, can two sects unite in nuptial band?

" For fire and water will the union blend,

" While all the earth the former wars will rend,

" Of *Feredoun* and *Zobak*; it is thine,

" The stars to study, the immortal sign:

" There read the destiny; explore the fate

" Of warlike *Zal*; and these to me relate."

For many a day they watch the starry heav'n,

And pleas'd, his fate were to their studies giv'n.

The glorious prospect charms their swelling breast;

To *Saum* they came, and thus their thoughts express.

" Propitiate heav'n, Oh! lion of war!

" Smiles on the union with the *Kabul* star.

" From their embrace an elephant will rise,

" Great, gallant, wise, protected by the skies!

" The world his foot-stool, and his crown a cloud

" O'er mighty monarchs. ~~And his actions~~, loud *His achievements*

" As the big tempest, will expel the foe;

" And vice chastise by one triumphant blow.

" O'er all the earth his victor arms will shine,

" To him *Kergerferan* her pow'rs resign.

" To

“ To him *Mazinderan* submissive yields,
“ And *Turan* will behold her ravag’d fields.
“ While *Iran* smiles to view her foes o’erthrown,
“ And peace with gentle sway adorn her throne.
“ The hopes of *Iran* centre in his birth,
“ And *Saum* will joy with all the wond’ring earth.
“ When in the field he spurs his fiery horse,
“ Prostrate the lion feels his conquering force,
“ Thy own domains exulting will behold,
“ The future glories of thy race unfold.”

When *Saum* in rapture heard the heav’n taught lore;
His heart approves what it abhorr’d before.

Of gold and silver, many gifts bestow’d,
And joy arose whence previous sorrow flow’d.
He call’d the envoy, and with converse gay,
Bids him to *Zal* his happier thought display.

“ I knew not how his wishes cou’d succeed,
“ Altho’ I pledg’d consent to ev’ry need.
“ Yet no deception, in the man of worth,
“ Can honor lure to derogate his birth.
“ I march to *Iran*, wait the kings commands.
“ Haste, and return to *Mebrab*’s fertile lands.”

The king dismiss’d him, royal gifts bestow’d,
He speeds to *Dustan*, who with transport glow’d
He sends the letter by the maidens care,
Who quickly gives it to the moony fair.

Told

Told all the lover's message. Joy supreme
Brightens *Rodabver*, at the raptur'd theme.
Rich gifts, a silver chain, embroider'd vest,
The transport of the princely maid confess!
Wreaths for the head, and ornaments so gay
(No setting to be seen) the gems display.
The wreathes the labor of the loom conceals,
And only burnish'd gold its blaze reveals.
Two brilliant rings that sparkle from a far,
Dazzle the light, and each a radiant star.
Many a tender strain her soul express,
The glow of rapture in a lover's breast!
The maid descending is by *Seendocht* spy'd;
" Whence do you come? the queen impetuous cry'd,
Much she revolv'd, while o'er the maiden's face
The juniper bespeaks some sad disgrace.
She kiss'd the ground; when *Seendocht* stern pursu'd;
" Thou slave, ill-fac'd! thy steps I oft have view'd.
" Pass thro' this mansion; and with artful guile,
" Unheeded me, as conscious of your wile.
" Mark, and reply; for here you shall remain,
" Till clear'd my doubts by just and obvious strain."
The maid replies. " A vender do I roam,
" And bring for sale to ev'ry stately dome
" Rich gems; embroider'd vestments do I bring,
" Such as may suit the offspring of a king:

“ *Rodabver* order’d gems, for her I bring
 “ The splendid wreathes, and the imperial ring.”
 “ These let me see, the doubtful queen reply’d;
 “ To clear my scruples.” Quick the maiden cry’d,
 “ I gave them to *Rodabver*, who requires
 “ More gems, more drefs, whatever she desires,
 “ Another time I bring, a future day,
 “ For these my jewels will the princess pay.”
Seendocht, indignant at the artful guile,
 Ey’d ev’ry ring, and clearly saw the wile.
 These gems herself had to her daughter giv’n;
 To the low ground the faithful slave is driv’n;
 There bound in chains; the queen inflam’d with ire,
 Calls for her daughter, all her soul on fire!
 While o’er the roses of *Rodabver*’s face,
 The tears fast flow’d, as conscious of disgrace.
 Whom thus the queen addrest, “ Illustrious maid!
 “ Lost in oblivion, do thy honors fade!
 “ Say, are such actions worthy of your birth?
 “ No secret now, but known to all the earth:
 “ Let all thy soul to *Seendocht* be reveal’d,
 “ For whom these rings, this wreath, these gems conceal’d?
 “ This royal mansion, our *Arabian* blaze
 “ Sinks by such actions with diminish’d rays.
 “ Ne’er was a daughter nurs’d with fonder care,
 “ Tho’ now our lustre fleets in empty air.”

Rodabver

Rodabver blushing, from her radiant eyes }
 The flowing tears distil the purple dyes. }
 “ O wise, and tender parent! she replies; }
 “ The joys of life are like the sportsman’s prey,
 “ Just as the timid deer pursues her way;
 “ Now o’er the plain exulting she beholds
 “ The dogs at distance chase her winding folds.
 “ Till tir’d at length her weary feet no more
 “ Support her weight, she welters in her gore.
 “ Had my fond mother never borne the child,
 “ No joy had been my lot, no sorrows wild:
 “ The martial *Dustan* leaves our *Kabul*’s plains.
 “ His lustre charms me, here his image reigns.
 “ The world, a dungeon! yields me no delight;
 “ And grief corrodes me, or by day or night.
 “ Life is a sorrow when my *Zal*’s away;
 “ One hair more valu’d, and more charms display,
 “ Than all mankind cou’d yield: for hand in hand
 “ We solemn pledg’d th’ indissolable band.
 “ We met, our loves ascended in a flame,
 “ But yet no action taught dishonest shame.
 “ He sent an envoy to imperial *Saum*,
 “ At first the chief, with indignation warm,
 “ Deny’d assent. Then soft’ning gifts bestow’d,
 “ Consented to the union, gently flow’d

“ His

" His mild compliance, as the summers wave;
 " This maiden brought it, and the dress I gave."
Seendocht amaz'd, and in her heart approves
 The gallant object of her daughter's loves.
 " Free from defect is *Zal*'s imperial mind,
 " Great is his fire, the tender queen rejoin'd;
 " No warrior lives his equal in the field,
 " Renown'd for wisdom, and his virtues yield
 " An excellence, pre-eminently great!
 " And yet I fear the Lord of *Kabul*'s state
 " Will burst in storms, and o'er her fertile realm
 " The clouds will hover, and her plains o'erwhelm."
 He scorns the sect of *Saum*, the varying race;
 And deems your union teeming with disgrace.
 Now *Seendocht* frees the slave, the maid carnest:
Rodabver's mind serener thoughts imprest.
 Yet still the pensive queen with sorrow saw
 Her Lord's fierce passions, and the adverse law.
 The image grieves; disconsolate she ey'd
 Her beauteous daughter, and in secret sigh'd.
 Wasted by grief no more the roses blow;
 She sought the chief, nor cou'd conceal her woe.
 Soon as the warrior saw the drooping flow'r,
 As roses with'ring in the hostile show'r.
 Say, he exclaims, what motive of despair
 Corrodes the ~~refate~~ object of my care?

blooming
Seendocht

Seendocht replies; " 'Tis thought corrodes my breast;

" By sad anxiety my soul's posselt.

" From these vast treasures, and these fertile plains,

" These fine *Arabian* steeds, these high domains,

" These flow'ry gardens, and these lofty domes,

" These friends august, this martial train that roams

" Obedient to your will, these flow'ry meads,

" Fit seat of kings! and fam'd for gen'rous deeds!

" These charms of nature, beauties of the mind,

" These dazzling splendors eminent, refine!

" All sink in endless night; 'tis vain to grieve;

" Give them to foes, let mem'ry only live.

" *Rodabver* is the cause and late she rose

" The tree, the antidote, for all ^{my} ~~her~~ woes.

" This tree I guarded, water'd it with care,

" Crown'd it with laurels; *Kabul's* brightest heir!

" Now radiant rising, all its blossoms bloom,

" Now sink to nothing in the fatal doom.

" This is the picture of my anxious breast,

" Where shall I seek repose? where gently rest?"

Mebrab replies; " Such is the chain of things,

" Wisdom will fear the world's uncertain springs.

" Mortality in quick succession runs;

" Fate sports with fortune thro' revolving suns.

" Let grief no more thy pensive mind oppress;

" Revere omnipotence, its dictates bless."

This speech how varying from th' internal storm,
 That shakes his soul, and agitates his form!
 "How shall we act? the beauteous queen replies;
 "New is the business, and awakes my sighs.
 "Yet still the parents view their budding fruit,
 "As the old tree regards the tender shoot.
 "The motive of my grief, the cause of woe,
 "*Mebrab* perceives not; *Mebrab* does not know;
 "(O'er her fine form the flowing tears proclaim
 "The plaintive mind, and desolated frame.)
 "Thus fate revolves, and in the private hour,
 "*Zal* and *Rodabver* own'd love's fatal pow'r.
 "Her heart inflam'd demands the cautious hand;
 "Love fires her soul; love lights the burning brand;
 "To different thoughts in vain my counsels prest;
 "Pale are the roses, pensive is her breast."
 This *Mebrab* hearing with resentment rose;
 Drew his broad sabre, trembling as he glows:
 Pale was his face, and breathless as he stood;
 Forebodings dire of future scenes of blood!
 "*Rodabver* dies!" the furious prince exclaims;
 Pale *Seendocht* (trembling at his furious flames
 And the wild passion, full of dire alarms;
 Fell at his feet and clasp'd them in her arms.
 "Oh! stop the fatal word! the queen rejoins;
 "The chief to wisdom still his rage resigns.

"Oh!

Grief Struck

“ Oh! hear the counsel thy inferior dares
“ To give her warior; object of her cares!
“ Attentive hear! and then let wisdom guide.
“ May wisdom walk triumphant by thy side!”
“ *Mebrab* indignant dash’d her to the ground;
His rage in frenzy breaks o’er ev’ry bound:
Thus the mad elephant with fury stung
O’er all the fields with dreadful anger sprung.
“ My ancestors, he spoke, did oft advise
“ The arm of death, shou’d e’er a daughter rise.
“ I never injur’d, ne’er expell’d these plains;
“ This my reward! she all my glory stains!
“ Whene’er the child the parent’s will denies;
“ The brave will spurn it, or no longer prize.
“ When the young leopard feels his prowess grow,
“ He burns for action with impetuous glow:
“ Thus did his dam; and yet with gen’rous art
“ He seeks for foreign prey, nor wounds the parent heart.
“ The pious child with just obedience waits,
“ Nor seeks the downfall of a father’s states.
“ Sorrow and shame united press my mind;
“ Then why restrain me? why my fury bind?
“ Shou’d *Saum* and *Munochere* unite in arms,
“ *Kabul* will tremble at the war’s alarms.
“ Her plains a desert.” “ *Seendocht* thus rejoin’d”
“ Oh! lower not, my lord! thy mighty mind;

“ By

" By such wild grief: shall *Saum* the warrior hear
 " That *Kabul's* Lord e'er knew the timid fear?
 " There is no cause, no discord will prevail,
 " He quits *Kergerferan*, and knows the tale."
Mebrab replies; " No visions can affright:
 " Thou beauteous rival of the orb of night!
 " I know them great, superior in command;
 " Their force I fear not, nor their warlike band.
 " Exempt from care by this *Rodabver's* death,
 " All sorrow ceases with her parting breath.
 " I know that *Zal* will eminently shine,
 " The gallant heir of *Saum's* heroic line!
 " I know his soul." The tottering queen reply'd
 " To no deceit was e'er my soul ally'd.
 " Thy loss is mine, thy ev'ry sorrow mine,
 " This bursting heart wou'd ev'ry wish resign
 " To pleasure thee; from this my sorrow^w rose;
 " From this the tumult in my bosom flows:
 " Various is fate, the source of pain or joy!
 " Then wise reflection shou'd our thoughts employ.
 " Great *Feredoun* approved th' *Arabian* band,
 " Tho' different sects compos'd the foreign land.
 " *Dustan* is eminent, of royal birth;
 " Admir'd and prais'd by all the circling earth.
 " Fire, water, earth, and air the world controul;
 " The elements unite one beauteous whole!

" This

" This union breathes destruction to thy foes;
 " (This *Mebrab* hears, yet still with anger glows.)
 " Let, Oh renown'd! my darling daughter rest
 " Safe in these arms, and in a mother's breast.
 " Thy rage I dread, and anxiously desire
 " Thy royal word, to save her from thy ire.
 " In her the gardens of elysium bloom,
 " And *Kabul*'s childless in her fatal doom.
 " Oh! solemn pledge th' inviolable test!
 " Oh! chase this sad resentment from your breast!"

The same exploring warrior solemn swore,
 That passion irritates his mind no more.

" The king of kings, the *Kabul* warrior cries,
 " The action wou'd avenge." The radiant eyes
 Of *Seendocht* brighten; to the earth she bows,
 And seeks her daughter full of grateful vows.

Her face appear'd the radiant god of light,
 Breaking resistless thro' the mists of night.

" The lion couches, to the maid she cry'd,
 " No more contention battles by his side.
 " Go to thy fire in plain and simple dress,
 " Lament the past, his mild decree confess."
 " Why thus in simple dress? the fair rejoins;
 " Love to my breast the son of *Saum* entwines.
 " And why conceal what all the public know?
 " Jewels are baubles, an external show!"

Rodabver seeks the king; the orient light,
 Not with more brilliance charms the gazing sight.
 Amaz'd the king beholds the dazzling maid;
 (To heav'n his eyes implore celestial aid.)
 She bloom'd the garden of elyſian plains,
 As when in ſpring the ſun refulgent reigns.
 All void of wiſdom ſpoke the kingly fire;
 " Thus does a dæmon fairy charms inſpire,
 " A khietan ſhou'd be driv'n to diſtant ſcenes,
 " Or left to periſh on the maſhy greens."
Rodabver ſilent and confus'd, with ſhame
 Look'd on the ground, while terror ſhook her frame.
 With indignation preſt fierce *Mebrab* ſtood;
 Rage fir'd his breaſt, and led his thoughts to blood:
 Thus in the ſtream the water dragon foams,
 His colour red'ning to and fro he roams;
 Then quits the ſcene. 'Twas heav'n's protecting hand
 That ſav'd the blooming maid, and *Kabul's* land.
 Fame ſpreads her wing, to *Munochere* relates
 That *Zal* and *Mebrab* join in nuptial ſtates.
 From this unequal, this diſcordant band,
 His care high blazes for *Irania's* ſtrand.
 Thus to the ſages he his thoughts expreſt;
 " To guard mankind's the duty of my breaſt:
 " Tho' lions leopards ſhook the ivory throne,
 " I roſe to greatneſs, and here reign alone.

" Fierce

“ Fierce *Zobak* fell by *Feredoun* the great.
“ His line exalted may destroy the state.
“ With *Zalzér*, glorious in th’ embattled fight!
“ Shou’d *Mebrab*’s daughter join the nuptial rite,
“ The sharpen’d steel will from the scabbard fly,
“ And dæmon heros shake th’ *Iranian* sky.
“ The venom will its antidote conceal,
“ And spread the poison, the destructive steel;
“ For shou’d their sons attend the mother’s lore,
“ Spread desolation, *Iran* lay in gore,
“ Soon will the father, by ambition led,
“ His terrors join, and war thro’ *Iran* spread.”
To heav’n the sages offer up their pray’rs,
And praise the monarch for his patriot cares :
Then spoke ; “ Superior wisdom guides your mind,
“ To thee the rays of judgement are assign’d :
The man of wisdom soars to heav’nly fame ;
Who foils the dragon gains a glorious name.
The king of kings upon the theme reflects ;
And fears the discord of their different sects.
Commands his son to seek the camp of *Saum*,
And bids him question why he left the storm,
Of warring nations? bids him to attend
The royal presence, and imperial friend.
Nooder departs ; and *Saum* with all his train
Meets the imperial heir on *Iran*’s plain :

Who

Who tells the message of the king of kings,
The dubious thoughts, and fate's uncertain springs.
"Thy royal father, thus the chief address;
"Will tune to harmony my faithful breast."
The table spread, the circling bowl invites;
The wars of *Munochere* the chief recites.
While *Nooder* and the heroes praise the strain,
Till the grey dawn beheld the solar reign.
The tabors play; *Saum* mounts his fiery steed:
To *Munochere* they march with rapid speed.
This the king hears, prepares th' imperial throne,
The wide extended plains refulgent shone.
In arms and armour high the warriors blaze;
A train immense! who sing the hero's praise.
Loud sound the drums, the bounding *Arabs* neigh,
The elephants majestic stalk their way.
Here treasure flows, here moves the waving ban,
Here shouts of soldiers, here each warlike clan:
Thus the loud murmurs of the liquid plain
Sound thro' the waves, and rustle o'er the main.
As he approach'd, the king of kings arose:
A crown of rubies glitt'ring on his brows!
On ivory thron'd the chief of *Seistan* fate,
By royal order near the chair of state.
The king his merit and his praise resounds:
Much of the warriors, and the hostile wounds

Kergerferan

Kergerferan had felt. “What danger past
“The dæmons of *Mazinderan* o’ercast?”
The chief reply’d; “May peace on thee bestow
“Her radiant charms, triumphant o’er the foe!
“To the high city of the dæmon rite
“We fearless march’d; those lions in the fight,
“More daring far than our *Arabian* horse,
“Than *Iran*’s warriors fiercer in the course.
“These fugger monsters, elephants in war!
“Knew our approach, seem’d horrid from afar.
“All counsel scorning thro’ their city flies
“Discordant tumult, reaching to the skies.
“Revolving clouds of dust obscur’d the light,
“All nature shudder’d at the monster’s fight.
“Intrepid now they dare us to the fray,
“Tho’ darken’d ether shrouds the direful day.
“Now they attack, their onset now we dare;
“I ne’er beheld such desolating war!
“The weapons clash’d, now clos’d is shield to shield,
“’Till conquest made us masters of the field.
“Death levell’d all, in one destructive blow;
“I shew’d no mercy to the barb’rous foe.
“A scene of terror! when the furious arms
“Of *Zobak*’s grandson spread his dire alarms.
“As the fierce wolf the dæmon warrior came;
“War was his sport, and *Kakou* was his name:

“ Tall and erect and graceful was his form,
“ Fierce and intrepid in the warlike storm.
“ Not ants more num’rous creep the ground along,
“ Or locusts flying, an unnumber’d throng!
“ Than this vast army cov’ring all the west;
“ Nor ants nor locusts cou’d explore their nest.
“ Then when the tumult rose, our warriors pale
“ Amaz’d in terror all their senses fail.
“ I left the ranks, I singly dar’d their force,
“ And mow’d intrepid thro’ the dæmon’s course.
“ I forc’d my way, dire desolation rose,
“ And terror spread e’en o’er the daring foes.
“ As circling mills with quick and rapid whirl
“ Grind the crush’d grain, the awe struck foe I hurl.
“ This cheers our army; this new force inspires;
“ Kindling with rage they press with dreadful fires.
“ When *Kakou* heard my voice, quick on he prest,
“ Rais’d his life-sporting sabre to my breast.
“ When near his elephant I urg’d my course,
“ His noose he darted with resistless force:
“ ’Twas such a noose not e’en the mountain’s height,
“ Cou’d stand unmov’d the sling impelling might.
“ Then when I saw it whizzing thro’ the air,
“ I seiz’d the *kān* bow; with well aim’d care,
“ The arrow pointed steel I dext’rous drew:
“ While thro’ the air the winged arrow flew.

I spurr’d

“ I spurr’d my bounding steed, as thro’ the grove
“ The mounting flames ascend and blaze above.
“ I thought the well-aim’d reed had pierc’d his brain;
“ When the mad elephant along the plain
“ Came with his *Indian* sabre in his hand,
“ And rush’d impetuous as the fiery brand.
“ Onward he rapid press’d his furious steed;
“ Calmly I waited, till his eager speed
“ To close encounter urg’d the mighty force;
“ When to his side I drove my bounding horse.
“ I seiz’d his girdle, pois’d him in the air,
“ And dash’d him down, all sinking with despair!
“ Then with a lion’s strength my *Indian* blade
“ Deep in the thorax of the dæmon laid.
“ Breathless he sunk : his frighten’d army fled;
“ And hills and deserts hide their conquer’d head.
“ Twelve thousand horse and foot were sav’d from fate;
“ Three hundred thousand came in dreadful state.”
“ Against thy fortunes, thy triumphant worth,
“ Vain were the efforts of the circling earth.”
Thus spoke the chief; the gracious speech delights,
And elevates the mind to future fights.
Wine charms the warrior, music floats in air;
The universe appears serenely fair.
’Till night had clos’d her dark and silent gate,
And the sun charms th’ universal state;

The

The gorgeous palace doors were open'd wide,
And *Saum* attended by the monarchs side;
Bowing submissive to th' unequall'd king;
While his heart beat to speak the secret spring,
The wishes of *Rodabver*, and his son:
But e'er he cou'd proceed the king begun;
" Reflection guide thee! to yon *Indian* plain
" March with your forces, with the chosen train;
" There level *Mebrab's* cities, and his race;
" Let him not live to spread the dire disgrace!
" The dragon's line! for each revolving day
" New tumults rise from this demoniac fray.
" Let all mankind submissively unite,
" And union rise from this illustrious fight.
" His race, his domes, his nobles, perish all!
" To free mankind let *Zobak's* lineage fall!"
Thus spoke the monarch; his indignant eye
Deny'd to anxious *Saum* the wish'd reply;
But this " Obedience follows to your will,
" Thy dictates 'tis my duty to fulfil."
He kiss'd the throne, the king, the royal seal:
Then fought his palace: and with eager zeal
His warlike armies on their leader wait;
With bounding horses, and with martial state.
With rapid bound the tale to *Kabul* flies;
Mebrab astonish'd, *Dustan* greatly sighs;

Thro'

Thro' *Kabul* the discordant tumult rose;
And *Mebrab's* palace is the scene of woes.
Hope fled from *Mebrab*; *Seendocht* sunk in tears;
Rodabver, picture of corroding fears!
Zal now commands his ornamented steed;
And thus exclaims; " Fair *Kabul* shall not bleed!
" This dragon warrior shall not waste her field!
" First he shall perish e'er the lance he wield!"
Thus furious he departs; yet is his breast
Now torn by duty, now by passion prest.
Fame tells of hero his son's despair,
His march indignant, and his anxious care.
The ban of *Feredoun* the chief prepares;
The beating tymbals found the martial airs.
He marches with his train, the colors fly,
Streak'd with the yellow red and violet die.
When *Saum* beheld the gallant youth from far,
He urges on his steed, renown'd in war!
When *Dustan* saw his fire he quits the horse;
His nobles all alight; he bends his course
To martial *Saum*. Great *Zalzer* rose in might,
The tree of gold upon the mountain height.
The nobles all to *Zal* lamenting came,
" Provok'd is *Saum*, Oh! do not raise the flame!
" But with submission mitigate his rage."
No fear of this, he spoke, my thoughts engage.

" Life has no charms; fay, wou'd the gen'rous fire,
 " (If wise reflection calms the rising fire;)
 " Force from these eyes th' unwilling tear to flow:
 " If anger raises the indignant glow,
 " I came in person to disclose my foul;
 " Tho' warm in love, submissive to controul."

Now *Saum* alighting calls his warrior son, 17

Who bending to the carpet thus begun;

" To *Saum* each blessing, to the warlike brave; rior

" My mind still floats on fortunes adverse wave.

" Blest be thy days? by justice ever crown'd!

" Fam'd in the course! in fighting fields renown'd!

" Soft is the diamond to thy polish'd blade;

" And when in war thy mighty arms display'd,

" (In fight resistless as the hand of fate)

" Nations subdued weep o'er their drooping state.

" When terrible in war you spread your arms,

" E'en destiny will yield to dire alarms.

" No more the earth, in this refulgent age,

" Dreads the wild fury of the lion's rage.

" The grateful world still owns thy equal sway;

" From thee their fortunes, and the tranquil day.

" I only am excluded. Yet to thee

" I owe my birth. Tho' from that lofty tree,

" The poor disciple of a bard I rose.

" Unknown in camps: unconscious! why these woes

" Have

“ Have mark’d my early life; and if my fire
“ The warlike *Saum*, and to his line aspire
“ My lofty thoughts, and ^{he} ~~you~~ beheld my birth.
“ The tale well known thro’ all the circling earth!
“ How he expell’d me, left me on a rock,
“ No cradle shelter’d from th’ impending shock.
“ No gardens e’er I saw, no joys I knew;
“ No earthly things presented to my view;
“ No soothing tendernefs, no foft repofe,
“ No parents tears were fprinkled o’er my woes.
“ You taught my mother all a mothers care,
“ And made her the fad victim of defpair.
“ If black or white, what war is there with heav’n?
“ ’Twas heav’n ordain’d it, by its will ’twas giv’n;
“ Heav’n faw and pity’d the young fuff’rer’s pains,
“ Gave him to life, and grac’d his youthful ftrains.
“ The chief of *Kabul* has endear’d my breaft;
“ Enthron’d I fit by your commands impreft.
“ The fword I wave, with juftice here I reign;
“ And fpread my mandates o’er this fertile plain.
“ If ftill provok’d, behold me at your feet;
“ I came in perfon, fought no mean retreat.
“ I bring before you ~~x~~ the wide branching fhoot
“ Sow’d with thy hand, now full of cluft’ring fruit.
“ Was it for this that conquelt crown’d your arms?
“ And fill’d *Maxinderan* with dire alarms?

“ Was

" Was it for this *Kergerferan* beheld
 " Her dæmons conquer'd? and her cities fell'd?
 " Here fix the pointed steel, lo! here I stand:
 " Let proud injustice light the vengeful brand.
 " Speak not of *Kabul*, for obedient spring
 " *Mebrab* and *Kabul* to feistania's king,
 " Say, what offence? or from what motives rise
 " This indignation to these eastern skies?
 " Late you declar'd that glory spread my fame,
 " That this affair wou'd aggrandize my name,
 " That thy assent my fondest hope shou'd charm;
 " Mine be the loss, and mine the future harm."
Saum heard attentive, thus benignant spoke;
 " Just are thy words! to truth's illustrious yoke
 " The monarch bends! from thee, bright youth! my name
 " Shall rise immortal in the list of fame.
 " And may the future ev'ry anxious care
 " Far from your mind and from *Rodaver* bear.
 " From me you claim assent to your desires,
 " To me you came all full of gen'rous fires.
 " Do not precipitate thy ardent breast,
 " I will ^{ac}~~ex~~celerate thy just request.
 " I write the king, and you shall bear the line,
 " When he beholds how vast thy glory^{is} shines,
 " Thy air accomplish'd, with averted eye
 " He will not give th' unfavouring reply,

" nI

" In strains persuasive I'll address the king,
 " Lead him to justice, to her lucid spring.
 " If in his mind the stream of friendship flows,
 " He will not *Saum* and *Zalzer's* wish oppose.
 " The warlike lion, monarch of the field!
 " Will not his prowess delegated yield.
 " *Saum* dictates thus, " To God, eternal praise!
 " Who fills all space in one celestial blaze!
 " Who is, and ever will be, whose high will
 " Gives earthly splendor, and each mortal ill.
 " Existent, non-existent; in his mind
 " (Filling all life, and to no space confin'd.)
 " 'Tis nature only lives. To him alone
 " The revolutions of the stars are known.
 " Saturn, the sun, the planetary states,
 " And moon resplendant 'tis his nod creates.
 " From heav'n to *Munochere* my ardent pray'r,
 " Entreats the close of ev'ry mortal care.
 " To *Munochere*, who victor in the field,
 " No warrior dares, or battles but to yield.
 " Thus the quick poison darting thro' the veins,
 " No antidote the spring of life sustains.
 " Midst thronging legions thou, the lamp of night,
 " Spread thy refulgent beams and awful light.
 " The glorious ban of *Feredoun* is thine,
 " The furious leopard flies thy martial line.

“ Thy soul the sword and hostile lances charm,
“ And cities conquer’d fall with dire alarm.
“ Yet still benevolent thy glories blaze,
“ And mountains tremble at the darting rays,
“ Of thy bright conqu’ring steel; as when the ground
“ (Torn by the pawing horse and with the sound,
“ Of neighing steeds alarm’d all trembling yields,)
“ Views thrown in air the herbage of the fields.
“ See at one spring the wolf and lambkin drink,
“ And sport together on the wat’ry brink.
“ Tho’ time has silver’d o’er my aged hairs,
“ I mount my horse and wing thy martial cares:
“ And still devoted bind my girdle round,
“ Still active in the field and still renown’d.
“ I spring in arms upon my bounding horse,
“ And guide the fiery stallion to the course.
“ No mortal e’er my furious steed cou’d rein,
“ Or lead intrepid o’er the hostile plain.
“ The fierce *Maxinderan*, her warlike race
“ I led in triumph, cover’d with disgrace.
“ Were I not active, desolating trains
“ Had mark’d with blood *Irania*’s rich domains.
“ The winding serpent once spread wide dismay,
“ Stretching from town to town his horrid way.
“ High as the mountain, at whose hideous sight
“ Hope fled the world, and set in endless night.

“ No

“ No bird cou’d safely wing the ærial sky,
“ No beast cou’d move. The kergush darting high
“ Sunk at his breath; e’en th’ interior ground
“ Foam’d at his motion, trembling at the found.
“ The water dragon fright’ned fell his prey,
“ And the black eagle droop’d with sad dismay.
“ Mankind with terror saw whole cities fall,
“ And the world yielded to the serpent’s call.
“ When this I knew I felt the hero’s glow,
“ God gave me force to dare the serpent foe :
“ In his high name my girdle on I bound,
“ Sprung on my horse, nor fear’d the hostile wound.
“ Now on my saddle blaz’d my cow-grav’d blade,
“ My bow and arrows o’er my arms were laid.
“ With rapid speed, as water dragons fierce,
“ I lance my javelin and my arrows pierce.
“ The crow’d beheld me all appall’d and low,
“ And thought fate certain from the dreadful foe.
“ When near I came, and saw the monstrous sight,
“ Rising terrific as a mountain’s height.
“ While o’er the ground far winds his circling mane,
“ As toils to catch; the sure, the mortal bane!
“ As the black tree when issuing from its veins
“ A mortal juice, thus with malignant stains
“ Hoarse sounds his voice, while stagna^{te} on his lips
“ Hang the dark foam, which deadliest venom dips.
“ When

" When his blood darting eye beheld me near,
 " He roar'd indignant, and I wav'd my spear.
 " I thought Oh king! emitting from his frame
 " Around there issu'd pestilential flame.
 " As the smooth surface of a summers stream
 " Nature was hush'd; I heard no distant theme.
 " Like a black cloud his dreadful foam arose,
 " The wide earth trembled while his nostril blows.
 " The world all shook as when the dreadful roars
 " Of seas contending rush on *China's* shores.
 " I rais'd my voice, and with a lion's sound,
 " As suits a warrior, dar'd him to the ground.
 " Steel pointed arrows from my bow I drew,
 " Aim'd the unerring shaft; it swiftly flew,
 " Tearing his hair, and passing thro' his throat
 " Lodg'd in his brain, and life seem'd all afloat.
 " Another follows, when his venom'd tongue
 " Foaming with blood and deadliest poison hung;
 " Another piercing thro' the throat, once more
 " Laid him in anguish, weltring in his gore.
 " He writh'd his body, when I rais'd my steel,
 " Spurr'd my fierce courser; heav'n applauds my zeal!
 " The cow-grav'd sword impels the mortal blow,
 " Like falling mountains fell the serpent foe,
 " His elephantine head now shatter'd lies;
 " Rapid the poison flows, the monster dies.

" Such

" Such streams of venom all the earth defile:
 " Vast as the flowing of the rapid *Nile*.
 " Mankind repofes, for the neighb'ring hill,
 " Men women and the serpent captives fill.
 " Crowds came to blefs me, and the joyful throng
 " Hail'd me, in grateful rapture! *Saum* the ftrong.
 " They gave me gems. When victor from the fray,
 " My fteed unceas'd, my arms fufpended lay.
 " For years I never faw my native field,
 " The weftern wars were graven on my fhield.
 " Shou'd I repeat each dire dæmoniac fight,
 " No end wou'd clofe the letter that I write.
 " I acted as my judgement pointed beft,
 " Expell'd the lions from the daring weft.
 " And when thro' fcenes of war I urg'd my courfe,
 " The warriors fell the victims, my force!
 " For many a year this faddle was my throne,
 " This horfe my country, and my couch this zone.
 " For thee *Mazinderan* fubmits her arms,
 " For thee *Kergerferan* with dire alarms
 " I laid in blood; no thought or wifh arofe,
 " To view my native realms in foft repofe.
 " To fee thee bleft, victorious on the earth,
 " My only joy to aggrandize thy birth.
 " To *Zal* deferving of the victors fhield,
 " I yield my toils and glory in the field.

" My name will rise: for ne'er the warlike son,
 " His race of honor with such fame begun.
 " For me the world a different scene displays,
 " The days of manhood sink with less'ning rays.
 " No parent ever treated such a boy,
 " With such indifference, now my spring of joy!
 " One last request I make to *Iran's* lord,
 " My boy will ask it, and do thou accord.
 " Heav'n will approve, without thy high command
 " I have not acted: for the faithful band
 " Still breathe submission. You my promise know,
 " *Zal* I shall not deceive with outward show.
 " To me he came. To *Amul* bend thy way,
 " The warrior cries, and leave the hostile fray
 " With *Kabul's* chief. If the secluded boy
 " Shou'd feel the influence of transcendant joy,
 " And sees in *Kabul* the tall cypress move,
 " The fairy blossom; is it strange to love?
 " Oh! frown not on my son! with grief oppress,
 " Mankind compassionate his anguish'd breast.
 " His early years, unconscious of a crime!
 " Saw pain and sorrow waste his youthful prime.
 " I pledg'd my faith, the monarch heard the strain;
 " With pungent grief *Zal* seeks *Irania's* plain.
 " Yet when he bows to thy imperial throne,
 " Act as a monarch, wisdom is thy own.

" In

“ In his young veins my hopes of glory spring
“ From *Saum* a thousand pray’rs attend the king”
He gives the letter with his royal hand.
Zal mounts his steed, and seeks th’ imperial land;
Loud plays the fife: thro’ *Kabul* it is known,
War fires its chief and anger shakes his throne;
Seendocht he calls, and thus indignant cry’d;
“ *Rodabver*’s fate the destinies decide!
“ Vain is reflection! hope no longer springs!
“ I dare not brave the mighty king of kings.
“ To please our Lord, thee and thy daughter fall;
“ ’Tis peace demands it, and the spacious ball.
“ And yet shou’d *Saum* assemble all his force,
“ What man will dare to meet him on the course?”
When *Seendocht* heard, she pensively reclin’d;
Midst various thought revolving in her mind
One clear reflection rose: she folds her hands,
And thus address’d the chief of *Kabul*’s lands.
“ Oh! hear a moment! then let judgement guide
“ If *Seendocht* ever was her warrior’s pride,
“ Oh! let a few short hours to peace be giv’n!
“ This night is pregnant with the will of heav’n.”
“ Why pause? he cry’d; short is the gloom of night,
“ Soon will the sun burst forth with fulgent light,
“ Bright as the ruby on the mountain glows,
“ When high *Bedeekshan* all its lustre shows.”

“ Then

“ Then raise thy vengeful arm,” fair *Seendocht* cries;

“ The warrior never,” *Mebrab* stern replies,

“ (Let wisdom circle round the female soul

“ Still it is female) yield to the controul.”

Seendocht rejoins; “ My thoughts are just and good,

“ Do not precipitate thy hands in blood!

“ Oh! let me seek the tent of warlike *Saum*,

“ Soften the hero and avert the storm.

“ Wisdom my guide! the low’ring prospect clear,

“ And chase the cause, the motive of thy fear:

“ In grief I toil: to me thy treasures yield.”

“ Take then the keys, to worth I am not steel’d:

“ But do not grieve. The diadem prepare,

“ Horses and thrones and slaves be all thy care.

“ Go to the chief, be eloquence thy guide,

“ That peace may flourish: *Mebrab* thus reply’d.”

The queen then spoke; “ To close our various toils

“ Compar’d to life what are these gorgeous spoils?

“ Yet in my absence let *Rodaver* free,

“ From ev’ry danger, find no foe in thee.

“ For her alone my tears, my sorrows flow;

“ The spring of all my hopes, and all my woe!

“ Oh! let this day be sacred to her life,

“ Be free from vengeance, and the mortal strife.

“ From the first day thy solemn pledge I bore,

“ Gave manly counsel, what cou’d woman more?”

Now

Now drest in golden tiffues, jewels bright,
And rubies beaming with a purple light.
Twice fifteen thousand dinars were decreed,
Ten chargers beauteous of a costly breed,
With fifty slaves whose golden turbands shine,
With thirty horses of *Arabian* line,
With sixty female slaves whose collars blaze,
Each in her hand a cup of gold displays.
With musk and essence here the ruby glows,
One cup with sweet-meats, one with wine o'erflows.
The various gem with forty mantles told,
Inlaid with silver and the purest gold.
Twice fifty *Indian* blades to fight reveal,
The glitt'ring surface of the polish'd steel.
Twice fifty female camels yellow hair'd,
Twice fifty males were with the females pair'd.
A throne of jewels worthy of a king,
With collars bracelets and the pendant ring.
So bright the jewels beam as when on high,
The starry planets gild the vaulted sky.
Three hundred pictures, rulers of the earth;
Four royal elephants, of *Indian* birth,
Bore the rich gifts; this done, she mounts her horse,
Like *Azur Gershasp* famous in the course.
Her *Grecian* helmet tower's above the throng;
Swift as the winds her courser bounds along:

She rode majestic to the tents of *Saum*,
 And gave no notice whence her beauteous form?
 "Go (to the train her voice she thus addrest)
 "And tell the mighty ruler of the west,
 "An envoy from *Kabul* a message bears,
 "To *Kabul's* warrior." To his tent repairs Z-17
 A servant of the chief, and tells the king
 An envoy from *Kabul*. "The envoy bring;"
 Brave *Saum* replies; alighting, the fair queen,
 Majestic enters with an air serene,
 Bowing submissive; "Be thou blest, she cry'd,
 "And blest the king of kings! the nations pride!"
 Two miles the presents that she brought for *Saum*
 In order rang'd. In supplicating form
 The slaves appear. "Why by a female friend,
 "Does *Kabul's* warrior mighty presents send?
 "Shou'd I receive the gift, it will enrage,
 "The king, the army, th' *Iranian* sage.
 "Shou'd I return them, *Zal* with furious ire
 "Darts as the *Semurgh* his vindictive fire."
 Thus *Saum* reflects as when o'erpow'r'd by wine,
 The tott'ring mind can fix on no design.
 He folds his arms, he bends his thoughtful head;
 Let all these presents, thus the warrior said,
 Now to the treasurer of *Zal* be giv'n
 From *Kabul's* moon, the brightest orb of heav'n!

Fair

Fair *Seendocht* blooming smiles with new-born charms,
The gift accepted ceases all alarms,
(She whisper'd to her soul) and by her side
Three beauties glow'd, fair natures boasted pride!
Their necks the scented jessamine exceed,
Their taper waists surpass the slender reed;
In rank arrang'd before the chief they stand,
A cup of rubies beam in either hand.

They place them at his feet, and then retire.

Seendocht thus spoke with renovated fire;

“ Prop of the battle! hero of the war!

“ Fam'd in the course! Oh! bright *Saifania's* star!

“ From thee religion draws her purest beams,

“ From thee the priest improves the pious themes.

“ The world enlighten'd, vice expell'd by thee,

“ And heav'n is open'd by thy wise decree.

“ Has *Mehrab* err'd, the purple drops distill

“ From his sad eyes, and all his mansion fill.

“ But what dire crimes has *Kabul's* sons design'd?

“ To cause such vengeance in thy mighty mind:

“ They are submiss; with fav'ring eye behold

“ The mourning city e'er the flames are roll'd.

“ Then dread the great disposer of our fates,

“ For strength and wisdom he alone creates.

“ From him the sun and moon and *Venus* shines,

“ All nature moves, and all the starry signs.

“ Sure

" Sure horror cannot please thy martial care,
 " Clasp not the girdle of destructive war."
 " Say, *Saum* replies," without deceit unfold
 " Where *Mehrab's* daughter *Zal* did first behold?
 " Describe the maid: if fair; if blooming wife;
 " Tall as the cypress, and of radiant eyes."
 " Ah! chief benevolent! the queen replies,
 " First pledge thy word attested by the skies,
 " All nature hear it! that on me or mine
 " No injury or wrong will *Saum* design,
 " Vast are my treasures, and my palace great,
 " My kindred num'rous: then unaw'd by fate
 " I will elucidate whate'er you claim;
 " All *Kabul's* treasure shall encrease your fame.
Saum pledg'd his faith attested by the skies:
 The queen low bends, in private thus replies,
 " In me, Oh! warrior, *Mehrab's* queen behold!
 " *Rodabver* is the moon, whose charms controul'd
 " The heart of *Dustan*: and by day or night
 " Thee and the king our constant pray'rs unite.
 " To your high tents I came to hear your will,
 " To paint our sorrow, and your wish fulfill.
 " And if I err, unworthy of a throne,
 " Suppliant behold me, helpless and alone!
 " Here pierce the dagger, or in fetters lay;
 But burn not *Kabul*, nor the guiltless slay.

" Shou'dst

" Shou'd'st thou expel my grief, the gloom of night,
 " Great is thy glory and thy trophies bright."
 Th' attentive *Saum* perceiv'd what wisdom flow'd,
 In all her speech, where manly courage glow'd:
 Saw her fair face all blooming as the spring,
 Tall as the cypress, all the graces wing
 Around her slender shape, and in her mien,
 A pheasant moving graceful o'er the green.
 " Tho' pale destruction hover'd o'er my head,
 " My pledge is sacred; thus the warrior said;
 " Thee and thy race, secure from all alarm,
 " Shou'd live in peace exempt from ev'ry harm.
 " I wish the union, tho' of varying race
 " Yet still deserving of imperial grace.
 " Thus the world acts, no shame to this is giv'n,
 " This breathes no wrong to yon refulgent heav'n."
 " Some live in splendor, some in humble state,
 " Wealth show'rs on some, and some oppress'd by fate.
 " Fortune on others pours his fav'ring smile,
 " And some all wretched view their frustrate toil.
 " Yet all alike sink in the empty urn;
 " From dust they sprung, to dust they will return.
 " For thee I toil; to favor thy request,
 " Late I a letter to the king addrest.
 " There painted all my cares; brave *Dustan* bore
 " On wings the letter to *Irania's* shore,

" So swift he bounded on his foaming horse,
 " Like winds he vanish'd rapid o'er the course.
 " Great *Munochere* will give the prompt reply,
 " And wipe the tear still flowing in the eye.
 " *Dustan* enamour'd, by his passions tost,
 " By grief bewilder'd is in sorrow lost.
 " Thus the lone traveller o'erpow'r'd by toil,
 " Entangled strives to pass the deep'ning foil.
 " So loud lamenting fair *Rodabver* sighs,
 " Fate shou'd unite them in connubial ties.
 " Say, cou'd she view the brave, the dragon boy,
 " What treasures wou'd she give to speed her joy?"
 Thus having said, the blooming queen rejoins;
 " Thy son, Oh warrior! with such lustre shines,
 " My soul will reach the skies whene'er you lead,
 " The chief to *Kabul* on his bounding steed.
 " Shou'd *Kabul* view him on her regal seat,
 " I lay my life, my treasures at his feet."
Seendocht beholds the warrior smile with joy,
 That rage no longer does his thoughts employ.
 A nimble footed messenger she sends,
 Quick as the air to *Mehrab's* dome he bends:
 The pleasing news she orders to declare,
 Bids him be happy, and the feast prepare;
 Soon shall I follow. To the chief relate
 The secret spring of wonder working fate.

The second day, when man retires from rest,
And the sun's beams delight each mortal breast.
The queen beneficent to *Saum* repairs
Who sports with thrones; while all the throng declares
The plaudits of the queen. To *Saum* she bows
And asks permission, breathing grateful vows,
To seek her Lord; and to arrange the feast
For her great guest, the planet of the east!
"Go, he reply'd, to warlike *Mebrab* tell
"The pleasing tale, and all his grief expel.
"Tell him the faith I swore: the gifts display'd
For *Mebrab Seendocht* and the beauteous maid.
All that can please and all that *Zabul* yields
From his rich mansions and his cultur'd fields
The warrior gave: thy gifts I take with joy,
"The nuptial rites unite the dragon-boy,
"With our fair daughter; and thy pledge I bear."
Thus spoke the queen; and thus the chief of war.
"In peace depart, and let no anxious fears
"Oppress thy thoughts to cause thy flowing tears."
Her face all radiant with celestial bloom,
Seeks her own house exulting in her doom.

THE ARGUMENT.

BOOK VIII.

Zalzer goes to Iran—His reception at the court of Munochere—The king directs the astrologers to declare the future destiny of the son of Saum—The sages predict the birth of Rustem from the union of Zal and Rodahver—Munochere convenes the sages, who propose enigmatic questions to Zalzer—His solution of them—Munochere commands the warriors to the field where Zalzer distinguishes himself—The presents of the king—The letter of Munochere to Saum—Zalzer quits Iran and transmits a narrative to Saum of his success—The festivals in Kabul—The arrival of Zal in the camp of Saum who announces to Mehrab their intentions of marching to Kabul—The union of Zal and of Rodahver—The distress of Zal—Who recollecting the promise of the Semurgh burns the feather—The Semurgh descends and directs what operations are essential for the safety of the queen—The wonderful birth of Rustem—The image of the boy sent in procession to Saum who marches to Kabul—The address of Saum on seeing his grandson—The magnanimous reply of Rustem.

B O O K VIII.

SOON as th' imperial monarch heard the news,
That *Dustan* to *Iran* his way pursues,
The nobles crowd the gallant youth to bring:
All cede the path as he approach'd the king.
When in the presence, bowing to the ground,
In lofty notes the royal praises found.
Still on the earth his eyes submissive bend,
The monarch smil'd, and spoke his youthful friend;
" *Dustan* arise," (and musk around he threw)
" Say, by what mode did *Zal* his march pursue,
" Thro' such dire paths." From thee, Oh! king of kings!
" The warrior springs, all mortal splendor springs.
" 'Tis thy supreme decree that guards the way,
" Tho' mild in peace, a lion in the fray.
He gave the letter which the monarch read,
Who instant to the heir of *Zabul* said.
" My mind in mazes thy entreaty leads,
" Yet I accord, thy father's bosom bleeds!

“ Howe’er reflection shou’d my thoughts employ,
“ No longer I oppose thy nuptial joy.”
The table spread, the genial feast begun,
The king was seated with the hero’s son.
The nobles, sages of illustrious line,
The king commands shou’d in the banquet join.
In the imperial room the flowing bowl,
With fragrant wines delight the gen’rous soul.
The banquet clos’d; the glorious son of *Saum*
Mounts his fierce steed, and with the praises warm,
Of *Iran’s* king; In his imperial breast,
Benevolence and glory stood confest.
Just when the sun had tipt the dewy lawn,
Zal clasps his girdle with the early dawn.
On the high chief, the victor king he waits;
Who bids th’ astrologers, well vers’d in fates,
And all th’ intelligent, the sapient seers,
To read the stars, and *Dustan’s* future years.
Much they consult, compute the secret springs
Of pregnant fate, which rules all mortal things.
Three days they gave to study deep profound,
With tables astronomical renown’d.
From *Grece* they waited on *Irania’s* king,
And thus address him; fav’ring news we bring;
For by computing all the starry theme,
Clear and transparent flows the lucid stream.

From

" From *Zal* and fair *Rodabver* there will rise
 " A glorious hero, brilliant brave and wife!
 " His life will years unnumber'd greatly shine,
 " Fierce and athletic, glory of his line!
 " So great a warrior heav'n did ne'er behold.
 " In fight intrepid, and in danger bold!
 " Unequall'd in the course; whene'er his steed
 " Bounds o'er the breathless trains, the foe will bleed;
 " The tow'ring eagle sinks with drooping wing;
 " The chief superior to each earthly king.
 " Tall and majestic! ev'ry foe will fall;
 " On him will wait the monarchs of the ball.
 " *Irtania's* warriors will the chief protect,
 " And burn the infidels unfaithful sect.
 " From his sharp sword o'er e'ery hostile plain
 " Blood will in purple streams terrific rain. "
 The king of kings then calls the warlike youth,
 To explore his knowledge, and explain the truth.
 Anxious to sound the phantoms of his mind,
 In things mysterious, and by age refin'd.
 The sage were seated in the royal hall,
 With them the monarch, the sagacious *Zal*.
 A sage thus spoke; (the fate all knowing seers
 Each in their turn) "aye, what to thee appears
 " Twelve cypress trees majestic tall and high
 " That verdant tow'r luxuriant to the sky?

Nor

Nor more nor less for so the *Parsees* teach,
The thirty branches ever shoot from each.
Another sage then spoke; two steeds appear
One white and splendid as the chrystal clear,
One the black sea resembling; tho' they speed
With rapid steps, the course will neither lead.
Then thus the third; what thirty horsemen ride
For months and weeks, and when you wou'd decide,
One more you find when they are number'd right
Than what appears perceptible to fight?
The fourth continu'd; say what is that grove
Verdant where flows the stream and songsters rove?
A man athletic, with majestic mein,
Enters with sharpen'd hook the sylvan scene,
Levels the grove; if with persuasive strain
You strive to stop him, all the labors vain.
What are, another sage the chief addrest,
Two lofty cypresses? (on each a nest)
Like reeds they shoot up in the limpid stream,
The bird there morn and eve attunes his theme;
The one he quits all moisture flies and bloom,
The one he perches on is musk perfume:
Of these two trees, one shows the verdant leaves,
One dry and wither'd forrowing droops and grieves.
Another sage then questions of a town,
Of strength and magnitude and high renown,

That

That on a mountain he the sage had seen,
Whose people dwelt upon the fickle green:
To the pale moon their lofty buildings dawn'd,
And self-adorers worship'd what they form'd;
Their native town employ'd their mind no more,
Sudden a dust arose and tempests roar,
Obscure their country, then their anxious thought,
The former city to their mem'ry brought.
What is that grove, a diff'ring sage rejoins,
Whose odors charm, where various beauty shines?
Where the dry grass appears and pleasing green,
Where musk and camomile perfume the scene;
With the sharp scythe when lo! a man there came,
With rage and hatred stamp'd upon his frame,
Of ease regardless, dry and moist he mows,
Nor sleep he heedes, nor rest a moment knows?
These are mysterious, do thou gallant youth!
Announce the riddles and declare the truth.
These enigmatic secrets if you solve,
Then the black earth shall into musk revolve.
Now *Dustan's* mind reflection deep posselt,
He knits his brows and bends his thoughtful breast.
Then thus he answer'd to the sage decrees;
Each thirty branches, the twelve lofty trees,
Are the twelve moons or months in ev'ry year,
Like monarchs on new thrones these moons appear.

Each month revolving counts twice fifteen days,
So the world passes, and so time decays.
Now the two steeds which like the light'ning shine,
One white and black which follow in a line;
'Tis day and night that ever pass along,
Nor stop a moment with this earthly throng.
Neither will foremost in the chase appear,
Tho' fleet and rapid as the hunted deer.
The thirty horsemen of the third wife fear,
That fly o'er months and weeks, and will appear
One less in number, yet when counted right,
Is found again and evident as light.
This bears a reference to the months decrease,
When by our rules a night will often cease.
Now on that question be my speech addrest,
Where on two cypresses the bird will nest:
Aries to Libra still the world conceals,
Its darkness hid and only light reveals,
When it returns, and enters in the whale,
Thro' the whole realm the luminaries fail.
The cypress trees are the two poles of heav'n,
From which both joy and grief are ever giv'n:
The bird that perches on the trees may seem,
Yon radiant sun; the next unravell'd theme,
That mistic city on the mountain height,
(That erst appeared to the sages sight)

Is paradise alone, the judgment hour,
This city is the world and human pow'r.
Where sometimes pleasures, sometimes wealth abound,
Where pain and poverty are often found;
It deems your residence an airy dream,
A transient blessing, a delusive beam.
A wind arises, and the earthquakes roar,
While loud complaints are pour'd from ev'ry shore;
We grieve to quit the town elyzium styl'd,
And go unwilling to the thorny wild.

“ Tho' any one in grief lament our fate,
“ Soon will he follow, soon will change his state.
“ Such was the world from times remotest day,
“ Thus it goes on, yet does not waste away.
“ If emulous of worth and virtue's friend,
“ Blest is the soul, and happy in its end.
“ But if thro' life is stamp'd a vicious state,
“ Self evident will be our future fate.
“ Altho' the palace reach to *Saturn's* sphere,
“ A winding sheet will all our lot appear
“ To shade the lifeless face and clay cold breast;
“ And the wan head by dust will be possess'd.
“ This is the place of fear; the men the wild,
“ The scythe that dry and moist, a-like despoil'd,
“ Who levels both the wither'd and the green,
“ Unmov'd by pray'r and equally serene,

“ This

" This man's the world; we mortals are the grass,
 " To whom alike the fire and children pass,
 " Who views both age and youth with equal eye,
 " Hunts all the game, and none the scythe can fly.
 " Such are the ways and manners of the world:
 " All born to die are into atoms hurld.
 " 'Tis but to pass he enters at the door,
 " Goes thro' the other, and is heard no more.
 " Oh! then reflect that in a moment flies
 " The transitory scene!" thus *Zal* replies.

The sages wond'ring heard the well-solv'd truth.
 With notes of praise the monarch hail'd the youth.

A splendid festival the king ordains,
 Bright as the moon on the etherial plains;
 Till eve the flowing bowl elates their veins! }

The herald spoke; when rising from their seat
 From the king's palace all the guests retreat.

The heroes rose when o'er the mountain's height
 The solar rays burst forth in glorious light.

Then *Zal* accout' red, with majestic mien
 Like the bold lion stalking o'er the green,
 Waits on the king, permission to request
 To visit *Saum*: and thus the chief address;

" Oh! king beneficent! to view my fire
 " Glows ev'ry thought, as duty shou'd inspire.

" I kiss

“ I kiss thy ivory throne, supremely blest!
“ Let now thy victor mandates stand confest.”
To him the king; “ In *Iran* still remain,
“ ’Tis not thy fire; *Rodabver* fills the vein.
“ Order the clarion, cymbal, to the field;
“ Let the loud trumpet sound : the lance and shield,
“ The mace, the scymitar, the chief shall grace,
“ Till joy irradiates on each warlike face.”
With bows and arrows all the Captains shine,
And marks were made as when in martial line,
The forces move. Each chief in various arms,
Spurs on his steed, and glows at the alarms.
There stood an antient palm tree on the plain;
Now *Dustan* draws the bow, the sinews strain.
His courser springs, impetuous as the sea;
The well aim’d arrow pierces thro’ the tree.
Another arrow flew tho’ lost it stood,
And deeply buried in the wounded wood.
Some seiz’d the pond’rous spear, and some a shield,
While mighty *Zalzer* thunders o’er the field,
He braves the boldest to an equal fray,
Who dare dispute the honor of the day.
He rais’d his javelin; to this novel game,
Three warriors fell and rais’d the hero’s name.
“ Who now, the king exclaims, his force will dare?
“ Let all oppose this victor of the war.

The chiefs agree; altho' they spoke in jest,
 By indignation were their minds possess'd.
 With flowing reins, and with the polish'd spear,
 The combatants advance, unmov'd by fear.
Zal urges on his steed, he kens the course
 To mark what warrior skilful rein'd the horse:
 Then like a leopard thro' the ~~cloud~~ he springs,
 He seiz'd his girdle, while his armour rings.
 And from the saddle lifted him on high;
 Loud acclamations rend the vaulted sky.
 The king of kings, the crowd stood all amaz'd.
 On such a chief what mortal ever gaz'd?
 O'er all his foes the parent's tear will flow,
 And such a son no lion-chief will know.
 No mortal he, the water dragon's force
 His strength exceeds; how skilful in the course!
Saum's name shall live engrav'd in such a son;
 The monarch prais'd, the chiefs his glories sung.
 Such gifts the king prepar'd, the warriors gaz'd;
 With the rich presents all the palace blaz'd.
 A costly crown, a throne of burnish'd gold,
 A necklace, bracelets, dazzling to behold!
 The golden girdle, and the splendid zone,
 The rich tiara, and the costly throne.
 Then thus to *Saum* the king of kings address;
 " Be ev'ry wish by warlike *Saum* possess'd!

at
 crowd
 at
 " Oh!

“ Oh! chief renown’d! triumphant o’er the foe!
“ I thought, I knew thy fame wou’d ever grow.
“ So brave a son ne’er blest a mortal’s fight,
“ First in the throng in wisdom and in fight!
“ Attractive is his form! your plans succeed;
“ His soul is in them; and the rite’s decreed.
“ For many a day thy son I here detain’d,
“ And saw that virtue in his actions reign’d,
“ From the brave lion bounding o’er the chase,
“ Who hunts the leopard in the lordly race,
“ What but an offspring, valiant as the fire,
“ Can spring, and a’st as glory will inspire?
“ I hence dismiss him eminently gay,
“ From him each hostile arm be far away!”
Zal now departs high tow’ring o’er the trains,
And quick to *Saum* he sends these happy strains:
“ With joy the royal presence I depart,
“ With regal gifts, a crown, each work of art
“ With necklace, bracelets, and an ivory throne,
“ And ev’ry princely bounty is my own.”
So blest was *Saum* to read the blisful style,
Youth gave his age a renovated smile.
An envoy to *Mebrab* imparts the news,
The king and chiefs assented to his views.
When *Zal* arrives for *Kabul* we depart,
And fix the union of the lover’s heart.

The news swift flew, and echo fill'd the fail,
Mebrab exulted in the pleasing tale.
 Blest as when ebbing life returns again,
 Or renovated age exempt from pain.
 Treasures were scatter'd, and the tuneful throng
 Taught mirth and harmony to fill the song.
 New joy irradiates o'er *Kabulia's* Lord;
 Each lip was young, all smil'd with one accord.
 He call'd *Seendocht* the elegant and fair,
 And thus address'd her; "By thy sapient care,
 " Illustrious comfort! is the darken'd gloom
 " For ever fled, and bright our future doom.
 " Aloft the praises of *Irania's* king
 " Tune to our wishes, high our glories wing.
 " Say, from what source such wisdom fill'd your breast?
 " Such sage reflection on your thoughts impress?
 " And now the feast prepare, the choral band;
 " Thine are my treasures and the scepter'd land"
 This *Seendocht* heard, and smiling hastes away
 To tell her daughter of the glorious day.
 " The blest event, the tender mother cries,
 " Beams o'er your life, no more will pensive sighs
 " Disturb your days, no more shall you repine;
 " Let joy succeed, the hero will be thine!"
 The fair *Rodabver* caught th' inspiring glow,
 And thus reply'd, "From thee my raptures flow.

" Hail,

“ Hail, beauteous queen! th’ universal praise
“ Of all mankind will sing thy beaming rays.
“ Thy feet my pillow, and thy will my fate;
“ The evil genius sinks before thy state.
“ My heart the seat of ev’ry human joy!
“ Now pleasures only can my mind employ.”

The queen commands that all the regal seats,
The splendid gardens and the green retreats,
Display a new elyzium to the sight;
A dazzling scene! and radiant as the light!
The richest essence and each sweet perfume,
With musk and amber scent the royal room;
That decorated pillars rise in gold,
With emeralds studded, beauteous to behold!
Commands festoon’d with pearl a golden throne,
And such as *China*’s artists form alone.
Rubies around the footstool splendid beam,
And set with gems the painter’s happiest theme.
The throne *Kianian*! here *Rodabver* drest
In all her charms, and in elyzium^{an} vest,
Sate like an angel, and so fair she seem’d,
The fascinated sun no longer beam’d.
No mortal here approach’d. *Kabulia*’s plains
Resplendent shone with decorated trains.
The painted elephants, the slaves well drest,
The vocal minstrels, and the loaded chest,

The martial nobles crown'd; in pomp elate
 Prepar'd to meet the prince in splendid state.
 As the swift bird that does outstrip the gale,
 Or ships that plough the waves with swelling sail,
 So *Zal* with rapid speed wings on his way.
Saum hears the tale, and blest the happy day.
 He meets his darling boy; in fond embrace
 Clasp'd the young hero, glory of his race!
Dustan obedient bends, and to his fire
 Relates the past with animated fire.

When *Saum* of *Seendocht* speaks with smiling mein,

“ Lately a female messenger serene,

“ A pledge from me with pleasing rapture bore,

“ Never her foe; to *Kabul*'s anxious shore.

“ This pledge, the union of our neighb'ring lands,

“ That *Saum* shou'd visit, that united hands

“ Absolve her woes, and late an envoy came,

“ Announcing all prepar'd to meet your flame.

“ Say what reply to *Mebrab* shall I send?

“ Declar'd a foe, or be announc'd a friend.”

The happy *Dustan* glow'd with blushing joy,

“ If *Saum* approves? ^{Does} ~~if~~ this his thoughts employ?

“ Obedient to his will with quick accord,

“ I bear his mandates to *Kabulia*'s lord.”

The old chief smil'd, the ardour he approves.

“ Nor *Zal*, he cries, without *Rodabver* moves.

“ No

“ No rest, no slumber on his couch appears,
“ Unless *Rodabver* vibrates on his ears.
“ The tymbal and the *Indian* bell prepare,
“ Pitch the high tents, and to a warrior's care
“ Commit the message, and to *Mehrab* send;
“ Quick let him fly, and tell our mutual friend
“ That *Saum* and *Dustan* with *Zabulia*'s train
“ Immediate march to *Mehrab*'s fertile plain.”

The envoy speeds; the fife and drum proclaim
The monarch's glory, and the lover's flame.
On royal elephants the music play'd,
The earth again appear'd, th' elysian shade;
The trains in rapture fill'd the tuneful song,
Bright as the glances of the dancing throng.
The waving colors fly, the yellow bright
The blushing red, the violet, and the white,
The breathing flute, the tymbal sounds on high,
The cymbal and the clarions reach the sky.
This hour of joy unnumber'd shouts display
As at the time of judgement's awful day.

Thus mov'd the trains, to *Saum Kabulia* goes,
The chiefs embrace, and various converse flows.
Mehrab in plaudits speaks the praise of *Saum*;
And *Zal*'s high virtues all his bosom warm.
The chiefs march on; on beauteous steeds they ride
As when the moon in all her rising pride

Tips the tall mountain; thus the heroes shine,
In stature tow'ring o'er the martial line.
Blest in completed wish they reach the town,
Where *Mebrab* reign'd; and where a golden crown
On *Dustan's* head the brave *Kabulian* plac'd,
And the gay scene with ev'ry trophy grac'd.
All nature teem'd with harmony divine,
And music floated o'er the sparkling wine.
Seendocht approach'd; "Say when illustrious queen
"shall fair *Rodabver* gild the splendid scene?"
Thus *Saum* addrest; and *Seendocht* leads the king
To the bright beauty, and the flow'ring spring.
There in the golden room, the chief amaz'd
With rapture at the moony fair one gaz'd.
Yet knew no language to express his praise,
Her charms transcendent, her illumin'd rays.
Mebrab advanc'd; in native rites he gave
The lovely princess to the warrior brave:
Gave nuptial presents; and then plac'd the pair,
Glowing with transport, on the regal chair.
Rapture sat smiling on the warriors face;
He views his consort, blest with ev'ry grace.
This is the maid! his thoughts in secret roll,
The fascinating fairy of the soul!
In blushing glances she beheld her lord;
When all depart: and night with loves accord

Stole

Stole flyly on: when *Zal* the fair addrest,
 And thus the raptures of his soul exprest.
 (*Rodabver* seem'd a *Houri*, heav'nly bright!
 And *Zal*'s bright eye appear'd the rays of light.)
 " Fate smiles at length propitiate on our flame,
 " And future blifs shall crown our spotless fame."
 With eager eye her scented musky hair,
 Her form of elegance, her gracious air,
Dustan entranc'd beholds: he clasp'd her arms,
 Prest her soft lips, all conscious of her charms!
 How shall the bard the lover's joys impart?
 Or paint their fondness, their united heart?
 With the first dawn the happy warrior rose;
 And bathing, pray'd, the solar planet glows.
 When *Zal* returning to his beauteous bride;
 The gallant *Mehrab*, glitt'ring by his side,
 Amazing treasures gave: succeeding days
 In festive joy on rich pavilions blaze.
 The mighty warriors in the presence sate;
 'Till *Zal* retiring to *Sustania*'s state,
 With his fair bride, and *Seendocht* the divine,
 When *Saum*, delighted with his warlike line,
 Bestow'd the kingdom on his blooming heirs,
 To *Backsher* and *Kergerferan* repairs.
 Many a day in elevated joy
 The lovers pass, and all their hours employ.

hiding his

When fair *Rodabver* gave the blisful sign,
To make *Zal* parent of a beauteous line.
But soon alas! ill health her frame invades;
The roses fly, and all her beauty fades.
“ Why, why so wan?” the tender mother cry’d,
“ Nor day or night I rest,” the queen reply’d;
“ The fear of death alarms my anxious care,
“ I dread the mighty burden that I bear.”
Yet soft repose her penfive mind restores,
The pow’r omniscient pious *Zal* implores.
When on a morn the fainting princess pale,
Sinks on the ground, and all her senses fail.
Pale *Seendocht* heard the news, the plaintive fair,
Wild with her grief rends her dishevell’d hair.
Those jetty tresses where the rich perfume,
Of playful odors scents the musky room.
The mournful tale to *Dustan* was convey’d,
That the tall cypress wither’d and decay’d.
Now near *Rodabver*’s pillow dew’d in tears,
The yellow *Zal* with anguish’d grief appears,
Torn is his soul by frantic sorrows prest:
He clasps his hands and beats his swol’n breast,
The faithful servants in their cares unite,
Run round their queen, a miserable fight!
Much *Zal* revolves, by adverse fate oppress’d,
Tho’ sapient contemplation leads to rest,

When

When recollective of the *Semurgh's* strain,
 The promis'd feather to relieve his pain.
 O'er all his face the smile of hope is seen;
 He speaks his thoughts, to the distracted queen.
 The kettle brought, high blaz'd the mounting flame,
 Burnt was the feather; in an instant came
 The shrouded *Semurgh* in a cloud array'd,
 Where all the lustre of a gem's display'd.
 Such gems as glitter radiant on the breast;
 To *Zal* she came with happy omens blest.
 She prais'd the chief, for him her fervent pray'rs,
 And *Zal* to her his gratitude declares.
 The *Semurgh* spoke; "Why grieves the warlike chief?
 "Why are the lion's eyes bedew'd in grief?
 "From this fair cypress, from thy moony dame,
 "Shall spring a hero of immortal fame,
 "When the brave warrior views his manly form, AT
 "His mighty club, and the resistless storm,
 "Prostrate he falls; his voice shall spread alarm,
 "And ev'ry warrior tremble at his arm. AT
 "Gay at the banquet he like *Saum* will shine,
 "A martial lion in th' embattled line:
 "In stature the tall cypress will he prove,
 "In strength the chief an elephant will move;
 "Two miles a brick the future chief will throw,
 "Victor of worlds! triumphant o'er the foe!

"By

“ By god’s high favor will his glories blaze,
“ And *Zal* will triumph in his glorious rays.
“ Bring the sharp knife, a skillful artist chuse,
“ Then thro’ the lady’s veins bright wine infuse,
“ Do thou attend; extract the child and place
“ The future hero in a wooden case.
“ Then cut the hollow in the lady’s side;
“ All pain shall cease, and ev’ry care subside.
“ Then sew th’ incision, tranquilize your mind,
“ Dread no alarm, be ev’ry fear resign’d.
“ Pound milk and musk with galls, be these convey’d,
“ And dry’d the three together in the shade.
“ To the incision thou this salve apply,
“ Soon will it heal, and charm thy anxious eye.
“ Then take this feather, rub it o’er the wound:
“ The shadow of my glory is renown’d!
“ Do thou rejoice, high triumph at my strain,
“ And in the presence of the king remain.
“ ’Twas he who gave thee this imperial dame,
“ To raise thy splendor, and adorn thy name.
“ Let not thy heart with fearful anguish shoot,
“ Thy faithful branches are surcharg’d with fruit.”
She spoke, and from her wing a feather throws;
Exalted *Zal* with grateful fervor glows:
He takes the feather, when the *Semurgh* flies;
And *Zal* submits the remedy applies.

Amazing

Amazing operation! wond'rous deed!
One world beholds it, all their senses bleed.
The purple drops fell from the eyes of *Seen*,
Oh! strange idea! from the parent queen,
From her fair side to take th' infant child;
A skilful artist waits, with tremor wild,
The queen the beauty drinks the flowing bowl;
Cut is the side, no pain oppress her soul.
He turn'd the infant's head, and when he saw
The wond'rous birth, above all nature's law,
The youthful lion charm'd the gazing sight,
Of lofty stature, eminently bright!
All stood amaz'd, no mortal ever knew
An infant, like the elephant in view.
For days and nights th' intoxicated queen,
Was lost in slumber, ev'ry sense serene.
They sew th' incision, and the order'd balm
Healing all pain, produc'd a tranquil calm.
When she awoke, rich presents she bestow'd;
To him, the lord of all her praises flow'd.
They bring the child, exalt it to the skies;
The queen arose, and opes her radiant eyes;
She sees the burthen from her womb remov'd,
And eyes the manly child, by all approv'd.
The lovely boy whose skin was heav'ly fair,
Roseate his cheeks, and black his infant hair.

His breast like jessamine; the boy appears,
As if two summers saw his infant years.
Thus hyacinths and tulips sweetly rise,
And floreate gardens beautify the skies.
Rodabver smil'd, and in her son she view'd
Majestic grace, and thus the theme pursu'd.
“ Clos'd are my labors.” And from this the name
Of *Rustem* rose, the glorious chief of fame!
Zal and *Rodabver* glow'd with raptur'd joy,
Conven'd the sage; in semblance of the boy,
They form'd a figure of a child of silk,
Who ne'er had tasted yet the parent's milk.
Stuff'd with the weasel's soft and furry hair,
And on the cheek was *Venus* painted fair,
All brilliant with the sun. And on the arm
A dreadful snake; the lion's claws alarm
Depicted on his hand, in which appear'd,
A waving standard; while the other rear'd
A bridle high; on a dun horse they place,
And lead the image with the lion's grace.
(Throngs of attendants crowd around the horse,
Large gifts were thrown, in honour of the course.)
This martial figure was to *Zal* convey'd,
Young *Rustem*'s image borne in great parade.
A jubilee in ev'ry garden blaz'd:
Hence to *Kabul* the voice of joy was rais'd.

While

While wine and music flow'd on ev'ry plain,
And jovial crowds unite their blissful strain.
Mebrab enraptur'd the vast gift bestows,
And the poor mendicant forgets his woes.
Thro' *Zabul* music aids the vocal train,
Yet still more num'rous thro' *Seistania*'s reign.
Each tongue of *Rustem*, with his praise resounds;
The roads were crowded from the distant bounds.
The gazing travellers, the way along,
In numbers meet, as when the village throng
To market crowd; nor did the lower class,
In numbers the nobility surpass.
As interwoven threads the crowds unite,
Before great *Saum*, the image in his sight,
The grand procession moves; astonish'd *Saum*
Eyes the fine figure, and with rapture warm;
" Behold the semblance of myself, he cries,
" This boy will one day reach the azure skies,
" And stride along the earth." Rich gifts he gave,
High as the image did his presents wave***.
The sounding drums beat high; far blazing light
Illuminates the plain, refulgent, bright!
The king commands that *Sugfer*, dog-like town!
And fierce *Maxinderan*, the victors crown,
Shou'd blaze with light; while gifts profusely gay
To skilful dancers, and the minstrels lay,

The

The warrior gave: so splendid was the feast,
 The moon descended with the beaming east.
 Now *Saum* to *Zal* replies; and in the line
 His soul was painted; to the pow'r divine
 High flow'd his plaudits, for his blissful days:
 Next to his son, deserving all his praise.

“ The image I ^{have} seen, there greatly springs
 “ The force of heroes and the fame of kings.”

(He now commands to keep the boy sublime,
 Exempt from danger, or the varying clime.)

“ For such a child in secret have I pray'd;
 “ For such a child implor'd celestial aid.
 “ While flow'd my tide of life I might behold,
 “ From thee an offspring, like his grand sire bold.
 “ Now that he lives, what more can I desire;
 “ The heir of glory like his martial fire.”

Swift as the wind the letter was convey'd
 To joyful *Zal*, whose eye such bliss display'd
 At the glad strain, that his elated soul
 “ Glow'd thro' his frame in one tumultuous roll.
 “ Transport to transport bore his mind on high,
 “ His feet on earth, his head above the sky.”

Ten nurses cherish'd the amazing youth;
 The principle of lions, manly truth,
 And manly strength, first mark'd his infant years.
 When milk no more the mighty *Rustem* cheers,

With

With bread the mighty boy, five sheep devours,
 Mankind astonish'd ey'd his wond'rous pow'rs.
 Eight years had pass'd, illustrious beam'd his fire,
 As the tall cypress rising in a spire.
 Resembling a bright star, which all the train
 With wonder views, on the celestial plain.
 In mein and stature like the hero *Saum*,
 In wisdom, intellect, and mighty form.
Zal was his tutor in the letter'd rays,
 That fortune might adorn his future days.
 When *Saum* the brave, resistless in his course,
 Who guides thro' warring fields his furious horse,
 First heard that *Rustem* like a lion grew,
 That such a child no mortal ever knew,
 Such strength, such courage, wonderful to view!
 To clasp the lion-boy high beat his veins,
 He leaves a leader of his martial trains;
 And with the chosen few his march begun,
 To *Zabul's* realms, and his immortal son.
 When *Zal* was told th' intentions of his fire,
 The drums proclaim'd it, and with warlike fire
 The num'rous forces blacken all the ground,
 One plain of ebony appears around.
 Now *Mebrab*, *Zal*, resolve to meet the king,
 The signal giv'n, they the march begin.

On ev'ry side the joyful shouts began,
Thro' armies eager all the tumult ran.
Thus mountains rising in alternate spires,
Are lost to view while one to heav'n aspires.
Whole groves of shields of various hues unite,
The neighing steeds, and elephants of might,
Resound for many a mile. One royal strong
Blaz'd with a golden howdah 'bove the throng.
On it was plac'd bright *Zal's* immortal son,
(The prize of glory, and of love he won.)
Whose limbs and stature the tall cypress grac'd,
Crowns on his head, and zones around his waist.
High blaz'd his shield, and in his hand appear
The weighty jav'lin, and the pond'rous spear.
Mebrab and *Zal* precede the wound'rous child:
Like indigo the dust the chiefs defil'd.
But *Rustem's* face thro' clouds appear'd more bright,
Like the gay planet in meridian height.
When *Saum* from far, the mighty warriors shines,
The troops were rang'd in two embattl'd lines,
Mebrab and *Zal* alight; the old and young,
Swift from their steeds with awful reverence sprung.
They bow their heads obedient to the ground,
The praise of *Saum* re-echoes all around.
Not with more colour beams the blushing rose,
Than *Saum* at viewing the young hero glows.

The

The elephant approach'd, the warrior views

The mighty child, and thus the strain pursues.

“ Bleft be thy days! for ever live in fame!

“ Thou valiant youth! the glory of our name!

“ Thou son of *Zal*! thou king of high renown!

“ Oh! thou ^{who} merit an imperial crown!

“ Thou splendid moon! be this thy mortal praise!

“ Like *Saum* thy glories, thou thyself ~~will~~ raise!”

Rustem submissive bow'd, and strange to tell,

His grand fire's fame thus eloquently fell

From his young voice; and to the youth around

Thus did his strain, and thus the praise resound. .

“ For ever live, thou hero of the earth!

“ Thy branch am I, to thee I owe my birth.

“ Thou art the tree, from whose illustrious root

“ Grows the streight branch, and th' unerring shoot.

“ For ever and for ever may'st thou reign!

“ Thence flows my transports thro' the thrilling vein.

“ My time to ease, to sloth, shall never yield;

“ Give me the courser, helmet, and the shield!

“ The spear, the javelin, I will dart along,

“ And break like thunder o'er the hostile throng.

“ Thy foes shall prostrate at thy footsteps bend,

“ Like thine my image and my fame ascend!”

THE S. H. A. M. M.

The object of the Society is to promote the study of the history and literature of the Middle Ages.



